

35h  
ORIGINAL LETTERS,

4  
DRAMATIC PIECES,

AND

P O E M S.

---

BY BENJAMIN VICTOR.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

V O L. I.

---

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi in  
the Strand.

MDCCLXXVI.





---

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE so many obligations to you, and of such various kinds, that I can no way appease my present anxiety, but by this public acknowledgement from a very grateful heart.

Among a thousand other acts of friendship, I am indebted to you, for having presented my memorial, and introduced me to the patronage of your noble neighbour, the late Earl of Hallifax; the signal service

A 2

He

51

He did me when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the distinguished marks of politeness I received from his Lordship after his return, were the consequences of that introduction.

An inviting opportunity here presents itself of enlarging on your genius as an actor; but the reputation of our ENGLISH ROSCIUS has been so long, and so firmly established, by the concurring applauses of an admiring public; and his name will be so honourably transmitted to posterity, by the testimonies of the best writers, that I wave the subject.

Let me be an instance of your upright conduct in the arduous station of *Manager*, in which, not even your earnest desire to serve me could mislead you to lay any thing before

before the public, that had not your private approbation.

That diffidence which has constantly attended any attempts of mine in the Drama, led me to be the more easily convinced of any defect pointed out by a person of your acknowledged judgment in Dramatic compositions: It is certain that there are many performances more calculated for the closet than representation. I have some hope my second volume will prove the truth of this; and that the indulgent Reader will pardon the partiality of a fond parent for a first born favourite child.

Permit me, Sir, to congratulate you on your retiring in the zenith of your powers, from your laborious profession, to the calm enjoyment of an ample fortune, raised by your own merit; in my advanced Age, the  
most

most pleasing prospect before me is, the  
hope of remaining to the last moment of  
my life,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

And faithful Servant,

B. VICTOR.



---

---

L I S T

O F

S U B S C R I B E R S.

---

A.

B.

<b>C</b> ountess of Albemarle	Duchess of Bedford
Right Hon. Ld. Althorpe	Earl Bathurst, Lord High
Right Hon. Ld. Amherst	Chancellor
Michael Adolphus, Esq.	Countess Bathurst
George Anson, Esq.	Hon. Mrs. Bouverie
Hon. Mrs. Anson	Mrs. Bosquinet
Mrs. Anson	Sir Wm. Bagot, Bart.
Mrs. Johanna Anson	Sir Nathaniel Barry, Bart.
Thomas Adams, Esq.	M. D. of Dublin
Pell Achurst, Esq.	Edmund Burke, Esq.
Alexander Anderson, Esq.	Theo. H. Broadhead, Esq.
of Dublin	Daniel Baine, Esq.
John Anderson, Esq.	Charles Booth, Esq.
Mr. Angelo	Henry Broadley, Esq.
Mrs. Abington.	Peter William Baker, Esq.
	—— Boothby, Esq.
	John.

- |                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| John Bacon, Esq.       | Ashton Curzen, Esq.      |
| Roger Blount, Esq.     | Zachary Chambers, Esq.   |
| Thomas Bennet, Esq.    | 2 setts.                 |
| Thomas Budworth, Esq.  | George Charles, Esq.     |
| James Best, Esq.       | William Cherwynd, Esq.   |
| Mr. James Bedford.     | of Broughton             |
| Achmat Barambat,       | Henry Cordwell, Esq.     |
| M.D. Dublin            | Richard Cross, Esq.      |
| Edward Bearcroft, Esq. | William Calvert, Esq.    |
| Captain Basset         | Thomas Crofts, Esq.      |
| Edward Bear, Esq.      | John Chase, Esq.         |
| Rev. Mr. Bromley       | Charles Crawford, Esq.   |
| Mr. John Bird, Dublin  | Doctor Cleghorn, Dublin. |
| Mr. Barry              | Alex. Cunningham, Esq.   |
| Mrs. Barry             | Dublin                   |
| Mr. Brereton.          | Captain Cooke, 2 setts   |
|                        | John Calvert, Esq.       |
|                        | Richard Cumberland, Esq. |
|                        | Stafford Canning Esq.    |
|                        | Anthony Chamier, Esq.    |
|                        | Matthew Carrett, Esq.    |
|                        | — Castleton, Esq.        |
|                        | Richard Cox, Esq.        |
|                        | James Clutterbuck, Esq.  |
|                        | Lady Clarke              |
|                        | Mrs. Cowley              |

Mrs.

Mrs. Cholwich

Mrs. Chitty

Mr. Cirmichael.

D.

Duke of Devonshire

Duchess of Devonshire

Rt. Hon. Ld. Donegall

Dean of Derry.

John Daniel, Esq. of  
Litchfield

Mrs. Doxey, of Litchfield

Robert Darell, Esq.

Edward Darell, Esq.

Tho. Duncombe, Esq.

Tomkins Dew, Esq.

Captain Donellan

William Donaldson, Esq.

Henry Dagge, Esq.

Mr. Monts Delmont

Mr. Henry Drake

Mr. James Doddsley

Edward Dickenson, Gent.

William Dunbar, Esq.

E,

Earl of Exeter

— Elde, Esq.

— Elde, Jun. Esq.

Sim, Godwin Ewart, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Evans.

F

Earl Ferrers.

Sir William Forbes,  
Bart.

Hon. Mr. Fox

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick

William Farrer, Esq.

Doctor Ford

Abraham Fisher, Esq.

John Finch, Esq.

Gibert Ford, Esq.

Mrs. Fenton

Mrs. Fitzhenry

Samuel Foote, Esq.

G. Mar.

## G.

Marquis of Granby  
 Hon. Charles Fulk Gre-  
 ville.  
 George Garnier, Esq.  
 Sir John Griffin Griffin, Bt.  
 David Garrick, Esq. 20 sets  
 Peter Garrick, Esq. of  
 Litchfield  
 George Garrick, Esq.  
 Lewis Peak Garland, Esq.  
 Mrs. Garland  
 Doctor William Grey  
 William Green, Esq.  
 Mrs. Gilbert  
 Miss Gore  
 Richard Griffith, Esq.  
 Bengal  
 Mr. Richard Griffith,  
 Norwich  
 Mrs. Griffith  
 Mrs. Graham  
 Mrs. Givatkina  
 Mr. Grey.

## H

Sir George Hay  
 Hon. Mrs. Handasyde  
 Sir Thomas Hallifax,  
 Knight and Alderman  
 Charles Howard, Esq.  
 William Houghton, Esq.  
 William Hanbury, Esq.  
 Sarjant Heath, Esq.  
 Samuel Harrifon, Esq.  
 Mongo Haldane, Esq.  
 Samuel Howard, Esq.  
 William Hunt, Esq.  
 Doctor Hay  
 Thomas Harris, Esq.  
 John Homan, Esq.  
 Thomas Holt, Esq.  
 — Hay, Esq.  
 Gorges Edmond How-  
 ard, Esq. Dublin  
 Miss Howard  
 Alexander Hume, Esq.  
 — Hare, Esq.  
 Henry Hoare, Esq.



John Hatfell, Esq.  
Mr. James Hatfell  
Mr. Hewetson  
Mr. Hull.

J.

Thomas Jolliffe, Esq.  
Captain Jephson.  
Rice James, Esq.  
Captain John Jones  
Mrs. H. J. Jones  
Mr. Ireland.

K.

Duchefs of Kingston  
Clement Kennersley, Esq.  
Mr. Alderman Kennet  
Mrs. Knowles  
Mr. King.

L.

Duke of Leinster  
Duchefs of Leinster

Marquis of Lothian  
Sir Edward Littleton, Bt.  
Lady Littleton  
Hon. Temple Lutterel  
Edward Lascells, Esq.  
Thomas Lynch, Esq.  
Francis Leslie, Esq.  
Willoughby Lacy, Esq.

6 sets

John Baker Littlehales,  
Esq.

M. J. Levi, Esq.  
Mrs. Lister  
Mrs. Littlehales  
Thomas Langley, Esq.  
Mr. Linley  
Mr. Abraham Laura  
John Lane, Gent.

M.

Right Hon. Ld. Mansfield  
Sir Thomas Miller, Bart.  
Sir Thomas Mills  
William Mitford, Esq.  
2 sets

James

James Madden, Esq.

William Morduit, Esq.

Arthur Murphy, Esq.

John Morris, Esq.

William Mills, Esq.

John MacCarthy, Esq.

Michael Macnamara, Esq.

John Macnamara, Esq.

Lauchlan Maclean, Esq.

Robert Mayn, Esq.

Mr. Levi Mendez

Mr. Moffat

Miss Hannah More.

Miss Anne Maria Montagu.

## N.

D. of Northumberland

Du. of Northumberland

Lord North

Lady North

Ld. Viscount Newenham

Viscountess Newenham

James Noland, Esq.

Andrew Newton, Esq.

Mr. Necker.

## O.

Right Hon. Ld. Offory

Arthur Ormsby, Esq.

## P.

Earl of Pembroke

Lady Juliana Pen

Governor Patterson

William Pigott, Esq.

Mrs. Pigott

Rev. Mr. Pigott

Mrs. Pettit

Rev. Mr. Peter Peckard

Robert Pardoe, Esq. Lin-

coln's-Inn

— Palmer, Esq. Lin-

coln's-Inn

Mr. Lyon Prager

Mr. Robert Powney

— Palmer, Esq. of

Bath, 2 sets.

R. Sir

R.

Sir Thomas Robinson, Bt.

5 sets

Right Hon. Mr Rigby.

Sir Geo. Robinson, Bart.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

Boulter Ruffey, Esq.

Captain Ramkine

Thomas Ryder, Esq.

Rev. Mr. Rouse

Mr. Rush

Mr. Racket

Mr. Samuel Reddish

Mrs. Mary Ann Reddish.

S.

Earl of Sandwich

Earl of Suffolk

Earl Spencer

Countess Spencer

Countess of Shelburne

Sir Robert Smith, Bart.

Rt. Hon. Hans Stanley

Edward Stanley, Esq.

Hans Sloane, Esq.

— Sedgwick, Esq.

Rev. Doctor Smith, W.S.

Thomas Selvin, Esq.

William Sheldon, Esq.

Doctor Schomberg

John Stuart, Esq. Hamp-  
stead

Mark Stagg, Esq.

Thomas Sheridan, Esq.

6 sets

Joseph Scott, Esq.

William Scott, Esq.

Doctor Robert Scott

Redmon Simpson, Esq.

Doctor Hugh Shiel, of  
DublinThomas Sutton, Esq. of  
DublinGeorge Sutton, Esq. of  
Dublin

Mr. Scott, of Dublin

Mrs. Smart, of Reading

Miss Smart, of Reading

Miss Seward

— Snead, Esq. Bishton

Richard

Richard Breintly Sheridan,

V.

Esq. 6 sets

Mrs. Sheridan

Joseph Sepores, Merchant,

Holland

Mr. Spooner

Mr. Savignea

Mr. Scotcher

Thomas Strong, Gent.

Sir Francis Vincent, Bart.

Michael de Ventades, Esq.

Thomas Vaughan, Esq.

Mrs. T. Vaughan

Mrs. Vefy

Mrs. Vere

Mr. Vannost, Statuary.

T.

R. H. Ld. Vis. Townshend

Hon. Cha. Townshend

John Tickell, Esq. F.S.A.

Robert Thrale, Esq.

Richard Twiss, Esq.

Captain Thompson

John Townson, Esq.

Gray's-Inn

— Taylor, Esq.

— Thursby, Esq.

Richard Tickell, Esq.

— Turton, Esq. of

Stafford.

W.

Right Hon. Ld. Walpole

Sir William Wolseley,

Bart. 2 sets

Sir Watkins Williams

Wynne, Bart.

Sir Edward Williams, Bt.

Hon. Boyle Walsingham

William Wolseley, Esq.

Charles Wolseley, Esq.

Mark Weyland, Esq.

Thomas Whitby, Esq.

Rev. Mr. Watson, of

Gosport

Mr. Waller, of Gosport

Mr.



Mr. Arnold Wise, of  
Gosport

James Wilford, Esq.

George Ward, Esq.

Henry Wilmot, Esq.

Mrs. Wilmot

Mr. John Wyatt

Mr. James Wyatt, Ar-  
chitect

William Webster, Esq.

Albany Wallis, Esq.

Richard Watlington,  
Merchant

Mr. Wright

Mr. Waller

Mr. Thomas Westley

Mr. H. S. Woodfall

Mr. Wyld.

Y.

William Young, Esq.

Miss Young

Mr. Yeatman, Jun.

Richard Yates, Gent.D.O.

Mrs. Yates.

The following Names came too late to be  
inserted Alphabetically.

Duchess Dowager of Beaufort

Viscountess Dowager Howe

Earl of Winchelsea

Earl of Lincoln

Viscount Villiers

Viscount Netterville

Lord Harrowby, 2 sets

Hon. Charles Fitz-Roy

Mrs. Howe

Sir James Cockburn, Bart.

Hon. Frederick Stuart, Esq.

Alexander Elliot, Esq.

Alexander Campbell, Esq.

Ninian Howe, Esq.

Anthony Stewart, Esq.

William Gemmell, Esq.

Robert Gemmell, Esq.

William Petrie, Esq.

Sir George Colebrooke, Bart.

L. Sullivan, Esq.

Charles Fergusson, Esq.

ORIGINAL

---

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

---

### L E T T E R I.

TO CHARLES MELLISH, Esq. at Gambia, Africa;

London, — 1730.

My dear Charles,

**H**OW often have I taken up my pen to reply to your kind, affecting letter, which seem'd to have come from the complaining ghost of my departed friend: I assure you, if I was a thorough paced Roman Catholic, I would have masses said every day, for your delivery from your present purgatory; but, alas! I want gold, as well as faith, to employ their priesthood, and am almost deny'd leisure to pray for you myself.

After this complaint for want of leisure, you will suppose some strange alteration in my affairs—

VOL. I.

B

Human

## 2 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Human life is subject to extremes; and he who complains of the lazy state of inactivity this month, will entertain you the next with the fatigues of action; but as examples impress the mind, more strongly than dry maxims, take this little history of my adventures, since you left me.

You may remember that, just before your departure, I had finish'd my congratulatory poem on the arrival of the *Prince of Wales*; my worthy friend, Doctor Younge, having set me on that attempt, and he afterwards brought me to the acquaintance of Lord Malpas, the new appointed master of the horse, to whom I dedicated it; his lordship procured me a private audience of the Prince, who received the poem from my hands with his usual politeness. The experience that I gain'd, by this time, of Lord Malpas's disposition to serve me, determin'd me to strengthen my interest in that quarter, which I effected, by employing a friend to apply to Sir Robert Walpole, for his good offices with his son-in-law; this application succeeded, and it was soon determin'd to place me in some creditable situation in the Prince's household; Mr. Elliot, of Port-Elliot, in Cornwall, had already quitted the board of excise, to take the appointment of auditor of accounts, and it was settled that I was to be his deputy; I know not how it happen'd (perhaps from some disgust the  
King



King had taken) but the compleat settlement of the *Prince's* family was put off to the following year: Mr. Elliot was of too much consequence to be dropp'd—and anequivalent employment was found for him, in the Duchy of Lancaster; and the poor deputy fell to the ground. Whilst I was soliciting this business, and consequently haunting of levees with unremitting assiduity, the characters and appearance of some of my brother suitors, and dependants, frequently struck me with ideas of pleasantry and ridicule, and my officious jade of a muse whisper'd me that out of all these materials, amusement might be collected for those who are strangers to scenes of such whimsical distress; in short, I, who was always open to pleasing seduction, could not resist the impulse, and soon after brought into the world, a satirical poem, call'd the *Levee Haunter*, and laid the brat at Sir Robert's door, who kindly took it up, and it soon became a favorite of the town—but offsprings of this kind seldom make the parents fortune; I grew weary of solicitations; hopes and promises soon rais'd my imagination, and my imagination deceiv'd me; I therefore quitted the gay, fluttering scene, and am now transform'd, from an *imaginary*, to a *real* character, *the man of business*, yes, I had the fortitude to leave the delightful company of my gay, speculative companions, to get into the walk of plain sense, and industry, and, having sacrificed the in-

dulgence of inclination to the propriety of action, I now find myself rewarded with property and independance. But now, methinks I hear you cry out, explain, explain—My dear friend shall be obey'd—Know then, that some time ago, Sir William Dalrymple had establish'd a warehouse, at Charing Cross, for the sale of Scotch linens, and with great success; this event led some of my friends to conclude, that the linens of Ireland (which had gain'd great reputation from one to three shillings a yard) if the manufacturers could be prevail'd on, to make amendment in their bleaching, that their fine linens might be introduced from three to eight shillings a yard, and that whoever undertook to be the importer, would find his account in it; in fine, my worthy city friends advised me to take this business in hand, and from advisers became my supporters, and supplied me with the solid means to carry the plan into execution. I went twice over to Ireland to settle a correspondence, and make proper contracts; and when all preliminaries were adjusted, I took a large house in the middle of Pall Mall, over which you may now see your friend's name in golden capitals, as the importer, and proprietor of Irish linens.

London encreases every day in its number of houses, as well as of knaves, fops, cowards and sharpers,

sharpers, so that, at your return, you will find it a very hopeful place: and yet one of these wretches will tell you, with a grave face, that there are no monsters but in Africa, when my dear friend Charles Mellish fell a prey to those monsters of London. The beasts of prey, that range your deserts, are less dangerous than ours; each of them singly will attack you, but our beasts form confederacies for your destruction—witness their conspiracy, by ransacking Europe to find out a match for you, at your favorite game of billiards—They succeeded—your skill was so great, that you and your mistaken friends, thought no sum too high to stake upon it—what was the consequence?—your fortune shatter'd, and you driven to the necessity of repairing it by a wretched government in a dangerous climate. Pardon me for reminding you of your past follies—but I am your friend, and would not have you forget them; you have paid a vast price for experience, and are now to make it useful to you; the frequent recollection of former errors will, with a man of your excellent understanding, be a perpetual source of lessons, for you to guard your property better for the future.

I went the other day, to our old place of resort, our much lov'd coffee-house, to have some chat with your favourite Hetty, and there, among other strange things, met with the following ac-

## 6 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

count of our old friend, Att—d, late of Lincoln's Inn, who was always a gay sprightly fellow, and one of the beau monde—how unfit men of that cast are for business, especially the laborious study of the law—You know his pursuit of pleasures soon reduced him to the condition of a convict, and his sentence was voluntary transportation; nor was this done 'till he had injured his family, and almost broke his father's heart—He set out for Jamaica—and his father died before his arrival there—but happier days, and golden joys attended our young counsellor—for, before he had been on the island two months, he pleaded himself into the favour of a young, rich widow; in fine he married her—and in less than two years, brought her over to England. They have taken a house in the New Buildings, and set up a handsome equipage—I have seen them together, in their new chariot, with a brace of black slaves—There's an example for you! Now you have it in your power, to exceed him in honour at least—You can marry some Dowager Queen, or Princess, in her prime of youth and beauty! but, alas! for want of the sterling, they wou'd look upon her sable highness here, but as your slave or bedmaker!

I have Rep'd from the Royal Exchange, to the African house, two or three times, since I receiv'd the pleasure of your letter, being acquainted with



## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

7

the governor of that company—They speak of you there with great respect, and I hope you have found the effect of their good opinion; but, at all events, don't give way to that frightful monster, Despair! much greater difficulties than you have to encounter, have been conquer'd, and resolution will do it.

As you must have too much leisure, I rest assured you will miss no opportunity of sending long letters to

Your affectionate,

and very faithful friend.

## L E T T E R II.

To Captain APPERLEY, at Hereford.

1733.

Dear Sir,

I Had the favour of your first letter, by way of advice of the bill you had drawn on me; which I suppose the person to whom you gave it, intends to demand of me in the next world, having no occasion for money in this:—And (as infidels are too common at present) perhaps, he is doubtful, what his necessities may be hereafter.

B 4

I must

## 8 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I must also acknowledge the receipt of the polite complements you sent me by Monsiuer Grosse in his French letter—I suppose you did it to try your French in that Billingsgate stile of writing. But, as to the cause—*your complaint of my silence*—turning the tables upon artless people, is a method that you gentlemen put in practice, whenever you have the worst of the game! I looked out, every post day, for the long letter you promised me, that I might not only know where to write, but what to answer—because an hundred guineas, and your humble servant, to the bearer of the bill, was the only necessary reply to your first letter. But yours of the 23d instant was a favour indeed. I am sorry for your accident; but should be more so, if I was well assured you did not get it in pursuit of some evil intention. “*You say running giddily up “stairs”*”—but who was it after? However physick for young men is very cooling, and very proper, but Mr. Bayes disagrees with you in its consequence; he always took it to qualify himself for that free, easy stile, necessary for comedy and letters.

I made your compliments to Lord Carpenter, he retains the same warmth of heart in your service.

I envy

# ORIGINAL LETTERS. 9

I envy you nothing in Hereford but the company of Mr. Dyer,\* whom I know to be a gentleman of great accomplishments; when you meet again, pray give my respects to him, and believe me to remain, most faithfully,

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R III.

TO NATHANIEL WOOD, Gent. Master of the Academy, at St. Alban's.

1733.

Dear Sir,

**M**Y pen is set to paper on business, to desire the favour of you to tell Mrs. Wood, the table linen is arrived, and the diaper she wants. So much for trade. Your man of business writes in the laconic stile, therefore brevity is the soul of business, as well as wit. But for all that, as I never can have enough of your company, I shall not part with you now, 'till I come to the bottom of my paper. It is no small happiness to me, that my friend Jack Whittingham, and I, have similar ideas, and inclinations; and that they concur in

\* The author of Grongor Hill, and several excellent poems; and particularly of the fine epic poem, lately publish'd, call'd the Fleece.

10 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

no one circumstance in life with more sincerity, than in the highest esteem for you. \* Therefore 'till the great ruler of all sublunary things is pleased to permit you to spend the winter here with us, and we the summer with you, it is impossible to be satisfied.

How supreme would have been our pleasure the first night of the performance of *Thomson's Agamemnon*! what delight for you and I, to have triumph'd over Jack, at all the beautiful passages! but then, alas! how in return, would he have exulted—I believe I may say, *insulted* at all the low, flat ones, and indeed, he would have had too frequent opportunities for his *malicious* joy! and yet, I must own, when I reflect, I can forgive him, since it is his warmth of friendship, and his love for Mr. *Glover* and his *Leonidas*, that drives him into that error.

As to *Agamemnon*, I can promise you an excessive deal of pleasure from the reading it; I take the first three acts to be equal to any thing that ever was written; they were excellently performed, and with the loudest, and most universal applause! after this (such is the uncertainty of human affairs) the two following acts, (particularly the last) were

\* The author and Mr. John Whittingham, were three years boarders and pupils to this very accomplish'd, worthy man; and both distinguish'd by him.



## ORIGINAL LETTERS. 11

as deservedly hissed and cat-call'd; and the reason of all this proceeded from a palpable defect in the plan.—The hero, *Agamemnon*, dies in the fourth act,—and in the fifth, which, you know, is the act for catastrophe, and should be fullest of business, you are chiefly entertain'd with the prophetic strains of *Cassandra*, whom *Agamemnon* brought with him from Troy; and the distresses of young lovers, children to the departed heroes, characters that generally fall into the hands of young, weak actors, and therefore the consequence of such bad conduct in the author, as well as bad acting, might have been foretold without the gift of prophecy. But a club of wits, with Mr. Pope at the head of them, met at the theatre the next morning, and cut, and slash'd, like dexterous surgeons—the lovers are no more—and they have brought a fine scene, that finish'd the fourth act, into the fifth. If the play is printed, after these necessary alterations, it will be better for the reader, as well as spectator—But the work must for ever remain maim'd and defective.

No good catholic ever prayed for the approaching holydays, with more true devotion than I do! as they will relieve you from your fatigues, and bless me with your conversation—'till the arrival of those happy days, I must patiently remain your obliged,

affectionate servant.

## L E T T E R IV.

To the Hon. Colonel ROBERT DOUGLAS, (Brother to the Earl of MORTON) at Edinburgh, who was my first Tenant, and again wanted the House in St. James's Square, at the back of the Irish Linen Warehouse, in Pall-Mall, just then let to WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

November, 1737.

Sir,

I HAD the honour of yours of the 25th instant, and shou'd have obey'd the easiest part of your commands, *that of writing next post*, if a rude fever had not made me an abrupt visit, just as your obliging letter came to hand.

I was extremely pleased with your scheme for recovering the house—"to get a chimney sweeper's boy to stop up the top of the chimnies"—but though I wish it done, who dare make so dangerous an attempt as that of seducing a chimney sweeper's boy? I am of opinion, that not only the bill against *bribery and corruption*, but even the *black act*, would be in force against him, who shou'd be found guilty! and as the gentleman, to whom it is lett, is a speaking member in parliament, and has *snoaked* so many in that house, I am apt to think he would easily smoak me out in that project.

But

But I have just the glimpse of a better hope of succeeding; Mr. *Pitt* went into the country, two or three days ago, for a week, and left a request with his servant, which I can by no means comply with; if this should occasion the least discontent on his side, I will directly offer him a discharge from our agreement: I will take the liberty of acquainting you with the result of this in a post or two, as I most heartily wish to have the pleasure of my honourable friend again for my tenant.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient Servant.

## L E T T E R V.

To Mr. DUBOURG, at Dublin.

November, 1738.

My dear Dubourg,

**I**HAVE waited for such news as would be most acceptable to you; for I have now but one inducement to write letters (*viz.*) to *serve* either myself or my friends; the man of business keeps his thoughts on the multiplication table; and an affair, that is no way interesting, is sure to have but little of his heart.

But

But as you have an interest in the pleasureable world, you will expect some few particulars on that subject, which I can now only give you from report.

London begins to revive from the sable cloud \* that has obscured us. The king alone remains inconsolable, and has not only forbid the appearance of chearfulness in the palace, but has determined not to leave it this season, but when the business of the nation calls him out. The Prince of Wales has been my neighbour at Norfolk house some few days—he appears abroad every morning, and drives himself in a one horse chair, like yours, or rides like a private gentleman.

The two opera houses are, neither of them, in a successful way; and it is the confirmed opinion that this winter will compleat your friend *Handel's* destruction, as far as the loss of his money can destroy him; I make no question but you have had a better description of his new singer than I can give you; I hear he supplies the loss of *Seniseno* better than was expected, but it is principally in his action—his voice and manner being on the *new model*—in which *Farrenelli* excels every one, and yet, the second winter, exhibited here to

\* The mourning for the late Queen.



empty benches. We are not without hopes of *Seniseno's* return to England, and of once more seeing him in his most advantageous light, *singing Handel's composition.*

On Tuesday last, we had a new opera of *Handel's*; and at the appearance of that great prince of harmony in the orchestra, there was so universal a clap from the audience, that many were surprized, and some offended at it. As to the opera, the critics say, it is too like his former compositions, and wants variety—I heard his finger that night, and think him near equal in merit to the late *Corestini*, with this advantage, that he has acquired the happy knack of throwing out a sound, now and then, very like what we hear from a distressed young calf.

As to the two theatres, your friend *Fleetwood* has had the full stream of success for some time; but I am well informed the tide is on the turn, and that *Rich* will swim with it. As to the Operas, they must tumble, for the King's presence could hardly hold them up, and even that prop is denied them, for his majesty will not admit his royal ears to be tickled this season. As to music, it flourishes in this place more than ever, in subscription concerts and private parties, which must prejudice all operas and public entertainments.

I remain,  
most affectionately yours, &c.

## LETTER VI.

To Sir WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet, at  
Wolfeley-Hall.

Irish Linen Warehouse,  
Pall Mall, August 3d, 1738.

Dear Sir.

I AM directed, by Mrs. Victor, to write to you by way of acknowledging the receipt of a fine side and haunch of venison; and to return you her thanks for the same; and to add, that the two days feeding on the roast and the pasty, has created in her such a passionate fondness, that she is likely to be an humble petitioner to be on your annual *bucket*, by the stile and title of one of your honour's venison pensioners.

Having done my duty like a clerk to this place, I must now acquit myself as a news writer.

Your weekly papers inform you of the preparations for war in the most expeditious, and most extensive manner. But you remember the late famous print I sent you. The truth is, the Spaniards whip harder than ever, and the English lion roars louder, but the great man (Walpole) has taken stronger hold of his tail, and I'll lay five to one he holds him fast for this year—so we are likely to have the happiness (as he calls it) of living in peace,

peace, 'till the Lion has recovered enough of his native fury to master him. So much for politics. Pall-Mall, at present, has not as many people walk through it in a day, as passes over Wolseley-bridge in a morning; and, but for the arrival of a Dublin ship with the new linens of this year, I should be without employment as well as pleasure.

While you, my friend, thus blissful rove,  
 From the gay palace, to the grove!  
 From eunuch's warbling, tuneful throats,  
 To the wood lark's sprightlier notes!  
 While thus, you taste the varied scene,  
 Where no black clouds can intervene,  
 Sure, you're a stranger to the spleen?  
 But should those clouds hang o'er you still,  
 Fraught with imaginary ill!  
 Let reason cast one powerful ray,  
 And chase the phantom quite away.  
 Reflect, my friend, to you is given  
 The fairest master-piece of heaven!  
 That gift must endless bliss preface,  
 To have the Venus of the age!  
 With such a fate contented rest,  
 By beauty and by fortune blest!  
 No self-tormenting plagues contrive,  
 But *be* the happiest man alive!

You observe, Sir, the poet has a licence to give that advice, which wou'd be downright impertinence in a prose friend. I hope you will be far

from suspecting the above lines to be written by me, because the least attempt at wit, or poetry, would certainly hurt my credit; and, to confess the truth, I am glad I have at last got an excuse for being dull; which, I fear, is what my friends will readily admit I have long stood in need of.

My wife joins me in most respectful compliments to Lady Wolseley.

I remain

Yours most obediently.

## L E T T E R VII.

To Captain APPERLEY, at Peterborough.

London, August, 1739.

My dear Captain,

**A**FTER many days of expectation, which was productive of many hopes and fears, I had the satisfaction of seeing a short letter to your sister, which was soon followed by a letter of length, for which I am much obliged; the sight of the above-mentioned short letter, prepared me for the receipt of one in the disappointed strain; therefore I had been some time in concern for you before the arrival



rival of yours, which, from its powerful particulars was sure to increase it. I can easily imagine the severe situation of a disappointed stranger! yet, surely, some unforeseen, unhappy accident must have occasioned this misfortune! It can never be the interest of the Russian court to decoy strangers, who have the power of complaining—nay more, of getting redress for their injuries!—I am prevented from exclaiming as loudly, as I otherwise should on this affair, by the absence of *Lord Carpenter* and *General Barrel*, who have been some time in the country, and are soon expected—at their return, I shall lay this affair before them, and then apply to *Prince Cantimir* directly—I think he must be accountable to *Lord Carpenter*; as this ambassador, you know, was guarantee to his Lordship and the General, and intirely transacted your business.

I am not sorry to hear your dislikes to the country (since affairs are likely to turn out wrong) because you will with more pleasure return to a better, and to your faithful and affectionate friend.

## L E T T E R VIII.

To Mrs. S——, at Hampton-Court.

Madam,

**I** HAVE the favour of your fatirical, agreeable letter; and have taken more than ordinary care to avoid the sentence you threaten me with, by the choice of the linens I have sent you, which have all the necessary qualities.

But since your command is to be the historian, as well as the man of business, I have rallied up my scattered spirits, to enable me to give you the following matters of fact.

The particular circumstances that attended the *Prince of Orange's* marriage, are not more known than those of the *Captain's* \* with Miss A——, who mutually put on the matrimonial chains, and were crowned with the chaplets of *love*, which were to last to *eternity*! but, alas! the deceived bride, who

\* The winter before, Mr. Theophilus C----- brought a comedy to the stage called the Lover, in which the character of *Captain Smart*, became him so well, he retained it some time--- The comedy was disliked by the public.

knew

knew not the Captain's *eternity* was to end with the week, soon, too soon, was left to sigh in the absence of her inconstant.—In their first country retirement, Mr. S—— was a constant visitor, as a friend of the Captain's, and requested, by him, to teach his wife the game of back-gammon, while he pursued his favorite diversion of hunting in the purlieus of Covent-Garden: The Esquire's passion for the lady was soon no secret; and his purse was soon at the command of the captain; who, it seems, has borrowed to the amount of 400 pounds; and, under these weighty obligations, it is too likely the Captain would have put his horns in his pocket, if his wife would have continued with him for the use of both parties. But she having too much nicety, as well as honour, her resentment soon fired her with resolution enough to despise the Captain, and publicly avow her passion for the Esquire, by leaving the stage, and retiring with him to a house he had taken for that purpose, near Windsor.

This eternal loss of his *lady*, or (as you justly observe) her *salary*, the Captain could not bear; he thundered out revenge, like the *Hotspurs* and *Otbello*s of the buskin! and in a few days, put it in execution, in the following manner.—He hired a coach and four horses, and chose two of the strongest and ablest men to assist him in the enterprise. As the Captain knew the ground, the

coach was ordered up a back lane to the garden wall, and there the three ravishers got over, and going up the garden, had the good fortune to find the lady alone in the parlour that open'd into it, in her bed-gown and slippers—They seized and hurried her down the garden, and the noise only alarmed the Esquire, who ran down alone, unable to give the least resistance, but by assuring her he would mount his horse and follow, and protect her with his life. He did so, attended only by one servant, and soon overtook the coach, and stopped at the same inns—but severe threatenings were all that passed between the parties—for three men, well armed, and one with a blunderbuss, were capable of doing a deal of execution. In short, they conducted the lady safe to town, to a house in Wild-court, Great Wild-street, where the Captain, with her mother, and brother, then lived. There she was guarded by a stout porter at the door, and her brothers within. But, alas! what can withstand the powerful effect of gold? the Esquire was blest with that infallible receipt and applied it properly—the porter was bribed, &c. &c. and, one night, while the Captain was performing the part of *Scrub*, at the theatre, and about the same hour that he was counterfitting that fright at the thieves that were broke into his master's house—his own, in Wild-court, was assaulted, the porter knocked down, the brother got a broken head—  
and



and the lady was carried off to the arms of the enamour'd Esquire ! where they will remain in that obscurity which all extravagant lovers are delighted with. When the surfeit comes on, we shall see them abroad in the world again ; and then further accounts shall be punctually transmitted to the fair club of wits, at Hampton-Court. I wish it was in my power to render the wretched husband a real object of compassion, because he wou'd not then fail of your pity ; for as he is a genius, and the son of our old friend, an applauded genius, methinks, I should be sorry to have him wholly lost.

I remain-Madam,

Your devoted servant.

## L E T T E R IX.

To the same.

Madam,

**I** H A D the honour of receiving your obliging letter, from the fairest hands in Europe ! but, for want of some preparative for the reception of so much happiness, you can easily believe me surpris'd into an aukward condition, like to what we feel at a sudden transiſion from darkness into a vast body of light !

C 4

I find

I find you are pleased to call what have been long the real sentiments of my heart, *extravagant fine things*! come, answer me sincerely now—were those extravagant fine things, quite new to you? had you never heard so much said to you before? I have often heard more said of you—and it is my firm belief, that you have heard it oftener than any one in the kingdom.

But observe, Madam, as a proof how justly those *fine things* are said of you—I will undertake to maintain by all the rules of criticism, that your last letter is equal for style and sentiment, to any letters in the English language! that you and Lady Betty are the support of a club, that would have done honour to the palace of Augustus Cæsar!—But to business—and the news of the day.

Nine days being now more than twice expired, the story of the Captain and his lady is, consequently buried; that affair, at present stands thus. The Esquire and the lady, are left to take their fill of uninterrupted love; and the Captain is pushing on a vigorous prosecution against the Esquire, aided by his father, who is determined not to see his boy abused. But, I think, that ancient limit of nine days for the existence of a wonder, should now be shortened, since we have the pleasure of living in an age, so productive of wonders.

What

What think you of a company of *French strollers* attempting to act, at this juncture, in London, when many of our itinerant kings and heroes are in jail, being deprived of their bread by a late *act of parliament*! Is not this a wonder of the first magnitude? and that some of the chief nobility of England, who passed that act, should invite these French strollers over, and procure them his Majesty's authority, is beyond wonder!

I was unwillingly pressed into the English service, by a large company of gentlemen, who dined that day at the king's arms, and had determined the opposition; I say unwillingly, because I have the mortification of thinking myself not young enough for such expeditions. We were soon visited in the pit by two Westminster justices, *Deviell* and *Manning*, the last of whom I have been some time acquainted with. Some Buck in the pit began the song of the English Roast Beef, which the house applauded with three huzzas—This Mr. Justice Deviel was pleased to say was a riot—upon which disputes began immediately, which were carried on with the utmost decency on both sides, for an hour. The Justice, at first, informed us that he was come there as a magistrate, to maintain the *King's authority*; that *Colonel Pulteney*, with a full company of the guards, was without to support him in the execution of his office—that it was the *King's*  
*command*

*command* the play should be acted—that the obstructing it was opposing the *King's authority*—and if that was done, he must read the proclamation; after which all offenders would be secured by the guards in waiting—Here was a concerted plan for you! but to all this arbitrary nothingness, the reply was to the following effect—That the audience had a customary right to shew their dislike to any play or actor—that the common law of England, was nothing but common custom, and the ancient usage of the people—that the judicature of the pit, had been acknowledg'd and acquiesced, to time immemorial, relating to the stage—and as the present actors were to take their fate from the public, they were free to receive them, as they pleased. By this time, the hour of six came on—and the *French* and *Spanish Embassadors* with their ladies, *Lord* and *Lady Gage*, with *Sir Thomas Robinson*, a commissioner of excise, all appeared in the stage box together! At that instant the curtain drew up, and discovered the actors standing between two files of grenadiers, resting on their firelocks with bayonets fixed! there was a fight! enough to animate the coldest Briton; at this, the whole pit unanimously rose, and turned to the *Justices*, who sat in the middle of it, to demand the reason of such proceedings? the *Justices* either knew nothing of the soldiers being placed there, or thought it safest to declare so—at that declaration, they demanded of *Deviel* (who had owned himself the

the



the commanding officer in the affair) to order the grenadiers off the stage: He did so—and they immediately disappeared. They then attempted to open the comedy, with a grand dance, of twelve men and twelve women—but were saluted, with vast quantity of peas, which made their capering very unsafe—Then the comedy began—but had the actor the voice of thunder, it would have been lost, in the confused sounds of a thousand various instruments! Here, at the waving *Deviel's* hand, all was silent, and standing up, on his seat, he made a proposal to the audience, to this effect—That if they would permit the play to be acted that night, he would take care (on his honour) to lay their dislikes, and resentment to these French actors, before the KING, and he doubted not, but a speedy end would be put to their acting. The answer to this proposal, was very short, unanimous, and pathetic (viz.) No treaties! no treaties! at this, candles were called for, and the guards ordered to be ready—but a gentleman near me, seizing *Deviel's* hand, begg'd of him to consider what he was going to do—for his own sake! for ours! for the King's! and observed to him, that he saw the unanimous resolution of the house! that the appearance of soldiers in the pit, would throw us all into a confused state of war! which must end with the lives of many! this earnest remonstrance made the Justice something pale and passive. After this pause,

pause, the actors attempted to go on, and the uproar revived! which continuing for some time with great violence, the Embassadors and ladies left their box, which occasioned an universal Huzza from the house—and after calling out some time—*down with the curtain*—down it fell. I will venture to say, that at the conquest over the French, by the immortal *Marlborough*! the shouting could not be more joyous than on this occasion! what added greatly to my pleasure was to see the two Justices join in this grand huzza! and wave their hats over their heads, and, at the same time, wore faces more like the conquered than conquerors.

For the sequel to this affair, and the present situation of the vanquished Frenchmen, I must refer you to the public papers. The mob without doors committed several indecencies,—such as cutting the braces of the *French Embassador's* coach, &c.—but, at present, it may be necessary to take my leave, for more reasons than one—and to subscribe myself,

Your devoted servant.

## L E T T E R X.

To Captain INNES, at the Nore.

My dear, dismal Captain,

**I** HAD the favour of receiving the melancholly description, of your present distemper, and am exceedingly sorry to find such dangerous symptoms attending it. At this distance, I think it proper only to order you the following prescription, viz. Let your surgeon take away about twenty ounces of blood; the day after, let him get you a female nurse, not exceeding twenty years of age.

You see, like a learned doctor, I am striking at the very root of your disease:—for to tell you the truth—the lady, since your departure, has acquainted me with your cavalier behaviour at parting\*—but, alas! what says the poet?

“And when he, wild, resolves to love no more,

“Then is the triumph of excessive love!”

\* Just before the captain left London, he put the question to the lady (with whom he was desperately in love) for marriage, and was refused.

I wish

I wish I could (for your sake) have prevented you from putting the question, and (as the parliamentary phrase is) *dividing* upon it.

But, for heaven's sake, dear Mark Anthony, collect your scatter'd senses, and be yourself! We shall have you the subject of some doleful madrigal, and sung to filthy tunes.

“ He look'd—and sigh'd

“ And sigh'd—and look'd

and this to be said of a *Captain*! O fie for shame!

But pray consider, Captain, suppose the worst; suppose your star is set—I hope you will not be shipwreck'd upon the rocks of despair, since you have the infallible compass of reason to steer by? Had you been in some parts of *Asia* or *Africa*, I should have pitied you, but in *England*! who would die for a woman? It is like dying a martyr to sense, in a country, whose religion is folly.

I will therefore depend on seeing you perfectly cured of your present malady; and as I hope you are neither going out of the *channel* nor your *senses*, that we shall soon meet again, and laugh at this, and all the future attempts of that silly god, Cupid.

I remain your friendly physician,  
and obedient servant.



## L E T T E R XI.

TO SIR WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet, at  
Wolseley-Hall.

Dear Sir,

I THINK the last letter that passed between us, was mine to you, by way of answer to your venison letter—therefore, that I can think of you in absence, and write to you without business, be this a witness.

While you are enjoying the pleasures of retirement, in the full possession of the first blessing in life, I presume you never think of London, but from false, imperfect news-papers; the authors of which, by being bribed not to insert what is true, are driven to the necessity of filling up their papers with what is not! What ridiculous disturbances have been in this town of late, by French strollers—rival princes—contending harlequins—poets, and cuckolds! From all these considerations, I infer, no man, but one just in your situation, can truly enjoy the blessings of this life.

I have been in this low-spirited humour ever since the proceedings of the Lords, on Monday  
last,

last, on the author of a satire call'd *Manners*, at which I was present. I presume, upon reading it, you made the same observation that I did to *Whitehead* himself: viz. That he was a bold, sprightly, young fellow, and very probably would not be long lived. But, alas! the vengeance he has pulled down upon his head, was unexpected, and fatal; it is a melancholly truth, that satire, noble, useful satire, is no more! because a rash young man has taken two or three, perhaps, indecent liberties, which should have been punished with a cudgel, the most august assembly in the world, must debate, divide, and put forth the iron hand of power to crush him, by way of example! but his friends, last night, prevailed with him to avoid the blow, by absconding; and the displeasure of the house has fallen on my neighbour *Dodsley*, who, as publisher, was committed to the custody of the Black-rod, where he remained a week; at the end of which I waited on the *Earl of Essex*, to request his lordship to present *Dodsley's* petition to the house—This, you will say, was bold in me, as the Earl was one of the Lords severely treated in the satire; but as I knew his lordship's good nature, and had some opinion of his understanding, I made use of HIS *ill-treatment*, as my argument to induce him to present the petition—and observed, that as it could not be presented by a complimented Lord, it would  
come

come from his lordship's hand with a good grace, and do him credit. The Earl was pleased to take my advice, and presented the petition to the Lords on the Monday, whereupon Mr. Dodsley was discharged, paying his fees, &c. which came to seventy odd pounds; a tolerable sum for one week's scurvy lodging in the Butcher-row!

Well, Sir, what think you follow'd this? The proscription from the Lord Chamberlain, to forbid the acting the new tragedy of *Gustavus Vassa*! which was to have appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre the following week. I am acquainted with the author, Mr. Brooke, of Trinity-College, Dublin. I must own we have many plays with more exceptionable passages in it than this—the last two, *Agamemnon* and *Mustapha*, are full of party clap-traps *designedly introduced*, but in *Gustavus*, I find no sentiments, but such as naturally arise from the business of the scene: the tyrant, *Cbristern*, King of Denmark, has, indeed, a most accomplished WICKED MINISTER, and there, perhaps, the cap fits, but surely those who make the *application*, make the *libel*! and what think you will follow? Why, as the press is not yet under restraint, there is a subscription already opened for the printing this Tragedy at five shillings; and as it is really a work of merit, and the first proscribed play since the act passed, you will find the author will, at least,

34 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

get a thousand pounds by it; and thus it will be more *distinguished* than it would have been by the performance.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XII.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

**I** WENT to Dodfley's on Tuesday morning, for the pamphlets—made up the packet, and sent it off directly. I hope you will there find reading enough for this dull season, and the next; for surely you must be people of great resolution if you can get through them in less time.

And so your commands still remain to pursue my Political History—Well, Sir, on I go—the consequences you are to answer for.

The unanimous discontent without doors, at this *Convention*, and a late dissention of eight court  
Lords,



Lords, in a division relative to it, on Monday last, made me lay aside all thoughts of writing 'till Thursday night; that being the day the Lords were to consider the merits of the Convention; when I hoped to have news indeed, worth a million, as Falstaff says; but, alas! vain hope! after debates, which held 'till eleven at night, on the division, there were *ninety-two* of opinion it was a GOOD CONVENTION, and *seventy-four*, of the contrary way of thinking! But shall we put one short question? Who are they that compose the different numbers? *Pensioned* and *placed* Lords, and *Bishops*, on the one side; and on the other, Lords possessed of the most ample fortunes in the kingdom, who have wisdom and conduct to live with TRUE GRANDEUR; INDEPENDANT *Grandeur*! I say, after that question, I believe, no honest man need take much time to form his opinion of the *Convention*.

I have been just now informed, by a noble peer, that the PRINCE OF WALES was present all the time of the debate, and *divided with the minority*; this being the first time of his dividing in any question. The Duke of Argyle, Lords Scarborough, Cholmond-

ley, and P——\*, were certainly in the minority; the two first (among many shining Lords) spoke inimitably; so we may easily guess at the glorious figure they made, and what would have been their success, if it had been in the power of reason and eloquence to determine it. But it was not; and the next day the *Lord Chancellor*, attended by a few good *Bishops*, waited on the KING with an address of thanks, for the advancements he has made towards a glorious peace.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in town very shortly; and that this genial, this reviving sun, among the various beauties of the spring, will give us Lady Wolseley in her full lustre!

I am,

Yours, &c.

\* This noble Lord (being very short sighted) generally took the lawn sleeves for his guide, but in this division, being by accident near four Bishops, who were honest enough to follow the dictates of their conscience, this unfortunate pension'd Lord followed them by mistake, and brought himself into trouble.

## LETTER XIII.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

**I** PRESUME you have heard the consequence of the *Convention-day* in the House of Commons? Your news-papers informed you, how soon the battle began, and how late it ended; and that a majority of twenty-eight compleated the victory.

This small advantage made good the following piece of raillery which passed that morning, between the *minister* and Sir John Hind Cotton, at their meeting in the house before the battle: *Well, Sir Robert, (cry'd Sir John) we shall be able to make a good chase after you, I hope, for we hunt with some of the King's bounds to-day! No matter for that (said Sir Robert) you won't catch me! Well, if we don't catch you, (replied Sir John) by G—d, we shall blow you thro'!*

The simile was not only a good, but a just one—they did *blow* him sufficiently, though they could not *catch* him, for when they divided upon the motion, and the tellers had declared the numbers,

D 3

which,

which, I think, were two hundred and sixty, and two hundred and thirty-two, we are told a certain *patriot* called to the *minister*, to cast his eye round the house, and take a survey of the persons who composed the different numbers: you know I was before-hand with that gentleman, in that thought, for in my last letter, I made the same motion at the Lords division. O, the survey must be shameful! I have heard a computation made of their estates, and, it seems, the two hundred and thirty-two are thirty times *the worth* of the two hundred and sixty! Shameful, indeed!

This day the minority attend the call of the house, and then take their leave in a body, determined to acquaint the several counties, and towns, they represent, that since their repeated endeavours to serve them, are altogether fruitless, they think it proper to absent themselves, because their presence is a seeming sanction to the present proceedings; and 'till the eyes of the whole people of England are quite open, it is to no purpose for them to attend the business of Parliament.

Pray, have you seen the printed list of the Common Council of London? their petition against the Convention, which followed that from the Lord Mayor and Alderman, occasioned the following remark, in the House of Commons, on the ministerial



sterial side, viz. What are the men who compose the Common Council of the City of London? Are they not artificers, shop-keepers, and such as cannot be supposed to be acquainted with the true interest of nations? This question (if it had ended there) was artful enough, and very proper to attain their design in view; but their wrongheaded tools, who are fond of every hint they think improveable, printed a list of them forthwith, with their trades, in which they have honoured but *one* person with the title of merchant; whereas, in fact, there are at least an hundred! Virginia merchants, who trade for thirty and forty thousand a year, are called tobacconists; and scarlet dyers, (a beneficial branch of trade to this kingdom) are called rag dyers!

But whither am I wandering? What, in the name of wonder, have I to do with politics? You was certainly the occasion of my closer connection with political thoughts. I hate politics! but is it not strange that you and I, who are old staunch whigs, should live to hate *Walpole*

Yours to command.

## LETTER XIV.

To the same, at Tunbridge-Wells.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE a mind to write to you without the pretence of any manner of business, or news, as I might drink to you without naming a health—for, in truth, I only intend, my service to you—and since you are now in a place continually flowing with pleasures, I hope you will not only pledge me, but give me your toast.

You are surrounded with various characters, and are painter good enough to draw them like, at the first sitting; for since there are so very few capable of making a good picture, I must expect nothing but grotesque figures. If you were to draw the portraits of the ladies at Tunbridge, at their own request, in a stile to gratify their vanity, and insure you their approbation, I know who they would all resemble; I dare say you are polite enough to take the same method that artful painter did, who gave such universal satisfaction to all the Ladies; he had a fine picture of the *Grecian Venus* in

in his room, and drew every woman that sat to him, like her.

I hope your present situation has, at least, helped *Lady Wolseley* to that welcome guest, **HEALTH**; I should expect to see every one at Tunbridge eat with the appetite of an *ostrich*; and as they drink *steel* in the morning, be able, at noon, to digest *iron*.

I presume the politicians at Tunbridge, who watch the motions of the whole world with the greatest attention, are capable of entertaining you on that subject, without the help of either pamphlets, or correspondence from London.

Yours most obediently, &c.

## LETTER XV.

To the same, at Wolseley-Hall.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAD the pleasure of your last letter, which came so loaded with compliments, that a man need be very well acquainted with the goodness of your heart, to be satisfied that you do not praise with a wicked design to mortify—but as your letter came  
fraught

fraught with business, (to which I must always pay a reverend regard) that, I must own, is a substantial good, and brings an unquestioned proof of your friendship, I shall therefore go boldly on, in obedience to your commands.

That we shall have no war, I find by your letter; even men so remote can dare to prophecy: and why is this? not from the present posture of affairs, for they are truly warlike, but from the former behaviour, and character, of those at the helm, who have behaved with the diffidence of very young women!

I can but think our differences with *Spain*, for many years past, may be justly compared to a *love quarrel*! Let us pursue the simile.

The base, fawning *Spaniard*, long since, seduced the love-sick, fond BRITANNIA! with wily arts debauch'd the yielding maid! *Debauched* her, to *betray* her! to triumph in her ruin! Repeated insults fired her to resentment! but then the sycophant could sooth and tempt her to believe. Her credulity exposed her to fresh injuries! then fresh resentments followed! and now, *she'll bear no more!* Cruel—inhuman—perjur'd monster! *she'll bear no more!* *Rage* and *Revenge* now fills her soul! *Revenge! Revenge!* Alas! alas! who, at the age  
of



of forty, has not seen such a circumstance as this within his own observation? If the man thinks it worth his while again to swear, the female will believe. This is directly the unhappy situation between *Spain* and *England*; and the worst of it is, that we are on the petticoat side of the simile.

This is the reason why the merchants are determined not to accept the letters of marque, even if they were without unusual restrictions. He, who interferes in a love quarrel, is in danger of having both parties on his back; and, perhaps, before the merchants (at a great expence) can get half way to the place for reprisals, the contending parties may be, once more, in one another's arms.

As for the plots of confederate princes abroad, since the French were so stupid to lose the late charming dark nights for landing their men in *Scotland*, to execute their mischief there—for my part I don't fear them. The happy discovery of this wicked conspiracy has given birth to a most abominable, impudent print, which is handed about, and is as follows—There are four figures in it; the King of Spain stands with his sword drawn—the King of France with his sword half drawn—the happy, peaceful King of England is asleep, and Sir Robert W. picking his pocket. *O Tempora!*  
*O Mores!*

I am, dear Sir, &c.

## LETTER XVI.

To the same, at Wolfeley-Hall.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE your favour of the 6th instant, and hasten to assure you, that, I have not been absent from home above four days; that I have not been indisposed, and that I have wrote to you every opportunity—Not to have answered your venison-letter, would have savour'd of ingratitude; a foul return for so sweet a present. Yes, Sir, I sent you our joint thanks for it, a few days after our enjoyment was over; and I have some reason to be very certain it has not missed its way to Wolfeley! I must believe you have not read it—because you say so—but since, I can even prove that it was lately at a new writing-table, in Lady Wolfeley's dressing room! pray how does this strange indifference, to a letter of mine, agree with that welcome reception you have so often flatter'd me with?

If you have not open'd it before this comes to hand; perhaps this piece of witchcraft may surprise you; therefore, to unriddle this mystery, and enable you to read it, I must tell you where the  
 conjuror

conjuror has placed it;—If you please (after crossing yourself three times) turn the last new writing-table bottom upwards, and then (as Teague says) you will see it lie on the table.

To deal no longer in magic with you, the story runs thus—As soon as your letter came to hand, yesterday, I sent to Mr. Smith, and made enquiry after the packet left at his house, directed for you? His answer to my servant was, that he nailed it to the bottom of the writing table he sent you, as the safest manner of conveying it—where, I hope, it remains at this instant.

When you have read it, I wish you do not say, that Smith, by accident, had whimsically placed it in that obscurity, where it ought to have remain'd, As to the fears I was under, when I wrote that letter, on a certain subject—they are vanish'd; and all danger is over.

I have just read Mr. *Glover's* poem, call'd *London*; and have congratulated the author, and his friends in the city, on this second defeat of the vain-glorious bards of the North! As to the poem, I was quite charm'd to find a subject (*commerce*) which I thought an unpoetical one, conducted with so much spirit and harmony. I have observed that the *Roderigos*—the silly gentlemen (of whom

whom God knows, there is a plentiful crop) think it too learned—too dry—too mystical. In short (as the author intended) they do not understand it.

I am,

Most respectfully yours.

P. S. A gentleman just now called in to tell me, Lord S—— died suddenly in his chair two hours ago—and it is thought, by his own hands. When I come at the particulars, you shall have them.

## LETTER XVII.

To the same, at Wolseley-Hall.

Dear Sir,

THE postscript to my last, brought you the catastrophe of the late *Earl of S——*; and the surmises that could occasion this strange accident, I promised you should follow. And by the help of my old friends, and able newsmongers, *Cibber* the laureat, and *Captain Bodens*, I have got beyond all surmises, even to the matter of fact.

This very surprizing, unhappy man (for so I must call one, who was, seemingly, in the zenith of happiness)



happinefs) had long had an intimacy with the Lady of the late Duke of M——, to whom he was to have been married that very night he shot himself!

It is remark'd by feveral he vifited and converfed with that day, that he never appear'd with a more chearful and fatisfied countenance; this circumftance was the more remarkable in him, who ufually wore a quite contrary face. He went home that fatal evening, about eight o'clock, retired into his drawing room, and ordered his fervant not to come near him, 'till he called him—He feated himfelf in an eafy chair, before a large looking-glafs; between him, and the glafs, flood a little table with candles placed on books, to raife them to the defired height; he then put the muzzle of a fmall piftol into his mouth, clofed his lips, and difcharging it, fent the ball through the roof of his mouth into the brain, where it lodged; this method fo much deadened the report of the piftol (which, no doubt, had but a moderate charge) that the attending fervant imagin'd it to be the falling of a great book! however, it raifed his curiofity to liften at the door, and thinking he heard his lord groan, he opened it—and found him in the agonies of death; by the fmall effufion of blood, from the mouth downwards, he, at firft, thought his throat was cut—but when more fervants came—the piftol foon explained the affair. The firft perfon they fent for, was Lord Chefterfield,

*field*, who lived near, and came immediately—and as hastily got home again to bed, sick with the sight. Notwithstanding the care of the family to conceal it, under the common name of apoplexy, it alarm'd the Coroner, who has a right to enter all places. The servants had removed the body into another room, and after cleaning it, no signs of a violent death were visible—but the Coroner taking a surgeon with him, the truth was soon discovered.

You will easily suppose this news must throw the disappointed Duchess, into the greatest distraction! who was, at that time, waiting for his Lordship, with *Doctor Clarke*, at Lady Hawey's lodgings, in the palace.

The generality of people, who are not only subject to a fallacious way of thinking, but to the greatest degree of malice and ill-nature, call this choice which the Earl has made, a reflection upon the lady; but the wiser and better part are of a contrary opinion; they think a man of that gloomy disposition, would probably have destroyed himself, and (as the Lady did not live happily with her late husband) that it would have been a greater reflection on her, for him to have killed himself after, than before marriage.

For

For my own part, Sir William, since I find these suicides can determine their fate with so much composure, I believe I should have taken one night's lodging with the lady, and then have considered further on it.

But to follow the theatrical custom, after this tragedy, I shall give you a farce.

London begins now, not only to be the seat of politics, but of frolic and fun (as the song says) we have had two grand uproars, this week, at our two grand theatres! that in Westminster and Drury-Lane? the motion for the *Place Bill* contained a very modest request, that about two hundred senators would acknowledge themselves disqualified to sit in that House of Parliament, as unworthy members! And though, in fact, they ought to be turned out of the doors, it was monstrous to imagine (like foolish catholics) that they would whip themselves out! However it occasioned a glorious uproar, and the minority made a much better figure than was imagined.

The riot in Drury-Lane theatre was occasioned by the manager, *Fleetwood* has a new *Pantomime*; a thing called an entertainment, which closes, as usual, with a grand dance—the capital dancer, *Chatteneauf*, was taken ill—and yet the manager kept

her name in the play-bills three nights successively. The first night they were pretty quiet; the second, they hissed; But the third, they ushered out the ladies, and then went to work with the house; the first motion was to fire it—but that being carried in the negative, they began with the orchestre, broke the harpsicord and base viols—pulled up the benches in the pit—broke down the boxes, and the King's arms; (a sort of petty treason) there was a most noble Marquis at the head of this riot, and the next morning, when he came to his senses, he behaved a little like himself, by sending an hundred pound note, for his part of the damage.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours.

### LETTER XVIII.

To the same, at Bath.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE obeyed your orders of the 12th instant. The box went to the inn, as you directed; and by part of the contents, one may guess at the condition of Lady Wolseley. As for mine, and that



that of my poor wife, it was never worse—I have been deprived of the pleasure of writing to you, by her dangerous situation; she has been confined to her bed by a raging fever, doctors and blisters, these ten days. I really feared, in my next letter to you, I should cry out with Othello—*my wife! what wife? I have no wife!* but thanks to a good constitution, her fever is now an intermittant, and the bark, with which they are plying her, will be her cure. By this accident, we were obliged to postpone Miss Pen's coming hither to Wednesday next.

I am sorry your indisposition drives you to so difficult and troublesome a remedy, as a long journey from your house to Bath: but now I think on it, you have no dislike to the filling a portmanteau, and changing the scene.

Well, Sir, tho' I am under disadvantages and perplexities here, I cannot part with you, without a word or two, concerning my friend, *Admiral Vernon*. What say the politicians of Bath, to his exploit? that the court politicians are for depreciating the merit of the action is beyond all doubt! *Sir Robert* has eat all the nails off his fingers, and curses the hour in which he consented to give a command to that rash man! No guns were fired in the park, or at the tower! which, it seems, was

usual, on less occasions all the last war! And the minority in the house, were obliged to conduct the motion for the address of congratulation, with the greatest management—they carried it but by five! then there arose debates, which lasted several hours, on the making mention in the address, of the number of ships, with which Vernon took *Port O Bello*! the ministry were not for having the number inserted, and why was this? I'll tell you. In the last session, when *Vernon* was in the house, and the Spanish depredations were in debate—*Sir Charles Wager* got up, and said, Gentlemen might sit there at their ease, and fancy what they pleased—but he knew better things! and asserted that it was his opinion, *Port O Bello* could not be taken with any twelve ships in the navy! *Mr. Vernon* then rose up, and said, I have had the honour to command a King's ship—that he knew the place well—and he would undertake to be master of it with six ships, on forfeit of his life! He has done it! He has blown up the place with Spanish powder! sent the express to London in a Spanish sloop, besides doing the South Sea company a considerable piece of service! judge then, how this must chagrin some people here, who concluded his succeeding impossible, with his force; and seem'd no way inclined to strengthen him, for by this bold stroke, all pacific schemes are demolished, or, at least, greatly embarrassed. And, on the other side, the  
breast

breast of every uncorrupt Englishman glows with real joy. As I have the honour of an intimate acquaintance with the Admiral (who has long since conferred many singular favours on me) you will believe, I feel a double portion of delight, at the surprizing success of this brave, worthy man.

You see the effect of a good example; and what a long epistle your last agreeable letter has produc'd. But, alas! *wit* and *humour*! scarce commodity! how to be acquired? where to be found? I write to you always with a good inclination; but, you know, we are never more dull, than when we *strive* to be otherwise! And never less *merry*, than on those days set apart for mirth!

I am, in all moods, and on all occasions,

Most faithfully yours, &c.

## L E T T E R XIX.

To Captain APPERLEY, encamp'd in the Isle  
of Wight.

Dear Tom,

**M**R S. Apperley did us the favour of calling here in her way home, from the most charming tour I ever had a description of; which, perhaps,

was done to encrease my concern, for the misfortune of being deprived of making one in so agreeable a party. But the cause! the cruel cause, I understand, she has more than once acquainted you with, which renders all apologies needless; the truth is, having never before been a complainant, the two severe strokes I am just recovering from, (the first an intermitting fever, and the relapse, an ague and fever) not only deprived me of all spirits, but even bodily strength.

During my long sufferings, I had the pleasure of two welcome letters from you—they were exact miniature pictures of your real self! and had the right marks of a joyous heart; you are a happy mortal, and much to be envied, for surely a dull melancholly soldier, must be one of the most miserable beings on earth.

I hope the linen you wrote for in your last, is with you. I remember you began your motion for credit, by asking me, *if I had faith*. I can assure you my faith is capable of stretching to great lengths for your service; but, alas! my poor ability is for ever crossing my inclination, and dragging me backward.

But, at present, we will bid adieu to melancholly, and strike up for a dance! what think you of a minuet



minuet with a Spanish lady, after you have taken the town? for surely your commanding officer will be polite enough to give a *ball* at night to the *Ladies*!

But the serious truth to be feared is, that you will neither have the *town*, nor the *dance*; you see I can even wish you in some danger, for the sake of *honour*, *profit* and *pleasure*—three things that are capable of adding greatly to the delight of living! My late illness has prevented my lending an ear to the politicians; but, indeed, not even those, in the very bosom of the *Minister*, can tell what will certainly be done, in an affair, so liable to changeable incidents.

I wish for the pleasure of seeing the *Isle of Wight*, at this juncture; I have been looking out for a party—but, alas! what is more difficult than to get four people of one mind?

In your last merry letter, you called upon me for a toast, and insisted on my giving you one, that might be called mine, and serve your corps all the encampment and voyage—I'll do it, a bumper toast—Here goes—

“*May the Spaniards fly at your first fire, and leave their wealth, and their women behind them.*”

I am, yours, &c.

## L E T T E R XX.

TO SIR WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet.

Dear Sir,

**A**T my return from Hertfordshire (where I have spent a most delightful week with my worthy friend Mr. Wood) I found the favour of your letter, which informed me of your happiness. I beg leave, tho' late, to congratulate you on this joyous occasion—A fine boy is a reward for the pain you must unavoidably have suffered, while all your happiness was at stake, and consequently in danger. I have just drank the young Esquire's health in a bumper. Two bumpers in one year! what will encourage me to a third? Nothing less than the taking of *Cuba*; which, if the winds will permit, will certainly be done before Christmas. With your letter, I found one from Captain Apperley, an officer of marines, dated the 2d instant, at *St. Helens*; from which I transcribe you the following passage.

“I am greatly of opinion, that this, and the  
 “Torbay fleet, will act with the utmost vigour  
 “against the Dons, as soon as ever they can get at  
 them

“ them, which, no doubt, will unavoidably draw  
 “ on us French resentment ; which, I hope, will  
 “ prove without terror. A war with *France* is ex-  
 “ pected, and, I hope, prepared for—for my own  
 “ part, I heartily wish it, but this may be owing  
 “ to the weakness of my politics. A war with  
 “ Spain is certainly prejudicial to us, but a war  
 “ with France must be so to *them*—and there is no  
 “ way of getting an advantageous peace, but by  
 “ beating one out of them.”

As to your fears of a dangerous surprise, that  
 may befall my worthy friend, *Admiral Vernon*—in  
 that respect your politics and mine agree—We had  
 the face of danger, and even the ministry were not  
 a little alarmed, but I have some reason to hope  
 Mr. *Vernon* is safe, and will continue so. Captain  
*Rentone* sail’d some time since, with advice of the  
 Spanish and French motions ; and a reinforce-  
 ment of five ships, and two that convey’d naval  
 stores, were sent at the same time ; these, they say,  
 would make our Admiral up seventeen ships of the  
 line—this is a proof, that your Staffordshire fears  
 are far from being particular, but I have some  
 reason to hope they will prove groundless, having  
 been well informed, that the Cardinal has declared  
 the French squadron is sail’d only to bring home  
 the money—that is, the Spanish treasure is to be  
 put on board their ships, presuming our men of  
 war

war will be too well bred, to interrupt a French fleet in their passage; but, as such a proceeding is directly contrary to all treaty, I hope some of our Admirals will be unpolite enough to oblige them to *stand, and deliver*; which will, I hope, pull off the mask, and compel them to declare themselves, what they have long since been, our worst enemies. This they will do with the greatest reluctance, because their nation must sustain such a manifest loss, by an open war. *Boulogne*, some time ago, a very poor, and still an insignificant town, takes upwards of an *hundred thousand a year, in specie, from England*, for wine and brandy; and a gentleman, just come from Paris, told me, that our guineas are more plenty there than in London.

I am, most respectfully,

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXI.

To the same, at Bath.

May 28, 1741.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE the favour of yours, by way of answer to mine, on the Westminster election; and it is so extraordinary an answer, that, I dare say  
(know-



(knowing my indolence) you only sent it, in order to provoke me to proceed. Is it possible, that a gentleman should have the confidence to confront my account of that affair, with one from an hireling? But you have said it, and I must believe it. I presume the writer of this court-account has comfortable rewards; and what is it such people's consciences will not permit them to say or do? As to the affair in question, Sir, be assured, the courtiers, who have the least degree of modesty, are ashamed of defending the proceedings, and give them up. It is evident, that corruption and power were intended to have their influence at this election, as well as at other places; but it was executed in so bungling, and so shocking a manner, that the persons employed are left without the shadow of excuse. The High Bailiff is a new one; a man (I am well informed) sprung from the dregs of the people; he made an early discovery of his disposition, and soon proved himself a complete court creature in every thing, but his manners! And yet this vulgar fool of power (you are told) was insulted in the execution of his office; and, (as Mr. B—— says) greatly abused by Mr. *Edwin*, who is known by all who have the least acquaintance with him, to be a man of great politeness and good breeding, and *remarkable for meekness of temper!* We, who know him, unanimously agreed, that his natural mildness of temper, and want of warmth,

warmth, greatly disqualified him for the place he appeared in—but being surrounded by those audacious tools, and too much gauled by their power, he was provok'd to challenge Mr. Justice B——; but, even then, he did it like an injured gentleman, which the other evaded like a ——.

As to the soldiers, they were sent for to secure their persons—*Lord Sundon*, and those court persons—that is true. But what brought their sweet persons into danger? In a word, it was evident, that the court members had exhausted their strength; nay, *Lord Sundon* owned it himself that morning, and they were then only three hundred a-head, which that Friday's poll would have lost, and the Saturday's (the day agreed for closing) have proved near that number in favour of *Vernon* and *Edwin*. Was it prudent, therefore, for them to stay there 'till they had lost their majority? they intended, therefore, to *take*, or rather *make* some pretence for shutting up the books, which proved to be this—Fourteen unexceptionable men were at the hustings, polling against them, and about two hundred appeared, with the white flag at their head, as was usually carried at the head of parties for *Vernon* and *Edwin*; at this appearance, the mob sent up their universal huzzas! Immediately the ministerial gentry cried out, a RIOT!—SHUT THE BOOKS! which was done. Some of *Edwin's* acting friends,

friends, begg'd of those in their interest to disperse directly. The reason for shutting the books, was then demanded by Mr. *Edwin*, and his friends; and the answer was—*There was a riot!* Hundreds can bear witness to the contrary. But they hoped that shutting the books, in that shameful, illegal manner, would occasion a riot! it was, therefore, necessary to provide the *army* to be in readiness to defend them\*! This was clear, because the soldiers actually appeared before the deputy Bailiff made the declaration, which was also *before* the riot; for the riot was occasioned by the *appearance of the soldiers* to support this illegal declaration. After that, I grant you, the soldiers were absolutely necessary to secure their persons.

And now I would ask these ministerial tools one question—I presume, knocking out the brains of these *tools of power*, would be deem'd an evil action! I grant it—But, pray Sir, have THEY a *right* to do an evil action? It is plain they have the *power!* and the Roman and English histories are full of instances, where the mobs have taken instant revenge of such bold invaders of their rights, and privileges; but our invaders had better fate, and I am exceedingly glad of it. *Lord Sunden's*

\* A serjeant's guard was brought into the church, at the back door, that morning, which proved their design.

life was saved by the goodness of his horses, and the boldness, and dexterity of his coachman, who galloped them into the court-yard of St. James's house, instead of going by the gates to his master's, where they must have been overtaken, by the enraged pursuers, and destroyed.

A mob, Sir, an enraged mob, is a very terrible thing! especially to ministerial offenders! But, it is evident, by all the mobs mentioned in histories, that they always *meant* well—that they assembled to obtain *redress of the grievances* they then groaned under!—Is not this likely? Is not this rational? It is certain mobs may be misled by the designs of artful men, and very often are; but, pray, desire these advocate pensioners, these B——'s, to look into the late published life of *Cicero*; let them read there, what the Roman mobs did annually to their corrupt magistrates—I say, let them read, and trembling, bless their stars they did not live in those days!

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

N. B. This very Justice B——, who wrote that court letter to Bath, was brought, with two others, on their knees, at the bar of the House of Commons,



Commons, for their offences at this very election, which was voted illegal by the house, and a new writ ordered for a new election; when no candidate could be prevailed on to declare himself for the court, the people were so incensed by their late proceedings.—This was the first fatal stroke to Sir Robert Walpole.

### L E T T E R XXII.

To the AUTHOR of the History of the Stage,  
printed in the Year 1741.

S I R,

**I**T is not in my power to supply you with any other particulars, relating to Mrs. *Horton*, than the few following.

The late Mr. *Booth* saw Mrs. Christiana Horton perform the part of Cupid, in a droll called *Cupid and Psyche*, in Southwark fair, in the year 1714, and being pleased with her, he brought her on Drury-lane Theatre the year after. The first part she appeared in, was Melinda, in the Recruiting Officer.

She acted parts of consequence in several plays, with success, even when the late Mrs. *Oldfield*,  
and

and Mrs. *Porter*, were in their highest reputation, particularly the part of *Lady Brumpton*, in the *Funeral*; for which she received the highest compliments from Sir *Richard Steele*, the author: and the late Mr. *Booth* was firmly of opinion, that no one was so capable of playing Mrs. *Oldfield's* parts, after her death. Mr. *Wilks* proved himself of the same mind, by preferring her to play, in several comedies with him, in Mrs. *Oldfield's* characters; the part of *Millamont*, in the *Way of the World*, was one; and my intimacy with Mr. *Wilks*, at that time, gave me an opportunity to be assured, that she acquitted herself, in that character, to the satisfaction of that celebrated actor, as well as to the delight of the audience.

She continued on that stage some time after the death of her old friends, the managers, and 'till it was tortured with several revolutions, when she was invited to leave it for Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1734, where she now remains.

That she is now, in the full possession of Mrs. *Oldfield's* parts, in comedy, almost without a rival, is obvious to every one who frequents the Theatres; and is the only copy that can remind us of that excellent original; so much is the business of acting reduced from its former glory! I shall only add one observation more, which is an amazing  
one,

one, indeed! and remarkably singular in Mrs. Horton! which is, that in the meridian of life she retains her beauty without art, and even without the entire loss of her bloom, and is, by far, the handsomest woman on either stage.

*line master Vick* I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

### L E T T E R XXIII.

To Lady WOLSELEY, at Wolfely-Hall.

Madam,

**I** HAD the honour of a long letter from Sir William, dated from Bath, which brought me a scheme—*another* scheme! which was closed, as usual, with an intended journey to London. Now really, Madam, is it reasonable, that your ladyship, who has so long excited our admiration, by your many amiable qualities, should draw us still nearer to you, by a display of more philosophy than ever fell to the share of ten women? For my part, I must confess, I have quite lost my patience! and, surely, if I did not think Sir William's residing here, with his Lady, and family, would greatly add to the delight of us all, the disappointment

VOL. I.

F

would

66 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

would not provoke me so—But your ladyship's happy serenity of mind is what I want to discompose; if I could but do that glorious piece of mischief, I would then make it up with Sir William directly, because then there would be a journey to London in earnest—but of this I am in despair; Sir William will be for ever changing, and your ladyship, as in duty bound, changes after him. His last letter mentions something of being here in February; if Sir William can send me security, (for I really can take his word no more) why then I will be quiet.

Your ladyship's last commands, by the captain, were obeyed, as must every one directed to

Your obedient servant.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. JOHN DYER, at Hereford.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAVE your last agreeable letter; as, indeed, is every one of yours, when you write with your usual spirit. You might as well venture to tell me, that your conversation can give me no real pleasure, as that your letters can fail to do so—  
your



your excuse is too weak to succeed; and you must spare some few moments of your precious time, now and then, on a post day; I will allow you to write in haste, and to plead all the common excuses that entertaining people generally make use of, whose company is very much solicited, and whose days are too short for the pleasurable prospects before them—A good writer is always in a hurry, and a fine singer never without a cold.

I am obliged to you for your ingenious congratulations, but that you should leave the delights of Parnassus, is strange indeed! I made but few attempts to climb that difficult, enchanting hill; my attempts were vain! but for you, who could with ease ascend the summit, to be contented in the vale, is wondrous strange! \*

It is, as you observe, quite proper to have some acquaintance with that god of this world, *Mercury*; you call him, a *cunning thief*, which confirms me in my opinion, that (though fortunes are sometimes, accidentally, acquired with honour) none but knaves can be his real favourites; I have, therefore, no inclination to be of his intimate acquaintance; but, since *gold* is more useful than

\* This gentleman, in the year 1755, published a very fine poem called the *Fleece*,

68 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

wit, as well as more easily acquired, I am willing to pursue, what I have some small chance to possess.

As to our poetical friends, which you enquire after, they are no more! and what is still worse, their very names seem buried with them. You have heard of the fate of poor Dick Savage\*? I hear his life is going to be publish'd, and by an able hand†; if the author would enrich, and enliven his work, he should come to you, and I, for anecdotes. Surely that agreeable, and most accomplished man, Mr. Hill‡, deserves a better fate than banishment and oblivion, in which condition, I hear, he has repined these six years. How many delightful hours have we enjoyed with that elegant lover, and his charming Clio§! how like those scenes we read in our youthful days, in Sir Philip Sidney's Pastoral Romance!

*Yours most affectionately*

\* Richard Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers.

† Mr. Samuel Johnson.

‡ Aaron Hill, Esq.

§ The late Mrs. Sansom.

## LETTER XXV.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

YOU are pleased to observe, that a short letter from the empty, idle country, and a long one from the full active town, is always expected—from which may be drawn this melancholly inference—that if fate should ever place me in the rural scene of life, our correspondence must cease; because, having no transactions to relate, we must, consequently, have nothing to say to each other. Pray, Sir, have you forgot what Sir Godfrey Kneller said to the celebrated Mr. Lock, while he was sitting to him for his picture? *You are famous for your ideas, Mr. Lock; Why I have ideas too—I have just now an idea of your nose, Mr. Lock!* I presume this short story wants no comment. Now if you, who have leisure to collect your ideas, can be so unkind to the world, and your friends in particular, as to carry them with you to the grave, how very vain must that man be, who attempts to entertain you with any thing but the flying expeditions in Hungary, and news from the secret committee? As for example—news from the West-Indies—I can assure you, that Commodore Anson is

certainly safe; I saw his elder brother a few days ago at Tom's coffee-house, who shewed a letter from Jamaica, that he was safe with four hundred thousand pounds sterling—the letter contained a particular circumstance or two that confirmed the fact.

The *secret committee* made their first report to the house, on Thursday last, which will be printed in a few days, and which, I fear, will greatly disappoint the expecting world; the truth, I believe, is, that no such committee ever did any extraordinary business, when the court was against them, which, you know, is the case at present—instead of going on material points, worthy their enquiry, I hear, they are proving what no man in his senses ever doubted—that *great sums of the public monies have been misapplied, and particularly in elections*—therefore, you may rest assured, you have enlarged your expectations relating to the article of news, from London (this proud scene of action) so monstrously, that I shall lay this paper by, for a day or two, to send you the great event.

'Tis done—the mountain has been in labour, and a mouse is born!—the surprising success that attended the *opposition*—the long wish'd-for removal—the *secret committee*—the *enquiry*—have all ended in—*nothing*. They have drove Sir Robert Walpole out



out of the lower, into the upper house—the *commoner* into the *peer*; and that man, odious to the whole nation, has, now, many friends to defend him against the weak attacks of his adversaries, while he smiles, triumphant, under a load of royal favours.

I have just reason to complain that half of every sheet you send me is unfill'd, and yet you have *leisure*. You see I have push'd vigorously over to the last side, though every day comes crouded with more business, and engagements, than I can possibly attend to. Let your next letter be quite full—if description fails, you have *IDEAS*—if you want assistance, take *Horace*, or *Virgil*. Thus, you see, I have deprived you of every excuse, and, at the same time, pleaded my own.

I remain,  
most respectfully, yours, &c.

## L E T T E R XXVI.

To Mr. Wood, at St. Alban's.

August 15, 1742.

**N**OR business, nor pleasures, shall any longer prevail; I will write to my dear friend instantly. I sent you *Cibber's* letter to *Pope*, on Saturday last.

I called at your pamphlet shop, in my way home from Tunbridge, where I had been pleasantly regaled for three weeks: I was carried there, in the corner of a coach and six, belonging to my brother-in-law, *Perrin*, whom I left there with his family; a week before I came away, *Cibber's* letter to *Pope* was brought down there, by a gentleman of my acquaintance, who favoured me with the reading it that afternoon—in the evening of that day, going on the walks, to return the letter to my friend, I had the pleasure of finding him with the author of it—the gay, blooming *COLLEY*, just arrived from London! as unexpected, as welcome! well, we passed that night happily together; and the very next morning, who should kind fortune add to the party, but my worthy, valuable, reverend friend, *Doctor Young*! If the noon of that day had brought Mr. *Wood*, the cup of delight would have been so full, that no one could have drank of it with a steady hand.

The gaiety of *Tunbridge*, at a full season, is almost inexpressible! The whole day and night, are employ'd in *riding, praying, gaming, dressing, eating, drinking, music, balls, &c. &c. &c.* Every one complies with what is called the *fashion*—*Cibber* goes constantly to *prayers*—and the *Curate* (to return the compliment) as constantly, when prayers are over, to the *Gaming table*! I found there, your  
friend,

friend, Mr. *Colebrook*, with his lady and daughter; they say he is the richest commoner in England.

The mention of that great citizen's name, leads me into a very disagreeable digression—your friendly recommendation, and the name of Sir *John Barnard*, almost fired this rich man into public spirit enough, to buy a piece of Irish cambrick, by way of encouraging that new manufacture—I told you of his coming to me the last evening we were together, and how I had humoured him, by letting him take two pieces away in his chariot, to shew his wife—after some days, they were return'd open'd and tumbled, with this answer—that *Mrs. Colebrook* thought them too dear. I then wrote him a clear state of this *new cambrick manufacture*, least this accident should overset their once seeming good intentions, to the general use of the *Irish linens*—but alas! I hear, these rich people are mingled again with the million, who are ready to be *public-spirited* on any occasion, that will put one shilling in their pockets! what pity is it, that we are oblig'd to know such wretches!

Since my return to Pall Mall, I hear (and with great appearance of truth) that the KING and the DUKE, are going to Flanders, to see the raree-show there! I heartily wish them business and success.

Thus

Thus, you see, I cannot part with you without a small touch at politics, since we are, as yet, in no danger of the Bastile. What say you to the second report of the secret *committee*? and what, to the report of the *committee men*? the heroes amongst them, they say, are fallen into nests that are well feather'd, and thus PATRIOTISM and *public virtue*, are no more! Pray, my good friend, what is public virtue? If I was to make the definition for you—I presume you would say, *the reverse of human practice*.

I shall send you down, in a day or two, a fine poem in blank verse, call'd *The COMPLAINT, or Night Thoughts on Death and Eternity*. It is a melancholly, splenetic subject, but you will find the sentiments quite new, the images strong, the diction nervous, and the whole written by a masterly hand. It is to be published in three parts; and Doddsley told me, he had given two hundred pounds for the copy; the author has carefully conceal'd his name, on purpose to try the force of his poem. He is my friend. I dare say you will find him out, as I did, *the first reading*; and I chuse to try you.

I have now tired my pen, as well as my hand, but what is yet worse, I fear I have tired you, but you are so accustomed to pardon transgressions—and my business will prevent a frequent commission of this fault, which apologies would add to, and



as an old, bad poet, I have just met with says on the same occasion.

“ For if prolixity of speech offended,

“ How can that error, by more speech, be mended.

I am, most affectionately,

Yours.

P. S. Looking over the lives of the poets, to the year 1698, I found your name, *Nathaniel Wood*; he was a clergyman, and lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth: He wrote one play, and call'd it the *Conflict of Conscience*—a moral pastoral.

## L E T T E R XXVII.

To the Rev. Doctor Young, at Tunbridge-Wells.

Dear Sir,

SINCE I left you, I have read a poem with a tremendous title, call'd *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Death and Eternity*. A melancholly unfashionable subject—but the reading it gave me great pleasure; I found the thoughts quite new, and *Doctor Young* written in large characters in every page.

I found

I found by your bookfeller, Mr. *Dodley*, that you have carefully conceal'd your name, on purpose to try the force of your poem; but you are too good a writer to be able to conceal yourself from your admirers. I hear we are to have the happiness of reading two books more. If I was your bookfeller, I should greatly solicit you to add your name, because it would call the attention of those readers who are led by mode, consequently encrease the sale of the poem.

I hope to have the opportunity very soon of thanking you for this pleasure in London.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd servant.

# LETTER XXVIII.

To Lady WOLSELEY, at Bath.

March, 1743.

Madam,

I MENTION'D in my last letter to Sir William, a design to write to your Ladyship in his absence; and you see with what punctuality we keep our resolves,

I found

though

though ever so slightly form'd, when they tally with our inclinations—and the performance even of a promise made to you, Madam, will hardly be esteem'd a merit, since, I dare say, you never met with a man insensible enough to be a promise-breaker. A fine lady is not only held in constant remembrance, but every one employs the most trifling occasion to be remembered by her. Since this is the happy situation you are placed in, I will leave you to judge, what some of those vain, insignificant beings called BEAUS! whose ambition can possibly rise no higher, than to the pleasure of being thought *well with a fine woman*—I say, I will leave you to judge what one of those coxcombs would give to be the owner of a letter of your ladyship's, which I have in my possession. I presume, Madam, I have by this time raised a cloud upon your brow—and to disperse it, must explain myself—half a line of a very innocent letter—like a broken hint, is the very way those fops take to divulge the affair, and make their friends believe they have the happiness of a secret—and what does your ladyship think of the following words in one of your late letters—“*No letters received—vows broken,*” and then turning artfully over to discover the name of a celebrated beauty, as the complainant. Do you think, Madam, some *Lord Fopington* would not give me a five hundred pound bill for this letter?

Now

78 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Now, if it should ever come to your ladyship's ear that I have refused such a tempting sum for it, if you will but say—"well, he is an honest fellow, and I am obliged to him," you will amply reward,

Madam,

Your ladyship's obedient

Humble servant,

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. Wood, at St. Albans.

April 12, 1743.

Dear Sir,

**T**HE complaisant gentleman, who is the bearer of this, was so kind to throw this temptation in my way, which was too great to be resisted.

If you have not seen the advertisement, our friend  
X Jack Whittingham's benefit night, at Drury-Lane theatre, is fixed on the 29th instant; and the play is the *Distress'd Mother*, the part of Phyrus by a gentleman.

*Jack Whittingham, as you know, is your master's vicar, and a pious man.*

You have been some time acquainted with my opinion of this last theatrical scheme of our much

lov'd



lov'd friend—nay, I remember, when he was flattered to death by his city friends, and ready to burst with vanity, he complained to you, that I was the only man who mortified him. He said, he found himself an handsome, clever fellow, in all houses but mine, that he always went from thence hunch-back'd and bandy-legg'd.

It was too true—I knew he was a fine mimick of *Seniseno*, for a slight Italian air, as he had taste, and a soft melodious tone—He could also imitate *Booth* in the same manner, from his musical voice, in a slight speech—but, alas! he wanted powers, (to say nothing of his other deficiencies) to appear in \* *Hotspur*, or any capital character, as a first rate actor

If you have my life of *Booth* in your study, I beg you will turn to it, and read the description I have there given of that great actor in this part of *Pyl-  
rus*. I remember our friend Jack was extremely pleased with it; the parade there described, at the entrance of that character, struck his fancy; and, I hope, we shall see him copy that part of it, at least.

\* *Hotspur* in *Henry the Fourth*, was the part he made his first appearance in, at Drury-Lane theatre, in which he was demolish'd and lost in the first scene.

You

80 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

You saw him here, when he thought himself possessed with the spirit of *Hotspur*—if any one spoke to him in any house, or place—his answer was—

“ My leige, I did deny no prisoners——

But now, his present madness makes his answer a little more rational. The other night, supping at a friend's house—at the time of parting, the family would have persuaded him to the use of a cloak—he turn'd on them with a composed look and said,

“ The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd

“ Than I desire\*——

I beg you will not fail coming to town on the 29th instant, and dining with me, that we may sit together, and mourn the downfall of our unhappy friend.

I am,

Dear Sir, &c.)

\* In Phryrus.

## LETTER XXX.

To the AUTHOR of the CHAMPION.

May, 1743.

S I R,

YOU were pleased to publish two letters of mine, some time ago, and, at the same time, to favour me with your reproof for the severity of the strain in which they were written; I am sorry to find myself still more unhappy in panegyric. I sent you a few lines, some days since, on the subject of the enclosed *epigram*, which you were pleased to order to lie on the table, to be perused by the sharp family of the Vinegars; if the enclosed meets with the same fate, you shall doom me to lie there myself, if ever I give you any further trouble. I say not this to frighten you into compliance; and, as a proof of it, desire you to spare me a word or two on the subject.

I was always of opinion, if any thing was written with decency, in favour of merit, in public performers, that it was your interest, as well as your duty, as a *British Champion*, to give it place in your paper; and, in this particular case,

Vol. I

G

a neg.

## 82 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

a neglect is notorious, since Mr. *Dubourg's* reputation is universally known, and has lately been confirm'd, here, by the greatest applause from several polite audiences.

That we are in a false, unnatural taste in music, at present, several letters in your own paper have observed; and if an Englishman (as I know *Dubourg* to be one) can fairly expose, and publicly defeat, those foreign *tricksters*, shall the *Champion* discover either fear, or partiality, in such a cause?

Be so good to think properly of this, and believe me

Your friend, and servant,

BELLARIO.

## THE EPIGRAM.

*Dubourg*, thy pow'r is near divine,  
Sweet Harmony and taste are thine;  
Play on, th' inanimate inspire,  
'Till BRUTES shall gaze, and FOOLS admire!  
Then in some wild, and frantic strain,  
Play tricks—and fix them FOOLS again.



## LETTER XXXI.

To Sir WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet.

June 27, 1743.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the honour of yours, of the 15th instant, and should have acknowledged it sooner, if I had not found that my last letter to Lady Wolseley lay, at that time, unopen'd in Staffordshire, which contained all the news I had to acquaint you with.

Mr. *Dubourg* and wife, dine with me every Saturday, by appointment; I mentioned to them your kind invitation to halt at Wolseley-Hall, in their way to Chester; which, I presume, they have, or will answer, and acknowledge properly. His *Royal Highness* is grown so fond of him, that I hear no mention of a time for his departure.

The public papers have, by this time, inform'd you of the advancement of our old friend, *Lord Gage*, to be master of the household to the *Prince of Wales*—I hear it is one thousand a year, and looks as if created on purpose for his lordship.

G 2

I sent

## 84 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I sent you an exact account of our great success, and happy deliverance, at *Dettingen*. Pray have you country critics been as merry with *Lord Carteret's* first letter, as we in London? I can suppose a man of sense and parts to be in such a situation as to write a trifling letter, but that a scholar should write an ungrammatical, and a silly one, seems to me to be the greatest difficulty—As this is the fact, it must be thus accounted for—That his lordship was first *frightened*, and then *fuddled*, out of his senses; the thunder of the cannon, the fire and smoke, which he could not help both seeing and hearing, though in a place of safety; knowing they were fighting his battle, in which the KING, and his son were engaged, and that an unfortunate event might bring his *head* into danger; these reflections, and this situation, might fright a man of *peace* out of his wits; and then a complete *victory*, and *Old Hook* (which he is a great lover of) might easily fuddle him.

*Ranelagh* is not yet enough frequented, to make it an advantageous undertaking; there is nothing but the building to surprise, and that soon ceases; they have removed the orchestra to one side, but it does not yet give satisfaction. FAUXHALL (the mother of these amusements) remains the reigning beauty.

I am, yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

To Mr. RYVES, Assistant in Mr. Wood's  
Academy, at St. Alban's.

S I R,

**F**OR once you are strangely mistaken—You have guess'd at two causes for my silence, viz. *That you have disoblinded me*, or, *that I am idle*; both of which are, almost, impossible.

My last letter to Mr. *Wood* (which gave notice of Dubourg's flying through St. Alban's without me) acknowledged the favour of your long, descriptive letter, which I then expected to have the pleasure of commenting upon, tête-à-tête.

As for the collection of flowers, you there mention to have gathered for me, from the sermons of an affected, dull preacher—if I guess right, I don't like your gardener, he is called, a *labourer in the vineyard*; I heartily wish that he, and some thousands of his function, were literally so—they would then be of some use to society.

36 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I don't know any friend of mine that has a sporting gun to spare; all I know of are better employed—they are shooting Frenchmen.

Pray tell Mr. *Wood*, he *owes* me a letter, which is a DEBT I will sign no *licence* for, or ever forgive; and as he will be denied the benefit of the statute of *bankruptcy*, tell him, he had better set about making a good *composition*.

I am,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Mr. WOOD, at St. Alban's,

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the favour of your critical letter, and was quite pleased to find you in such gaiety of temper; but the severity of your criticism, on my little \* poet's performance, shall be properly considered.

\* Mr. Elderton of Salisbury wrote a poem called *British Bravery*, on the battle of Dëttingen, and sent it to me, for my approbation—it was afterwards printed and dedicated to the Earl of Stair.

And



And so, Sir, because Mr. *Addison* wrote a good poem, called the *Campaign*, no succeeding action of war must be attempted in verse? I will grant you, to write on that plan, after him, was wrestling with a giant; but, I hope to prove yet, before I part with you, that my little bard has not been shamefully defeated.

I read over Mr. ADDISON's *Campaign*, when the manuscript of *British Bravery* was first brought me; and have read it again, since the arrival of your letter, and the only passages that bear the least similitude, are the two following:

"Evening approach'd; but, oh! what hosts of foes  
"Were never to behold that evening close!"

Pray does not this seem as if, in the day of battle, none were to be kill'd but our enemies?

Now my young bard says——

"Soon the retiring shades to light give way;  
"To hosts unnumber'd, the last, fatal day!"

The other is:

"Nations with nations mix'd, confus'dly die,  
"And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie!"

My poet says, in his description of the field, after the battle——

"Dwell on the streaming gore! the heaps of slain!  
 "Th' expiring wretches, welt'ring on the plain!  
 "The mangled limbs! heart-piercing groans and cries!  
 "Promiscuous, as the smoking carnage lies!

These are the only passages that bear a semblance, and, if you please, the preference shall be given to Mr. Addison—but, Sir, give me leave to add the following lines taken from his great poem.

"The rising Danube *its* long race began,  
 "And half *its* course thro' the new conquests *ran*."

Now, though I have the highest sense imaginable of Mr. Addison's superior abilities, to most of our English poets, yet, I can't help thinking this couplet worse than any thing in *British Bravery*. Now, Sir, if I could but match some of the beautiful passages in the *Campaign*, with as much ease, I think we should have the better of the engagement—but there we strike our flag, though without any more loss of credit, than would attend an English *Fishing-boat*, that surrender'd to a French *Man of War*.

Now for your criticism—The first lines you attack, are the King's words before the battle—I have nothing to say in their defence, but that they are founded on the martial maxim of Mr. Addison's own hero—When *Queen Anne* complimented the *Duke of Marlborough*, at court, on his successes;  
 he

he replied, "Madam, While I have the honour to  
 "command troops, that will march up close enough  
 "to the enemy, to brush their whiskers, without  
 "firing—I can never loose a battle."

As to your next quotation—I must own myself  
 heartily dissatisfied with it—and am sorry you do  
 not think it has merit—I mean those lines on *Prince*  
*William*, and the simile that closes that passage.

You say—and *so Mars was at Dettingen?* pray,  
 where would you have the *god of war* at that juncture—at the opera? You say he was once wounded  
 himself, and as old *Homer* relates, went blubbering  
 to Heaven to tell his papa—pray, was not that a  
 strange absurdity? should not the young god of  
 war have been well flogg'd, for so cowardly a setting  
 out?—or the poet?

But what am I saying? how great my presumption! when I consider into whose hands this is  
 going—this may be construed into blasphemy; to  
 find fault with an author, even you could not make  
 me understand—and least that should be the case  
 with this defence, it will be safer to conclude.

But, to *please me*, you shall own, that many  
 worse poems have been offered to the public; that  
 the last simile (though, perhaps, not strictly applicable)

(cable) is good writing—and as the author has told you in the preface, that it is the maidenhead of his muse, and *approved* by *me*, I beg you to believe, that his future offspring will do credit to the poet, and the patron—Do this for the sake of your *own pupil*, and obliged

Humble servant, &c.

### LETTER XXXIV.

To Lord Viscount GAGE.

My Lord,

**I** HUMBLY thank your lordship for conducting me thus far on my long journey; but I fear the worst of the way is to come—and without your friendly hand to support me, I shall never arrive at the wish'd-for end. The first time your lordship has a retired interview with his *Royal Highness*, will, I presume, determine my fate—if the Prince shou'd forget to mention the affair (as nothing is more likely than that little things should slip the memory of princes) I hope to have the peculiar happiness of being remembered by your lordship.

In order to this, it may be proper for my brother *Perrin* to write to your lordship, to request your  
procuring



procuring him an answer to his letter, which he wrote to the Prince, in my favour, a week ago. I was introduced by Lord Albemarle, to deliver my Birth-day ode to his Royal Highness—but I had no opportunity of presenting the enclosed to the *Prince of Wales* yesterday, the croud was so great; if your lordship can yet present it, without impropriety, I should be greatly obliged—because some times, such little things are of consequence—it may meet his *Royal Highness's* eye, which, perhaps, that given to him, in the circle, never did.

I live in hopes that some fortunate occurrence will offer on my side, which may give me an opportunity of proving my gratitude to your lordship, for the many obligations confer'd on,

My Lord,

Your most devoted faithful servant.

#### L E T T E R XXXV.

To Mr. CARY, Surgeon, in Pall-Mall.

My dear Cary,

**I** WAS at Drury-Lane theatre last night, to see the new vamped comedy, called *The Astrologer*, or the

the *Pretended Transformation*, as you desired me—I am really sorry I can't congratulate you upon your friend's success, because you say he is a man of merit\* but surely both *he*, and the *Carys* and *Whiteheads*, his judges, are greatly mistaken, to think an old comedy, on so bad a subject, could be an entertainment for this refined age, since *Wycherly*, *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Farquhar*, &c. made comedy-writing quite another thing.

I am of opinion, with the rest of the town, that the very title is frightful—The *Astrologer* was bad enough—but why the *PRETENDED Transformation*? is there such a thing as a *REAL* one; but friendship is apt to make a man partial. You know I shew'd you the begining of a farce on this very subject, being assured it was only fit for farce—and I will venture a wager, that the old comedy (the *Cheats*) I was about to take it from, has more wit, and true humour, than the *Astrologer*. I was pleased with several very pretty lines in the prologue.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

\* Ralph.

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq. at Bath.

Dear Sir,

**I** TAKE the papers, that wait on you with this, to be no less than high treason against our sovereign lord, the poetical king of Great Britain, \* and therefore you will not wonder at my using the necessary precaution on my side. The author of the enclosed poem (who has artfully worked himself into my favour) is desirous of having your approbation, or rather your assistance, in his work; and since he has proved himself so hearty a volunteer in your service, I think he has no small claim; as the time for publication is near expiring, he therefore desires the most speedy return you can possibly make.

Yours,

Most obediently.

\* This poem was a pleasant satire on Mr. *Pope* for his severities on *Cibber*.

## L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

I AM prevailed on, by the young bard, to give you, and myself, this further trouble, by acquainting you, that while his poem was travelling to, and from Bath, he has struck a bargain with *Osborne* the bookseller, and that his *argument* for the publication was too prevailing to be withstood—I have to add, a little to alleviate your humane objection \*—that Mr. *Pope* was seen in London, on Saturday last, in Mr. *Cbeselden's* chariot, and though

\* It may be here proper to acquaint the reader, that some little time before this, a new edition of the *Dunciad* appeared, in which Mr. *Pope* thought proper to erase the name of *Thobald*, his first king Log, and honour Mr *Cibber* with that title, who had long borne his satirical strokes, whilst a performer, but having at this period quitted the stage, and retired with the *Laureatship* and comfortable annuities, he determined to make reprisals on his old inveterate enemy—and by two or three spirited, witty letters, which were printed and approved, he got the laugh on his side, and mortified his antagonist to that degree, (having been long in a declining state) that it was the general opinion, would hasten his end. This was the humane reason, assigned by Mr. *Cibber*, for endeavouring to suppress this poem.

in



in a bad state of health, it is the general opinion, he will outlive the summer.

As this is the true case, I am apt to believe the press is preparing, and that war will be proclaimed at the Royal Exchange and other public places, in a few days. If therefore you made any useful remarks, or have any hint to give, that will be serviceable to the author, be speedy, lest it should arrive too late. Let me hear of your established health, which will give certain pleasure to

Your faithful friend,

And servant.

# LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. GARRICK.

March 7, 1744.

Dear Sir,

I HEAR you are to be the *Osbello* to-morrow night. My mind is so full, so much possessed of that character, that I must see you at all events.

I have the highest opinion imaginable of your abilities to do justice to that masterpiece of Shakespear;

spear; and yet, perhaps (in spight of your genius and close application) there may be room for a friendly remark that may be useful.

This reminds me of one I made in your *Hamlet*, which I wish I may remember to give you, before you play it again.

It is impossible for any man to give another a greater proof of an opinion of his good understanding, than by taking this dangerous liberty—Fools are always possessed of an happy self-sufficiency, as the man of sense is apt to be too diffident.

I have been confined at home, a long time, by a pain in my back, which will entirely prevent me from sitting so long in the house, as almost every one of your auditors must do, to-morrow night—I will come to the play-house at five, and desire you will leave word to have me shewn to your dressing-room.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

To the same.

March 14, 1744.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OU are pleased earnestly to desire my sentiments of you, in the character of *Othello*—they wait on you in the following friendly drefs.

My closest attention was never more commanded than by you last night in *Othello*. In the memoirs of the late Mr. Booth—in his theatrical character, *Othello* is mentioned—and at the close of it, I was enthusiast enough to prophesy—but last night you was very near making a convert of the prophet himself.

I own I was most inclined to fear for you in your address to the senate; but there, even there, you excelled your present rival, \* whose merit lies chiefly in declamation.

\* Mr. Quin.

VOL. I.

H

I found

98 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I found you had very judiciously applied your study to all the great and striking passages in the character—the trance had a fine effect, your manner of falling into it, and recovery from it, was amazingly beautiful.

After thus happily conquering the difficulties, and sailing safely by those rocks on which so many have been cast away, it would be ridiculous to make the least doubt of your ability to act this character in the utmost perfection. But to arrive at that point, there are some things to be done. I thought your pauses, in general, not long enough, particularly in that famous soliloquy—

“ This fellow’s of exceeding honesty—

I think you shou’d look longer after him before you speak, and in the three places in that speech, if the pauses are not a little longer than you made them, the transitions appear too sudden; but your greatest and most apparent neglect was in that scene in the fourth act with *Emelia*, when *Desdemona* enters to you, and (taking her hand) you say—

“ Let me see your eyes—

it is evident the words that follow—

“ Look in my face”—



are spoke in anger ; *Othello*, at that instant, observing the attentive eye of *Emelia* upon him, quits his wife with these words—

“ Some of your function, mistress, &c.”

and pushes her out of the room—you will easily observe this must not be spoken in anger, but in a peevish, smothered contemptuous tone—and exactly the same when he calls her in and throws the money at her; this you did last night not only in a wrong tone of voice, but in too much hurry.

To fix this upon your mind a little closer, give me leave to observe, that you commit the same fault in your *HAMLET* (a part in which you excel all within my memory) in the scene with *Rosencrass* and *Gildensfern*, where they attempt to discover the true cause of your disorder—after Hamlet has ridiculed their attempt, by the stops on the flute, he says—

“ S’death ! do you think I am easier to be play’d on  
“ than a pipe ? ” —

This demands the same tone of contempt, which you spoke in a loud tone of anger, by which the sense is quite mistaken, and the dignity of the character lost.

H 2

Those

Those gentlemen, who are in the interest of your rival (for by this character and *King John*, the contention for fame is confirmed) say, that by your gestures, you make comedy of that famous scene between *King John* and *Hubert*; and why is this? the reason is obvious; your rival shews in his looks and actions, all he feels; which being little, he expresses little: you, who have a quick conception, aided by a large quantity of spirits, are perhaps, too apt to run into the contrary extreme. I must confess, for my own part, I could wish, in many places in *Othello*, your gestures were less violent, because in all parts of distress, there is an extreme point, and there the utmost emotion would appear *naturally* beautiful.

As you have the happiness of a most expressive countenance, you may safely trust more to that; which, with your proper and pathetic manner of speaking, would charm more successfully, if those violent, and seeming artful emotions of body were a little abated.

You see, Sir, I have delivered my sentiments with the freedom of a real friend—I dare submit them to the censure of the noble lord \* I found

\* The Earl of Rochford.

with you in your dressing room last night—and will even give you his agreeable, avow'd partiality into the bargain, because, I have a high opinion of his lordship's judgment, and regard to truth—but, whatever may be the fate of this adventure, pray believe that in the wide circle of your friends, you have not a greater admirer, nor a more sincere well wisher, than,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful friend,

And Servant.

# LETTER XXXIX.

To the Author of the Daily Advertiser.

S I R,

1745.

**A**S your useful paper has a general tendency to the welfare of your country, I hope you will think the following remarks not a little applicable to your main design, as they contain the true picture of modern pratriotism.

We all plainly see, by what interest the author of the new tragedy of *Tancred and Sigismunda* was supported

ported—a very remarkable new lord of the treasury was proud of appearing its foster-father at all the rehearsals—and the first night of performance *be*, and his *friends* § in the box with him (both very lately most flaming patriots) were seen clapping their hands violently at the following remarkable speeches.

—————“ With what impartial care  
 “ Ought we to watch o’er prejudice and passion,  
 “ Nor trust too much the *jaundic’d eye of party*,  
 “ Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,  
 “ Its hot determinations”—

Again—

“ First of you all  
 “ I *hear* renounce those errors and divisions,  
 “ That have so long disturb’d our peace, and seem’d  
 “ Fomenting still to threaten new commotions—  
 “ By \* *time* instructed, let us not disdain  
 “ To quit mistakes”—

And as this has been the doctrine of late in another public assembly, pray let us enquire a little into the merit of it—Did not both these gentlemen act quite counter to this very doctrine when they acquired the amiable and distinguish’d character of

§ Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Pitt.

\* It should be read thus, by *place* instructed.

PATRI-



PATRIOTS? were not the unanswerable reasons they gave for their vigorous opposition—"That such encroachments were made on the liberties of the people, by a late overgrown, obnoxious minister, that to oppose him in almost all his measures, was VIRTUE." Did not a late celebrated duchess\* leave a very great legacy to one of these patriots for his *honest opposition*? Well, Sir, this unwearied opposition was, at last, crown'd with success; and most of the patriots are in the administration of affairs—and now follows the material question, viz. *What has been done for the people?* HAS ANY ONE GRIEVANCE BEEN REDRESSED?

I am afraid it would be no difficult task, to prove, that our grievances have been made the subject of ridicule, even by some of the dependants on these very heroes.

But their turns are served—they are in good places, and therefore all *opposition* is to cease, or to be construed into party, and treated as criminal; but I beg you will let those gentleman know, that opposition can only cease by their strict adherence to their former principles, and uniform, steady perfor-

\* Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, left ten thousand pounds to Mr. Pitt, and thus expressed in her will—for his steady opposition in parliament.

mance of their duty. That they are set on a higher precipice than their predecessors, and consequently their fall will be the greater, when it shall fully appear, that they have abused an injur'd people—so much for the political part of this famous tragedy. I am induced to add a word or two more, relating to it in the poetical way—I am informed three hundred lines were cut out the morning after the first performance; and I will venture to say, if they had doubled that number—they had done a pleasure to the auditor and reader, and a service to the author. I could not avoid writing the following lines, at my return home, from the first night of this tragedy—

*Thomson*, thy muse, of late, unus'd to sing,  
 Hath quaff'd large goblets sure from *Lethe's* spring,  
 Sublimely dull thy tuneful notes prevail,  
 Lull'd with the flat, unanimated tale,  
 We sigh'd, we nodded—ay, some snor'd aloud,  
 But claps, stubborn'd, awak'd the sleepy croud:  
 What, tho' unskill'd in *Shakespeare's* cruel art,  
 To force the stubborn tear, and wring the heart,  
 What tho' thy tedious scenes are void of fire,  
 They'll do, if *Pitt* and *Littelton* admire!  
 They lead the fashion—fashion governs all,  
 Attends their nod, or waits on \* *Russel's* call.

\* *Russel*, a genius of the present age, in high esteem with some persons of great quality, who, by a large subscription, now entertains them with a silly puppet-show, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

## LETTER XL.

To Sir WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet, at  
Wolfeley-Hall.

July, 1745.

Dear Sir,

AS the hopes of seeing *Wolfeley* this summer are all vanished from me, I can no longer refrain writing, since it is the only way left of being remembered there.

I can very easily imagine your house, and one in your neighbourhood, to be the regions of bliss. As a proof, that I have not much of the devil in me, I can feel gladness at heart, to see, or hear, that my friends are in the possession of all earthly happiness; but as you, Sir, have known a contrary situation, and fortune, at your entrance into manhood (wisely ordain'd by providence to give you a right relish of the good things in store) permit me just to remind you of those unjoyous days, by a very short recital of my own, which shall be (as all disagreeable subjects ought) as short as possible.

Mr. *Dubourg* has been a month in London, and when disengaged from his Royal Highness, is very  
much

much here; he has at last convinced me, that it is much easier to get a provision in Dublin than London; and that a *Lord Lieutenant* has a more extensive power of providing for people, than a PRINCE OF WALES.

I am, at present, flattered with the hopes of a place in his *Royal Highness's* family, when a proper vacancy happens, or with *Prince George* when a little older; but these affairs are not only tedious but precarious. I would industriously employ every fair occasion to a more immediate provision; if it fails, I am not to blame—and, for my part, I care not on what land fate throws me, so it is but an hospitable one, and I have a claim for a decent maintainance there.

The *Earl of Chesterfield* is the appointed monarch of *Ireland*; and, if I mistake not, his brother the honourable *John Stanhope*, is now with you at *Wolfeley-Hall*; a letter from him, and one from my friend the laureat *Cibber*, will certainly gain me a favourable reception at the castle.

I hear of another inducement to a trip to Dublin the next winter, and that is the very great likelihood of our friend Mr. *Garrick's* performance at their theatre royal, in preference to any one in London; therefore be so good to engage your honourable visitor in the service of your

Devoted servant.



L E T T E R XLI.

To Mr. Wood, at St. Alban's.

Pall-Mall, August 20, 1745.

My dear, venerable, worthy friend,

**I** HAVE made many attempts to write, and some to make you a visit; but one, like me, envelop'd by difficulties, must acknowledge his dependancy, and patiently wait the happy hour of his redemption.

That day, my friend, thank Heaven! is at hand; the approaching day long since celebrated for the *birth* of Christ, is to be the *burying* day of all my set of plagues; with what joy shall I build the funeral pile!--but the wife say, that a new set will arise out of their ashes; it may be so, but there are degrees of plagues, and I know the present are of the first magnitude.

My wife reminds me of a circumstance that had slippt my memory—a very fine neck of venison was left here, on Saturday night last, without a letter or message, and you are violently suspected of being the donor—why there is really something very  
substan-

substantial in this kind of correspondence. A certain lady here says, there is really a great deal of wit in it, and would be very glad to see another joke come in the shape of a hare, but this won't do for me—I must *read* as well as *eat*, send me food for the *mind* as well as *body*.

Mrs. W—— has deferr'd her visit into the country—she has so many nothings to do; but what is more wavering than a fine lady's designs? a capricious temper is hateful in *men*, but every thing is either *amiable*, or *excuseable* in *woman*,

## L E T T E R XLII.

To Mr. GARRICK, at Litchfield.

London September 14, 1745

Dear Sir,

I AM afraid the contents of this packet, will give you almost as much concern as they did me. I was shock'd with the sight of the enclosed news paper on Saturday last. I never heard of a *London Courant* 'till that day, and the subject this paper opens with is *my letter to you, on your performance of Othello*, not only alter'd, but printed from a vile incorrect copy.

At

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 109

At my return home, I found a young lawyer come to dine with me, whom I employ'd after dinner to go to the publisher, (one Hinton, in St. Paul's Church-yard) with a letter; a copy of which, with an account from my friend of what passed at that interview, I have enclosed.

The printer (you find) says, he received the copy by the penny post, from an unknown hand; if he did, I think he would have produced it to my friend, and not disoblige me by concealing a person, who took care not to put it in their power to betray him; it is therefore obvious the conveyance is from a friend, and the publication at this juncture is to serve some purpose.

For my own part, I can with the greatest truth declare, that my rough letter was written (as usual) in a large waste folio, bound up for that purpose, and no fair copy taken thence, but for you. It will therefore depend on the care you took of the original letter, whether you parted with it out of your hands, and to whom?

Pray write to me soon on this disagreeable subject. I can only add, that I am ready to *prosecute, pursue, &c.* being desirous to procure you all manner of satisfaction possible for this rude injury.

I hope

110 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I hope you continue in health, and in the full enjoyment of this pleasant season. They open Drury-Lane theatre, on Thursday next, and the Saturday following you will certainly be wanted there. I heard you disagreed at the last treaty, but you know a sure method of starving them into your terms.

Pray believe me to be (as these most impertinent people have now publicly declar'd me)

Dear Sir,

Your well wisher, and most

Humble servant.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the Author of the DAILY ADVERTISER.

(After the battle of Preston-Pans, where the English forces were defeated by the rebels.)

October 1, 1745.

S I R,

**T**HE proposals in your paper on Monday last, for a meeting of the gentlemen and principal inhabitants of the city and liberty of Westminster, are founded on reason and loyalty, and will, I doubt not,



not, meet with universal approbation. I heartily agree with all necessary *associations* for the speedy protection of our liberties, and the Sovereign on the throne. I find in the same paper, a motion in the city of London, to the same purpose, for the inhabitants there to hire two thousand regular troops, to be paid by the city. These two proposals, look like putting ourselves in a real posture of defence, and not to serve our enemies, and delude ourselves, by the least dependance on a *disabled, helpless* MILITIA.

Sir, though I am far from thinking this a proper time for complaint, yet, as our defence requires it, I must say, I am amazed to find a militia ordered out to march, by a power who has done every thing *designedly* for many years to render *that militia ridiculous*! As regular troops were found necessary to be kept in this kingdom, even in the time of peace, and as the reason for so doing is now too obvious, why should the inhabitants be loaded with the expence of both? Since they thought proper to render their militia contemptible by giving *commissions* to the lowest and meanest of the people: Can the housekeepers of any division, submit to march under the command of men, whom, at other times, they would be ashamed to converse with? Sir, as this is generally allowed to be the time to speak out, I have therefore been thus plain, and dare

dare submit the truth of this, to the *noble person*\* who presides in this county, having the highest opinion imaginable of his *Candour*, which can be exceeded by nothing but his *loyalty* to his soveriegn.

I therefore beg leave thus publicly to declare my sincere approbation of the proposals abovemention'd, and desire a place of meeting on that occasion, may directly be advertised in your paper.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

#### L E T T E R XLIV.

October 8, 1745.

The rebels, at this time, being in the possession of Edinburgh, the gentlemen of Westminster began the first association, at the Thatch'd-house tavern, Lord Percival in the chair; and the author of these letters, was the tenth name on the list.

To Lord PERCIVAL.

My Lord,

**H**AVING your Lordship's permission for this freedom, all apologies are needless. I expected that we should have public notice for another ge-

\* The Duke of Newcastle.

neral meeting, to take the dress, and some other particulars under consideration; but as it might have introduced a diversity of opinions, this arbitrary way of proceeding may have its conveniences.

As to the uniform, I am humbly of opinion, it ought to be as frugal as possible, as every man in the regiment must find his own dress, arms and accoutrements. A blue coat therefore, and blue lining; for as the bulk will have a turn to frugality, the red will be useless to them that survive the trade of a soldier—I think the coat should be double breasted, as being more proper for a winter habit, and the better to hide the waistcoat, which every man will not make of buff cloth.

I should also have humbly moved, that the officers may be in the same dress, only distinguish'd by their *sash* and *crosset*; this would not only prevent emulation among them, but preserve a more safe and satisfactory union among the whole body of loyal brethren.

Your lordship must remember what our brave *Harry the Fifth* said to his few remaining troops, just before the ever-memorable battle of *Agincourt*, where eight thousand were surrounded by thirty thousand vain glorious Frenchmen.

"We few—we happy few—we band of *brothers*!

"For he that sheds his blood with me to day,

"Shall be my *brother*, be he ne'er so mean!"

And now, my Lord, I have mentioned the officers, I take it for granted that the men of fortune will have the command, but no lower than captains; and lieutenants, &c. must be taken from the list of those who are not distinguished by fortune; if so, I shall hope to have the honour to be remembered by your lordship for a lieutenancy. As having been in business might be an objection to the rank of gentlemen in commission, I have the pleasure of telling your lordship, that I gave it up three weeks ago,\* and that the remaining stock is to be sold off before the 18th of December next, when my house will be restored to its first form, though it will remain mine these three years. As I was not bred to business, this resignation is no small pleasure to me; but least your lordship should think my vanity more concerned in the request I have made, than it really is, I have a reason to offer, which, I hope, will wipe off even the imputation of so silly a foible, which is this—to have the honour to be so distinguished would be conducive to my interest, the particulars are too long to trouble your lordship with in this letter, I will therefore only ob-

\* Irish linen warehouse, in Pall-Mall.



serve that I am in hopes of an appointment in his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's family, and that such a distinction will not fail to do me service at this important juncture.

Your lordship will therefore pardon me for pressing this request with some warmth, since I am convinced the favour is in your power to procure, which shall be at all times gratefully acknowledg'd by your lordship's

Obedient servant.

# LETTER XLV.

To Mr. GARRICK, at Litchfield.

October 10, 1745.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OUR most obliging letter of the 24th of last month could not have waited thus long for a due acknowledgment, if I had not been interrupted, by trying every art with the printer, but in vain.

Sir William Wolsley, in his letter of yesterday, tells me, he believes you will be soon in London; I must therefore refer the discovery of this strange accident to your peculiar address, in which I shall be glad to give you any assistance.

## 116 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

I am sorry to hear from you, and others, that your appearance on the stage this winter, is a matter of doubt; I have some reason for believing, that our two theatres are under one influence, and in one interest; from thence must arise *oppression* on the actors, and *imposition* on the public. If it is so, and you and Mrs. Cibber, do not agree with them, I dare say the managers will continue to act alternately, by which they must secure a gainful audience in this populous place, and the poor players must starve seven days, on three days pay.

I hope you will not think me ill natured, when I declare the pleasure you gave me, by reading your critical remarks on my last observations; because they have given me an advantage, which I did not expect from so masterly an antagonist.

When *Hamlet* is fool'd to the top of his bent, I grant you that he is fretted, and consequently *peevish* but not *angry*—that he holds both the attempt and the messengers\* very cheap, is evident, from the manner with which he treats them, by sending for the flute, which he calls the Recorder—and when he throws it away, he says,

“They fool me to the top of my bent.”

\* Rosencrafs and Guildenstern.

Now

Now, Sir, if they had fool'd him *beyond* his bent, I should then expect him to be angry indeed; but even to grant you your own word, *indignation*—pray, Sir, let us anatomize the word indignation, I believe we shall find it composed of *anger*, overpower'd by contempt; and I can't help thinking but the following words of *Othello* to Emelia—

“ Here, *you mistress*, you ! that  
 “ Hold the office opposite St. Peter, and  
 “ Keep the gates of hell—we have  
 “ Done our course—there's money for you”—

should be spoken in the same contemptuous tone, a warm *resentment*, smother'd with *contempt*, for the object to whom you are speaking.

What you say relating to *emotion* in *Othello*, at the winding up the passion to a statue of horror and despair, is beautiful, and strictly true; that was the point I mentioned in every well-wrote part of distress; but the error lies in being too *early*, or too *frequent*, in that violence of emotion.

If I have not mistaken my man, I take it for granted, that you will accept these sort of freedoms, as the best compliment I can pay to your understanding—

Give me the humble wiseman, full of doubts,  
 And charitable thoughts; or let me live alone,

Says

Save a sweet female, whose province is not  
Learning, but a sweet simplicity  
Of manners---

Our news papers, I presume, supply you with politics; last week the Prussians had beat Prince Charles—yesterday he had quite destroyed the Prussians, and this day it is contradicted again; so, in the end, I suppose it will be a drawn battle.

The stage (at both houses) is the most *pious*, as well as most *loyal* place, in the three kingdoms. Twenty men appear at the end of every play, and one stepping forward from the rest, with uplifted hands and eyes, begins singing, to an old anthem tune, the following words—

“ O Lord our God arise,  
“ Confound the enemies  
“ Of George our King;  
“ Send him victorious,  
“ Happy and glorious,  
“ Long to reign over us,  
“ God save the King.

Which are the very words, and music, of an old anthem, that was sung at St. James’s chapel for King James the second, when the *Prince of Orange* was landed, to deliver us from popery and slavery; which God Almighty, in his goodness, was graciously pleased not to grant.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant.



L E T T E R XLVI.

To Mrs. WOFFINGTON, at the Theatre-Royal, in  
Drury-Lane.

(To whom the copy of an Epilogue had been sent to be spoken in the character of *Britannia*, at the time the King raised his standard on Hounslow-Heath, the rebels being in possession of Edinburgh.)

Madam,

I AM apprehensive I shall be deprived of the pleasure of being at the theatre this evening, I therefore beg leave to send you my thoughts on a dress for *Britannia*, which you have calculated at thirty pounds.

If you meant that estimate by way of obstacle, it was well judged, because no manager in his senses (unless he was an author) would be at half that expence for the dress of an Epilogue.

But, Madam, as you are celebrated for plain-dealing, and as this is a subject too trifling for artifice

tifice, I will venture to give you my opinion of a dress, for that character, on this slight occasion.

A small pasteboard helmet, silvered, with a plume or feather, of what colour you please, the hair long and flowing, a large full silk robe, either white or red, and a spear for one hand, nothing in the other, because the speaker would appear ungraceful to have both hands encumbered.

You will not wonder, Madam, at my appearing thus solicitous for your speaking those loyal lines, because I am certain, from *you*, they will not fail of meeting with universal applause.

I am,

Madam, &c.

# LETTER XLVII.

To Mr. Wood, at St. Alban's.

Dublin, December 23, 1746.

Dear Sir,

**I** SENT you a very long letter out of Herefordshire, where I stopp'd with my wife for a month, on a visit to a friend, in our way hither. I am sorry I promised to write you the first letter from Dublin

lin, because it has kept me thus long from the pleasure of hearing from you, and I have no one to blame but myself. That I have not wrote sooner, has been occasioned by a constant application to business, which demanded all my attention.

A week after my arrival here, my friend Dubourg introduced me to Mr. Sheridan, with whom I had but a slight acquaintance. He gave me a reception equal to my warmest wishes; from that hour the most agreeable friendship has been gradually growing between us.

The theatres here have been for many years under the direction of thirty-six nobles and gentlemen, who call themselves proprietors; and they have been under the management of one artful man, who acted as their agent, and who, by his intrigues, govern'd all in the most base, as well as arbitrary manner. As the theatre here, must have been shut up this winter, if Mr. Sheridan had not offered himself as the enterprising undertaker—He called a full board of the proprietors, and his first motion was, to displace their old agent, against whom he had prepared several articles of impeachment, and the whole company of actors, and others, by way of evidence to support them. You will conclude the proprietors very soon gave up their agent.

Upon

Upon this Mr. Sheridan entered into articles with them for the two theatres, as they had been united for some years before; and by letter of attorney, he has given me equal power with himself to direct in the business of the company, and to be treasurer. Thus, you will observe, I was at once placed in a most desirable point of credit—and I had employment enough. This theatre was a most uncultivated piece of ground, full of the rankest weeds. Our first step was to introduce a new table of laws, and to convince the actors, that nothing but a due observance of them, could by degrees, raise them from that contempt, which they had hitherto so justly deserved, and met with. Well, Sir, not to trouble you with particulars, I have the pleasure of telling you, that our theatrical affairs go on in a very prosperous manner, to the amazement of every one, who unanimously pronounced a contrary fate to be our doom this winter. We have got up the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakespear, with new scenes and decorations necessary to that play—for as we have but two good performers, *Sheridan* and *Miss Bellamy*, it was proper to chuse such plays as could be supported by two characters—this is one, and it has met with extraordinary success.\*

O how

\* The great success of *Romeo and Juliet*, at this juncture in Dublin, occasioned an application from both theatres in London, where



ORIGINAL LETTERS, 123

O how often have I wish'd you here to aid me with your sage, never failing councils, for the better conduct of this new government. You and I could certainly restore this, or any theatre, to the *Athenian* purity. Come, no longer dictate to boys,—come, and teach *Emperors* how to rule imaginary worlds!

I long very much after an account of the large acquaintance I left behind me. You are in the garden of news, therefore pray gather me a large nosegay—but that flower in it, that informs me of your health, will be the choicest and most grateful to

Dear Sir,

Your obliged affectionate servant.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Doctor BARRY, in Dublin.

SIR,

THE very polite manner with which you have treated all my advances to your favour, renders all apologies needless.

where it was revived the following winter, and performed there twenty-five nights, at the same time in both houses; which proved the strongest rivalry ever known. The characters were Garrick and Bellamy at Drury-Lane, against Barry and Cibber at Covent-Garden.

I take

I take the liberty of laying before you, for your perusal, a tragedy, which I have had some time by me, that has been much read in England, and by most sufficiently praised, or greatly flattered; but, as I am unlike most of the authors of my acquaintance, by being always under an incurable diffidence, I promised myself the pleasure of laying the unhappy *Altamira* before you, that if the complaints, I fear, she labours under, are not in any danger of proving fatal, she may be restored by you to her perfect health and vigour, and publicly thank her benefactor.

To confess the truth to you, as I have some time had the paternal hope, that she would enjoy that happy lot, I can't describe the grief and mortification I felt at the first news of the loss of Mr. Barry from this theatre, as I had fixed on him for the character of *Bellario*.

I remember, in the short conversation I had with you in the box the other night, I mentioned my having received a letter from Mr. Cibber, by the last packet, wherein Barry was mentioned; I now think it proper to send you that letter, which will only prove the success he has met with there, and, at the same time, testify my sincere opinion of him

as an actor, which I sent to London last winter, at the particular request of the Laureat.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd obedient servant.

# LETTER XLIX.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Dublin, May, 1747.

Dear Sir,

**A**S to our correspondence, what a disagreeable situation am I in? to think myself forgot by you, wou'd be a sufficient mortification to my vanity; and to be often remember'd, is to bring me before you as a criminal, under violent suspicions of being found guilty of a *neglect*, I am unwilling to forgive in others.

Thus, I fear, stands the account between us: But when I enter on my defence, I flatter myself (as most culprits do) that I shall be able to obtain an equitable acquittal; but in order to give the court as little trouble as possible, I will plead *guilty*, well knowing I have a safe resource at last—an humble appeal to your mercy, will procure me a general pardon.

And

And yet, good Sir, I have a defence to make—I have been deprived of that leisure which is absolutely necessary to write to you, by a RIOT at the theatre, which not only threaten'd the ruin of all persons whose bread were depending there, but (for a long time) the lives and fortunes of many without doors, who were so rash to embark in the quarrel.

I take it for granted, that you could not fail hearing of this theatrical commotion; and perhaps have met with some of our writings on that occasion, as the press was constantly at work, during this war, which lasted almost two months.

At intervals I often amused myself with your valuable history of the stage, during your own time, and found your remarks verified by facts before me; and yet, from the earliest account of theatrical history, down to the present Laureat, amidst the many revolutions and commotions to be found there, I could not meet with a parallel to the case of *Sberidan*, which was no less than a violent dispute about the HONOUR of an actor; but his *cause was a good one!* a defence of decency and the decorum of the stage, in which he was early espoused by all persons of worth and honour, and supported by the laws of his country.

The



The begining was as follows—

A very young gentleman, whose name is K——, went drunk to the pit (an indecency too frequent here) and very soon climb'd over the spikes on the stage, and made his way to the Green-room; there he address'd one of the actresses in such indecent terms as put them all to flight to their dressing-rooms; he pursued one of them, but being repulsed at the door, he made noise enough there—Miss Bellamy, whom he followed, was then wanted on the stage, but could not come out for fear of this dragon. Mr. Sheridan (who was performing the part of *Æsop*) went to the door, and having servants and the guard with him, he ordered them to take that gentleman, and conduct him to the pit, from whence he came; when this hero arrived there, he took a basket from one of the orange women, and when Sheridan came on, took the best aim he could with the oranges and one of them taking place, the actor address'd the audience (which happened to be thin that night) for protection—as there were some gentlemen in the pit who knew the rioter, they silenced him, but it was with great difficulty, and not 'till he had let loose several abusive names, such as scoundrel, &c. Sheridan, who generally speaks with propriety, in return for the scoundrel, said *he was as good a gentleman as he was*—These words were the next day altered thus—*I am as good a gentleman*

*tleman as any in the house.* After the play, Mr. K—— found his way to Sheridan's dressing-room, and there called him the same abusive names, which of course, compelled him to give this gentleman two or three smart blows, which were taken patiently, and by the help of another falsehood (that Sheridan's servants held K—— while the other beat him) so much animated the club of his companions, to whom he directly went with his bloody nose—*That a scoundrel player should beat a gentleman!*—a party was then formed, a powerful *fighting, CON-NAUGHT party*; and all persons were threatened openly in every coffee-house, that dared to look as if they were inclined to take the part of Sheridan. His name being on the bills to perform *Horatio* a few days after; that afternoon several letters, cards and messages were sent to his house, not to leave it that evening, and to have it well guarded even there—he followed the advice, and when the actor went on to apologize for Mr. Sheridan's not performing his part, and to give his reason for it, that instant about fifty of the party, with K—— at their head, rose in the pit, and climbing over upon the stage, ran directly to all the dressing rooms, broke those open that were locked, then to the wardrobe, where they thrust their swords into all the chests of cloaths and presses, by way of feeling if Sheridan was concealed there; after many such like violences, a party went off to his house, but finding
 he

he had provided for their reception; they thought proper to retire.

This transaction was on a Thursday night; the next day was spent in furious parties, and violent threatnings in all public places. On the Saturday morning, a letter appeared in *Faulkner's Journal*, which I wrote, unknown even to the manager. As that Journal is only taken in at a few obscure Coffee-houses in London, I herewith enclose you a copy.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Dublin, January 25, 1746-7.

SIR,

AS the character and conduct of Mr. *Sberidan*, are become the universal topic, in all conversations in this metropolis, I am induced, by a late intimacy with him, to give the public, by your paper, a portrait of this actor.

He is the son of the late reverend *Doctor Sberidan*, a gentleman that was well known in this kingdom. This, his son, was sent early in life, to Westminster school; and when fitted for the university, was entered of this college, and class-fellow with most of the young nobility and gentry of Ireland, and took his degree there of batchelor of arts. Well

VOL. I.

K

then

then, he was born and has had the education of a gentleman. Ay! but, says the *herald*, he *degraded* himself when his hard fortune, as well as his singular abilities, led him to the stage. It may be so, though in my private thoughts, that opinion, tho' general, is like many others that are too easily received by mankind, and built on a false hypothesis; however, that I may not appear too singular, it shall be granted. Well then, let us view him in this *degraded* light, because this survey will best serve my present purpose.

All the *gentlemen* I have hitherto met with, when *degraded* have been lost to virtue, and have fallen a sacrifice to those passions and vices that first drew them from the path of honour; but this young man (as a proof that his severe ill fortune alone threw him into this *degraded* light) remains in his moral character unshaken.

As the manager of the theatre (since that has been his province) his ambition has been to cultivate good manners and decency; and his labours and good example have hitherto been attended with success, the actors live in universal harmony, and have pursued their business with the utmost regularity; they receive their salaries duly, tradesmen's bills are now punctually paid, and the town (it is universally confessed) has been better entertained

this



this winter than was ever known, by so thin a company of tolerable actors; to what can this be owing, but to the good conduct and ability of the manager?

In his profession, I may say without flattery or partiality, that when we consider the variety of characters he appears in, he is arrived at an amazing degree of perfection for his years.

In private life, when his labours have blest him with success, I have known him take more pleasure in assisting his relations and distressed friends, than the finest gentleman can pretend to enjoy in consuming the bounties of fortune; but what avail these qualities? these musty, moral qualities?! He has offended, it seems, some gentlemen, and how? why in doing his duty as manager of the theatre, he met with an unexpected and violent insult from a single person in the pit (one whom he was oblig'd to order from behind the scenes, for his indecent behaviour there) at a time when he was receiving the applauses of the audience in the character of *Æsop*. In this surprise he was compelled to make an address to the people, and in that disorder of mind, it seems, he made use of one *improper* word, that, to these nice gentlemen was exceptionable; now, can any thing be more likely than to suppose, in that confusion, *he forgot he was a degraded man?*

Let us suppose any one of this gentleman's adversaries surprised into a necessity of addressing a public assembly; how few are there out of a much larger body, that could speak, on such an occasion *unexceptionably*? alas! how few; but all the men of sense and honour I was acquainted with, thought Mr. Sheridan's behaviour (though provoked) was decent and proper.

However, it was by some gentlemen, it seems, thought otherwise; and one word was misplac'd, and for that, what had like to have been his punishment? why he was very near wanting all the surgeons in Dublin to dress his wounds! O tempora! O mores!

In London in the year 1722, a riot was committed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by a set of profligate young men of quality, which shut up that play-house for nine or ten days—but the legislature (by the King's direction) entered so warmly into the affair, that the rioters thought proper to make the suffering manager ample reparation; and his majesty ordered a guard to attend that theatre, from this accident, which Mr. Rich enjoys to this day.

At the riot in Drury-Lane theatre, in 1743, his Majesty was pleased to give the same direction; and the

the Lord *Chief Justice Lee* declared from the bench, it was his opinion that a *continual kissing* was a manifest breach of the peace, as it was the beginning of a riot.

As the people of this nation are under the same gracious sovereign, and protected by the same laws; and as our chief magistrates are persons of the highest honour and integrity, now is the time to assert your liberties, and prove yourselves as free-born subjects, as our brethren of England.

I am, Sir,

Thus was the first blow struck, and the paper war opened. The tendency of this early letter, was to set people right as to facts, and to give a favourable, though just impression of Mr. Sheridan; and I dare affirm, that within the month, there were as many pamphlets published as would fill a large octavo volume—but, at present, I dare say you want to take off your spectacles, as much as I do to lay down my pen, and so (without ceremony) adieu.

Yours.

## LETTER L.

To David GARRICK, Esq. one of the Patentees of  
the Theatre Royal, in Drury-Lane.

October, 1747.

Dear Sir,

**I** CAN but repent of the folly and seeming rudeness I was guilty of in my last, unaccountably absurd letter. Mr. Sheen brought over with him from London, a sorry pamphlet, called Advice to Mr. Garrick against his commencing manager, which he sent me to read—and the scandalous freedoms that author had taken with you, gave me such severe compunction of heart, that I hated myself for falling into the same tract with that sorry author.

But I rest assured (as the only comfort left me) that our motives were different, and that you are persuaded it was my real, personal love for you, that led me so hastily to commit that error.

That success must attend all your endeavours I am well convinced of: You will do more than command, you will DESERVE it. I was only in pain for your health—I well knew that your constitution is



not equal to the strength of your *solicitude*; and from thence, fatal evils may arise, which I once more beg you to be guarded against, and then, the event must be happiness.

Mr. Woodward, since he arrived here, has performed five nights—*Marplot*, *Sir Novelty*, *Brass* twice, and *Clodio*, and was very much liked in all; I think least in *Sir Novelty*—but his *Flash* is beyond all things of the kind ever seen.

I had no manner of acquaintance with him, and must own he has greatly exceeded my expectation. Mr. Sheridan has not yet appeared this season, nor will 'till next month, agreeable to the custom of you great ones—but Woodward and the new dancers bring decent houses, so, that, when our full strength comes forward, we have the prospect (barring the Cannaught counts) of a good season.

We shall be obliged to you, if in your next letter you will inform us, who are the persons belonging to the royal family, that claim the liberty of your theatre—I mean, if any, and who, every play night? We all know there are an appointed number, when the *King*, or any of the royal family goes to the house—The reason of this inquiry, is to form some application to the Lord Lieutenant, to redress the insupportable grievance this theatre labours under;

you know it is an old custom here, for government to pay one hundred pounds a year, for the Governor and his court—and as the theatre royal is now under new management, a list has been made out (I suppose at the secretary's office) of ninety-two persons, who claim a free seat in the theatre every night, if they please to demand it.

I am,  
Dear Sir, &c.

## LETTER LI.

To COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAD the pleasure of receiving your book\* from the fair hands of Miss Oldmixon, just arrived from London, for which I thank you—but particularly for the kind and speedy answer to my last letter.

I should have been earlier in my acknowledgments of these agreeable favours, if I had not waited for

\* The life of Cicero just published in London, written by Mr. Cibber.

some entertaining accounts of that strange being Mrs. P——, whom you have of late so much served and honour'd by your frequent correspondence—but, alas! a *prostituted body* must be the habitation of a depraved and *prostituted mind*! I wish'd to have found her an exception to this general rule—but she is taking such abandoned courses here, as renders all acquaintance with her impossible—I will not trouble you with particulars, but think it the duty of a friend to give you this notice, that you may regulate your behaviour to her—I know she is pelting you with ensnaring letters, to extort answers to serve her own mean purposes.

I thank you for your theatrical hint—it is agreeable to my own opinion—"That industry and a close application to business, was the only chance they had, to raise them from the neglect and contempt they had so justly deserved." To say the truth, I esteem your *history of your own times*, (in such a variety of theatrical situations) as one of the most valuable of my books; and find myself under frequent occasions to consult you there. I make no doubt, but the surprising success of this theatre has reached you in London. At the close of the last season, an estimate was made of the necessary improvements, which amounted to three hundred pounds—when that was agreed to, I gave the closest attention to the artists engaged. As you did not  
know

know this theatre before, the particulars will be needless—but if you should attend some friend of yours, who may be appointed our future Lord Lieutenant, I will venture to say the elegance of our theatre will deserve your commendation.

The auxiliaries we got last from London (the *Macbels* dancers from the opera; and *Woodward* the comedian and Harlequin) prove of eminent service, and the profits of this winter promise already to be greater than ever yet known in this kingdom.

My friend George Faulkner has just now reprinted and published Mr. *Richardson's* novel of *CLARISSA* in seven volumes—and this day in the journal he has printed an extract of a letter from the London news papers, in its praise, in which my old friend *Doctor Young's* name and *yours*, are inserted as admirers of that work—I have not yet read it, but I am prepossessed in its favour from sentiments of it, which you often gave me in London, from your frequent perusal of the manuscript, long before it went to the press.

The present you made Mrs. P—— of your *Cicero's*, has proved a valuable one to her—I must own she disposed of them well, by sending them into the best hands in this kingdom, but from thence arose her advantage, for few return'd her

know

less



less than guineas, and some, moidores—This book has increased your reputation here as an author.

I beg you will let me have a letter from you soon; I will compound for a short one, if it is but expeditious—I want to have some tidings of my old acquaintance at *Tom's coffee-house*—pray make my affectionate respects to my old friend, the facetious agreeable *Captain Bodens*—I had some hopes of seeing him here, in the train of the *Earl of Harrington*, our new Lord Lieutenant, as I know his intimacy there, as well as with all the prime nobility of the kingdom—I should think he might have something worth his acceptance—ay, and by some of his excellent address, touch a sinecure on this establishment—for it is whispered here, that the present *Viceroy* accepted of this government for no other reason than the following good natured one—to provide for his friends.—And since I have accidentally fallen on this subject, I can't quit it, in justice to the noble lord, without informing you, that I went to the castle on the *King's birth night*—the ball was in the new room, built by Lord *Chesterfield*, and is allowed by far the most magnificent in the three kingdoms. After the dancing was over, the company retired to an apartment, to a cold supper, with all kinds of the best wines and sweetmeats—but the whole apartment most elegantly disposed, and ornamented with transparent paintings,

ings, through which, was cast a shade like moon-light; flutes, and other soft instruments, playing all the while, but like the candles, unseen. At each end of the building, through which we passed, were placed fountains of lavender water, that diffused a most grateful odour through this fairy scene, which surpassed every thing of the kind, in Spencer, as it proved not only a fine feast for the imagination—but after the dream for our sensualities—by the excellent substantials at the sideboards.

I have now tired you, as well as myself.

Yours most obediently.

## LETTER LII.

To the same.

Dublin, March, 1747-8.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OUR last most obliging letter should not have remained so long unanswered, if I had not waited the publication of Mrs. P——'s *Memoirs*, which answers the description you gave of it, and the expectation I had of the lady—it is agreeably sprinkled with irregular beauties, and written in  
that

that easy stile by which her writings are happily distinguished. I could heartily wish she had paid more regard to *truth*—She has not only misrepresented facts, but asserted falsehoods, which almost every person in Dublin knows to be so—nay, she is so determined to be supposed a *woman of virtue*, that she has falsified the fact in which her husband publicly discovered her, with at least a dozen persons attending him; most of whom are now living here—I wondered at this the more, because you told me you had warned her against committing that folly—by doing this, she has greatly injured her second subscription, and the sale of her second volume—But now I mention her second volume—pray can you guess of what it will be compiled?—the remarkable part of her life, seems to me to be closed. I am not a little afraid that this second part (if it appears) will be filled with her literary correspondence; if so, you will make no inconsiderable figure—but how will it fare with me? I must have wrote her many heedless letters within the compass of ten years, which must be unfit for the public eye—but why do I think of alarming you with my fears—I know your ease on these occasions—you will say, *if any thing of mine in her hands, will be of any service to the poor devil, let her print it.*

George

George Faulkner sent me the new comedy, \* the moment it arrived:—your good opinion of it (in a preceding letter) raised my expectation too high:—the first act greatly charmed me, and gave the promise of one of the best comedies I had read for many years:—nay, I will admit the three following, to be tolerably good—but surely such a fifth act must have destroyed the whole, without an access of good nature and partiality in the audience!—I am charmed, however, with your readiness to be pleased with a dawning genius, and to encourage it by your necessary approbation.

I remain your true Servant,

### LETTER LIII.

To Mrs. ROTHERY, at Chelsea.

June, 1748.

Dear Sister,

**T**HOUGH I am a little late in my congratulations, in point of ceremony; yet you know my heart, was ever warm in its wishes for your welfare; and from thence you may judge of the delight your

\* The Foundling.



last letter gave me, which brought the completion of your happiness.

As for your Sister, the joy she felt at the receipt of your letter, would be more strongly conveyed to you by a description of the grief and disquiet, she daily felt, and expressed, at the long delay of it.

A marriage, thus deliberately, and prudently, entered into, must be productive of every good.

There went a few days ago, from hence for England; the prompter to our Theatre, whose name is *Harrington*, with commissions for the next season:—I gave him direction to call on you—as he is a well-behaved, sensible man, and my envoy; I doubt not but you will give him a favourable reception.

I will own to you, my chief direction to him, at that visit, is to observe my nephew—*Billy P*——, I am much afraid he is altered for the worse:—he was a lovely boy at four and five years old—after that, I thought there appeared a tendency to clumsiness, which threatened a blight to that forward spring—as the hand of care can do much, (which he is now blest with under the tuition of your reverend and worthy husband) I doubt not, but my fears will be dispersed—pray make my due tenders of respect and affection to Mr. *Rothery*,  
whose

whose *correspondence* I will solicit, as soon as I am in a condition not to remain too much on the debtor side:—this observation gives me pain—the loss of my dear, old, worthy friend Mr. *Wood*, gives me great anguish of heart. I may now justly say, I have but one constant English correspondence left—the *Late* *Cibber*—, who writes with so much wit, and spirit, that he makes me very often go late to bed; in order to acknowledge and preserve his favours, his very valuable letters.

It is impossible to tell you the perpetual hurry I live in—the business of the Theatre is so much increased—and at those hours, which are called (and indeed ought to be) leisure—what interruptions from those idle people, who make visiting their profession! so far from absent friends, I can have no agreeable acquaintance with myself, 'till the scenes are changed from the gilded *palace* to the *cottage*; which will now, very soon, be my happiness:—We are preparing for that happy change—and at our return to Dublin in October, you will perhaps think me crazy when I tell you, we shall go into a new house, which is now building for me, on a plan of my own—you may from thence conclude, it will not be in the common form.—I have in this, broke one of my resolutions—*never to meddle with mortar*; but necessity compelled me to it—the houses which would do for my small family,

are

are too ordinary in the form; and fitting up, and the great ones too large, and high rented—therefore I have taken a piece of waste ground; and by that means found employment for my money, and my philosophy.

I remain affectionately yours,

# LETTER LIV.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Dublin, March 2, 1748.

Dear Sir,

IN a letter of mine of last year, on the subject of my old acquaintance Mrs. P——, I remember I enquired of you this short interrogatory—*what, think you, will be the subject of her second volume?* I was then afraid that those unlucky men, who had been drawn into a *literary* correspondence with her; would have more to suffer, than those who had been tempted into a criminal one!—but, indeed, I am of opinion, there are few that have been seduced by her into one snare, that did not fall into the other—unless they had our wisdom and virtue, for their protection.

VOL. I.

L

Well

Well, Sir, her second volume has made its appearance; and it is filled with several scandalous, and curious anecdotes! You will be surprized (I dare say) at her stroke of malice at me—but, indeed, she tells her readers the reason; “ *I called her fool twice since she came to Dublin—I did so, and I will tell you the cause.*”

At her return hither this season, the second day she made me a visit at the theatre, and among other sprightly things, told me she had no money—I took that opportunity to pay my subscription to this second volume—and so we parted. I must confess I was unwilling to renew an intimate acquaintance with her here—my situation—the badness of her character, and the censoriousness of this place all forbid it—however, being so much solicited by you to assist her with her bookeller, my first visit was to meet him, and settle the terms of printing—and the second, to look over the first sheets, that were going to the press:—At this second visit, she asked me for an order, for two to the play that night—I wrote it, and so we parted—when this ingenious lady, saw how easy it was to get admission into the theatre—a night or two after, she wrote orders for four persons into the first gallery, with my name at the bottom—now this unfortunately happened, at some revived entertainment, when a full house was expected, and Mr. Sheridan



and I had agreed to give no orders; however, these orders appeared in the nightly accounts, in the treasurer's office, and to be forged:—upon this I gave directions to the door-keepers, to secure the next person that came with my orders; resolving to write no more till this roguery was detected—when lo! a night or two after, four people came again with orders written as before! and young P—his mother, and two women were taken into custody—but upon her insisting those orders were of my writing, they let the women pass into the gallery, and kept the young man in the charge of the constable, till I was sent for; when I came, the door-keepers insisted on it, that he was one of the persons that came with the other forged order—I took the lad aside, who told me his mother wrote them—Mr. Sheridan pressed me to have him committed, and indeed, I was a little inclined to do something to deter them from pursuing such dangerous practices—but upon enquiry, when I found, if I carried him before a justice, I should be bound over to prosecute—that the lad must have a trial in term at the ensuing sessions for forgery, I declared off immediately from so severe a punishment for so trifling an injury; and had him discharged directly.—Well, Sir—what think you followed this?—why the next day, I received the most abusive letter imaginable from the lady, with the most scurrilous lampoon on poor Sheridan, enclosed

ed. I wrote some sort of answer, which I remember ended with a resolution to close all correspondence there——In that letter I might possibly call her a fool—it plainly appearing she had behaved like one——Now, Sir, the consequence of all this appears in her second volume——She had been in London two years, before she had the happiness to be introduced by me to your acquaintance—the first day of arrival there, she sent for me; and had no one else to give her the least assistance:—the polite treatment I received from her Father *Doctor V—*. and his family, at my second visit to Dublin, some few years before this; gave her a sort of right to assistance from me in her present distress;—as she had given some proofs of a genius, and as the profits of her pen was all her melancholly prospect, I told her, if she could write successfully for the stage—or dangerous satire—she might get money by her writings—and in no other shape—accordingly, I set her about that satire she has printed in this second volume—and as most of the characters, there were entirely unknown to her, I leave you to judge of the possibility of her striking them out, even poorly as they are drawn——I wrote several of the characters, to the amount of more than two hundred lines, but I could never own so much before (as she has meanly asserted) because it would have been highly imprudent, as I was then fixed in *Pall-mall, in the Irish linen warehouse*—I had the pleasure

pleasure of an intimacy with you, at that time—and I am certain you would have been one of the first persons I should have shewed it to, had it been proper for me to own it:—She says, I once gave her a crown, which appears to be the only money she ever received from me—a gentleman told me the other day, in a late conversation with her, he asked her, if that was the only money she ever received from me; and she *affirmed it was*.

I am above entering into a defence against even the worst of calumnies from this bad woman—but, I must own, I have a secret desire to stand justified to you, though I think it is needless to declare, (after your knowing, that she was almost five years in London in want, and once a prisoner in the King's Bench for a debt of ten pounds; when I prevailed on you to collect that sum from the noblemen at White's—which you did—and when released, I introduced her to you to thank you for your goodness to her, I say after that, it must be needless to declare that fifty guineas were the least she must have had of me in those five years, I gave her leave when she wanted common necessities to send to me.

And now I have disgorg'd myself of that small degree of resentment permit me to assure you, that I have not the least taint of revenge!—nay,

L 3

should

should be sorry to injure this fair devil in her best support, which is centered in your favour——there is some little merit remaining in her yet, which appears in her gratitude to you---for that, and her entertaining abilities---I must continue (at proper distance,) to admire her.

I dare say the tendency of this long letter will render it necessary, to tell you how welcome your speediest answer will be to,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged, obedient servant.

P. S. You have doubled the favour of every answer to my letters, by the dispatch with which you have sent them---the less of your paper, that is taken up with the above subject, the better; for it is a disagreeable one, and particularly so to you---every article of theatrical news will be obliging--as to our condition---we have great houses---we have just got up your *Refusal*, and I have had the pleasure of seeing it performed five nights with the greatest success---Macklin, is very happy in Sir Gilbert Wrangle--and his wife in Lady Wrangle---but eight hundred pounds for seven month's performance, is too much for the two best Comedians in the world, to be given in Dublin.



## L E T T E R LV.

To the same.

December, 1749.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OUR last favour brought me your request to send you the best drawing I could make of your son's friend Mr. *Digges*;---in order to make my self master of the task, I have waited to see him in three parts, JAFFIER, LOTHARIO, and KING LEAR; as to his Person, I never met with so promising an appearance! To youth, and address, is joined a most agreeable countenance---It may be said that a young actor's fears may throw a stiffness over his action and movement, which he is quite clear of in the chamber, but that was not the case here, for surely never man made so undaunted an entrance as this hero!

I stood by Mr. *Digges* at this first entrance in Jaffier, and observed that not a single nerve seemed disordered;---on he bounc'd---*not bear me, by my sufferings but you shall*---with a voice in order, sound, clear, and strong---the gracefulness of his person---and the elegance of his dress, greatly surprized the audience---and they saluted him

L 3

with

with peals of applause!—he went through the part with great spirit, and gave manifest proofs of a genius for the stage. His next part *Lotbario*, though he supported it with the necessary accomplishments, yet he did not appear to so much advantage from the superior strength of Mr. *Sheridan*, in *Horatio*. In *King Lear* he shewed his application, but not his talents for that character—it appeared to be a weak imitation of Mr. GARRICK, who was so justly admired here in *Lear*!

I fear, however, it will be found (without the gift of prophecy) that this promising plant, after a little while, in order to arrive at its full growth of perfection, will be fixed in its own native soil of Covent Garden.

## L E T T E R LVI.

To Captain MELLISH, at Cork.

April, 1750.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the favour of your answer to my hasty, adventurous letter, and should sooner have complied with the request you were pleased to make, if business and other irresistible engagements, had not ingrossed me.

To

To confess another truth to you, I had the mortification of finding by the strain of your long expected letter, that any obstruction, or delay in the process of our correspondence, would be a matter of little concern to you.

As I told you in my first letter, I met with Captain Johnson at Colonel Butler's table, and after some military conversation, I had the pleasure of finding him agent to your regiment; and in my way home, went to his office to inquire after my long absent friend, and there found he was *living*, and just come from Gibraltar to *Cork*.

The delight this discovery gave me, I dare say was strongly marked in my letter—and though no man in Dublin is better attended than I am, I walk'd to the post-office with it, and all the way was reckoning the hours it would take in the conveyance to you, and the tedious return of the answer; presuming you would not fail to make that your employment—but, alas! it found you sick, and after a month employed in your recovery—your letter bore violent marks of a *sick friend*—but we have not all the same feelings—I always knew you to be a prudent lover; and I am now to suppose you a cautious, calm friend.

I remain unalterably

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R LVII.

To the same.

April, 1750.

My dear Mellish,

**Y**OUR last letter brought my old friend to me in that amiable form, I had ever beheld him; you appeared *there unaltered*; the man who is (and expresses himself with the warmth of) a *real* friend, has a right to those freedoms you fully enjoyed in your critical, and facetious remarks—You have taken me off fairly, I do confess it—your wit even when pointed with a little friendly satire, will always give me pleasure—rest assured I can only be hurt by the coldness and formality of the man I take, and wish to be my friend.

I am very much concerned at the account you give me of the state of your health—it calls aloud for your closest application for help. I very much approve of your design to visit your native soil—pray let nothing obstruct it—those frequent shocks of nature are terrible.

I am to dine to-morrow at Doctor Barry's who is the first physician in this city, and was some years



## ORIGINAL LETTERS. 153

years ago of Cork—I will have some talk with him on your disorder, he may give me some advice; and as he knows every one of any degree of eminence in Cork, recommend you to one there who may do you service.

Mrs. Victor is at this time in a fever, but the physical people say in no danger—She continues in the same florid constitution you knew her—and therefore on every cold, prone to fevers.

As to myself, expect to see me improved to the size of an alderman, with a good round capon belly—and as age must unavoidably introduce disorders, I was last summer attacked by a violent rheumatic in my back, which fell from thence into one of my thighs, and gave me great disquiet—But we are not, and will not be such old fellows, as to correspond on our mutual disorders—You indeed have been in dangerous *climates*; but, I hope, the air, and some of the healthful springs in your *own*, will completely restore you.

This letter shall be followed by one, after I have seen Doctor Barry; which will serve as a small proof, that I am without ceremony

Your faithful friend, and servant.

✻ The first letter in this volume is addressed to this gentleman, then at Gambra in Africa—his  
five

five years confinement there—and soon after some years in Gibraltar, brought on many diseases, and epileptic fits—which made him so weary of life, as to take violent measures to end it.

## L E T T E R LVIII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

May 7, 1750

Dear Sir,

**T**HE happy alteration, and success of your affairs has ever been the private wish of my heart, and on every opportunity, my public declaration. And if I am not greatly mistaken in my man—as you are only in the serious pursuit of your sensible aim, viz. *an affluent fortune* ! it is not in the power of success to make any visible alteration in your manner and conduct—a circumstance too frequent in life, among men of a common cast.

Under this secure supposition, I shall now write to you with as unceremonious an air, as if our correspondence had never met with an interruption—for this letter will stand two chances—if it fails to *entertain*, there may be something in it that may  
some

some time or other, be *serviceable* to you—and either way my design is answered.

I have now had time sufficient to look into the merits of our two late, unexpected recruits, Mr. *Digges* and Mr. *Mossop*, (the first from the army—and the other from Trinity College) and to criticise on their abilities.

If you have no personal acquaintance with Mr. *Digges*, I don't doubt but you have heard of the advantage he has of all our theatrical heroes in person—he has several seeming requisites to form an actor of some eminence; the tone of his voice is manly, firm and articulate—in rage it becomes less so, and grows unpleasing to the ear—never man since the creation made so promising an onset, but he has not gained one inch of ground since; though he has appeared in *Lothario*, *Jaffier*, *Castalio*, *Antony* in *Julius Cæsar*, *Hastings*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Plume*.

A man less acquainted with the stage than yourself, would be surprised to hear me declare my opinion that he would be a much better actor, at present, and give more general satisfaction, if he were not so great an admirer of you; for I take it for granted that those we *imitate* we *admire*. In every part, and every movement, it is discernable; but

but in *Lear* it was obvious! You will from this remark be perswaded, that he is no cold *stage dreamer*, no—on the contrary, that *looks, attitudes, starts, pauses*, employ the study of this actor; these are mighty things when executed with judgment (if I were not writting to you, I would say with the judgment of a *Garrick*) but alas, this young hero is too lavish of his gestures—and finds so much employment for the eyes of his audience, that they are quite fatigued, and then their thoughts growing confused, wander from the business and beauty of the scene.

He performed *Plume* one night, for the benefit of his friend *Theophilus Cibber*—and though his person seemed greatly cast for the part, his voice in prose speaking is less articulate—his spirits unequal—and he is the second instance I have met with, of a man being a much easier fine gentleman off the stage, than on it—But, as it was his first attempt in comedy, he may improve there.

Mr. *Mossop* has fewer advantages from nature, he has great power of voice, it is the right tone, and tolerably sweet—but at his first appearance, in *Zanga*, he seemed a wild, aukward youth, that had never taken the business and propriety of acting, into consideration—He had seen and admired *Quin* in that part—and like most injudicious imitators  
had



had carefully adopted the faults instead of the beauties.

You will readily believe from this account of his first performance, that he has mended on our hands—he has so. In *Ribemont* (in the *Black Prince*) he appeared a good deal methodized, and played it like a young actor of some promise; and considering the support he meets with, it would be strange not to improve, for besides a large number of acquaintance in Dublin, the lads of the college are unanimous and vigorous in his support, to the mortification of *Digges*, who seems to be a great way beyond him, *at present*, in merit; but if I have any foresight in the business, it is in *Maffop's* power not only to overtake, but to go by him, and reach the winning post by many lengths.

If you encourage me you know how, I have subjects for another letter, from

Your most obliged friend

And servant.

## L E T T E R L I X.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your obliging reply to my adventurous letter, which gave me, in every point, complete satisfaction. How I rejoice to find that one who deserves to be happy, is in a real state of happiness. I am glad to hear of your felicity in marriage, after a state of probation—and though it is something too late for a complementary congratulation, it is never too late for a friendly one.

You ask me after the cause of quarrel between Mr. *Sheridan* and Mr. *Macklin*? *Macklin* had not been in the city a month, before he swore in my hearing, that *Sheridan* was *manager-mad*! and in my opinion, the first instance he gave *Macklin* of it, was by agreeing to give him and his wife, *eight hundred pounds a year salary*—For comic actors, without proper gentlemen and ladies to support the comedies, cannot prosper.

*Sheridan* was obliged very soon (for his own sake) to push in so many of his strongest tragedies among

among the comedies (which made the disparity of the audiences so obvious) that Macklin began to run mad himself, about *marketable fame*! a phrase of his, which I doubt not but you are acquainted with, and as a manager, have felt the plagues of *marketable fame*. This furor of Macklin was carried to so whimsical a length, as to produce his compasses to measure the size of the type of Sheridan's name in the play-bills, with his own; being determined not to give even a hair's breadth to the manager! This spirited action of Macklin's being submitted to, was soon, of course, productive of many others of the same nature; every time he drank too much claret, he was shamefully abusive in the green-room—and at last, to shew his thorough contempt for Sheridan as manager, Macklin went on the stage one night after the play, and gave out a comedy for his wife's benefit, without either settling the play, or the night with the manager—This you know, was so notorious a breach of all theatrical discipline, that Sheridan was compelled to order the doors to be shut against the Macklins, and to leave him to seek his redress from the law, and they are accordingly in the Court of Chancery, where they may remain 'till doomsday.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

## L E T T E R L X.

TO SIR WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet.

December, 1750.

Dear Sir,

**T**HE real respect my heart has been ever fill'd with since our first acquaintance, is too considerable (even under the mortification of a long neglectful silence) not to be awaken'd at the slightest invitation from you; which I had the pleasure of receiving from Dubourg at his arrival here.

It is an observation founded on truth, that an honest mind cannot exist without a proper degree of necessary pride; from hence we are naturally jealous of our superiors, and slights from them are severely felt. It is not however, my present purpose to be a complainant; but on the contrary, my desire that all unkindness may be buried in oblivion.

As to myself, my condition in life is almost as much chang'd as Miss D——'s, and during this recess of our correspondence, I have, like her, launched into public life, and from an humble lodger, have been this year past living in a house of

my



my own building. The truth was, I paid a great price for good lodgings; and when Miss W—— became Miss Danvers, she wanted an apartment to herself. The small houses were all too bad—and the large ones too dear; and meeting with a piece of waste ground to my liking, I have built a neat little box, on an entire new plan of my own; which I have the pleasure to find is esteemed the most complete little house in Dublin; for a description of it, I shall refer you to your nephew *Captain Wolfeley*, who will be with you perhaps before this letter, as he goes off this day for England.

This, Sir, you will suppose has found employment for all my waste time, as well as money; and this account will not a little encrease your surprise, because you know me unqualified for a task so arduous; however when I had once determined, I was resolute to conquer, and I am now enjoying the sweets of my labour.

We have received some favours from the *Lady Wolfeley* here; introduced to that honour by an old friend of yours, who yesterday at a visit earnestly desired to be kindly remembered to Sir. *William Wolfeley*. Mrs. TICKELL, who when Miss *Eustace*, was, it seems, very near being closely allied to you; the lady seemed to repeat that accident with a most sensible regret—therefore, I hope, in your next

letter, you will not fail to return the compliment; we live in the most agreeable intimacy with her, and her family, who are in a large elegant house at Glasnevin, where we frequently pass a pleasant day.

But since I have had occasion so often to repeat the name; I can go no farther without inquiring after the health and welfare of *my* Lady Wolseley; when I saw her ladyship last, she was in the full meridian of beauty. It is pity she should ever know the wain—I hope that mortifying time is yet far off.

The entertainments of Dublin were never in so high a tide as now. We have the famous Turk from London, who exhibits at Aungier-street Theatre, on Tuesday and Saturdays; and we have four plays a week, at Smock-alley Theatre, from all which I have received six hundred pounds a week, for many weeks past—great doings for Dublin! But to let you know we have more wonders than the Turk from London, we were greatly surprised with the landing of Mrs. H—— about a fortnight ago, who has taken up her residence in Jervas-street, and has done nothing since her arrival but exclaim against the fogs and dirt of Dublin.

I want nothing but leisure to enable me to write you an history as large as Rapin's—I am sure I have

have subject matter enough to compile it, but since it must be thus parcelled out, be so good to encourage me to the work, by an intervening line of approbation, and the sooner you begin, the more welcome to

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and most obedient servant.

# L E T T E R LXI.

To the same.

Dublin, April, 1751.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OUR obliging reply to my letter gave me great pleasure, and I should have made an earlier advance to the discharge of my promise to turn historian, if a man in my situation could command himself—Those who are so happy as to live strangers to commotions and revolutions among *Players* and *Turks*, can form no idea of the wild, uncertain, dangerous life of either state. Plots, cabals, insurrections, fabres drawn, produce strange revolutions at the *Theatre* and *Constantinople*.

156 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

In a word, no man should think of being an inhabitant in either place, that sets too choice a value on his life. You will perhaps stop here to ask, how *I*, whom you well knew to be a quiet, peaceable fellow, could think of entering into this state of warfare? or to defend myself thus long in this danger—I'll tell you—I know myself as well as my station; I determined very maturely to give no offence, and bear no injury—an author somewhere says

“He that bears *one* injury, INVITES a *second*”—

I have been twice in some degree of danger—I was drove to the necessity of *sending* one challenge, and at another time of receiving one, by compelling the gentleman, who had used me ill, to that ec-claircissement, and I had the good fortune to get happily out of both scrapes.

Well Sir, you must say I have given a very fine account of my own prowess—He must be a very *filly* as well as a *bad* painter, that draws an ugly likeness of himself, but after admitting it to be a bad subject—the motive that led me to it was only to shew you, that from the above incidents, and a settled temper of mind, at all times attended with a suitable composure—the sprightliest Bucks

of



of the age, have thought proper to let me pass uncensured and unmolested.

I shall now proceed to a character that deserves the pen of the ablest historian, viz. CHARLES LUCAS, an apothecary and citizen of Dublin.

My intimacy with this extraordinary person (whom I am proud to call by the name of friend) may, perhaps lead me into a warmth, that his enemies will call partiality. His person is very agreeable; he has all the requisites to render him engaging in social life; he has all the requisites to render him useful and great in public life; he is a good scholar, and to crown all, he is a man of virtue. His peculiar happiness as an *orator* was so universally admired, that it largely contributed to his seeming ruin.

*niger ore, brevis pede, humilis*  
*Lucas*

When he was chosen into the Common Council of this city, his talents were so superior to all in that assembly, that he soon grew a leader there. And as the *richest* body of men in all kingdoms are apt to distress the *poorer*, it was not to be wondered the Aldermen had committed numberless encroachments on the citizens, with impunity. Charles Lucas had penetration to discover, elocution to display, and joined to these abilities, the greatest firmness of mind that ever possessed the breast of

a human being. From all this you will not wonder at his carrying every thing before him—or that his election for the city to parliament would have met with the least doubt—but his opponents in the city were too contemptible for so enterprising a genius; he soared at higher game, and from rescuing the *city* from slavery, turned his thoughts at once to *rescue the nation*. He began that attempt when confined to his chamber in a long fit of the gout. I found him one day so earnestly employ'd with his papers, that it excited my curiosity to enquire after his subject—he consented and read to me for an hour, which was nothing less than a satirical description of the political situation of IRELAND with ENGLAND. I heard with amazement! and when I had expressed my dislikes to it with some warmth, he laugh'd it off, by asking my pardon for forgetting I was an *Englishman*! to conclude, he published this work in three or four large pamphlets which gave great offence to government; and when the *Earl of Harrington* came over Lord Lieutenant, those pamphlets were bound in an handsome volume, which he had the spirit and indiscretion to present to his Excellency one morning at his levee. Thus many persons have been ruin'd by those popular virtues, for which they were first admired.

On

On the day the Lord Lieutenant went to the House of Lords, to open the parliament, Mr. Lucas came to visit me, and when the cannon were firing to denote the business of the day, I laid my hand upon his, and said, *You hear those guns—pristhee tell me Charles—have you no fears—he answered he had not*, and I really believ'd him, so secure was he of safety in his popularity; but in less than four hours after, it appeared in print that the *Lord Lieutenant* in his speech from the throne, had pointed him out as an object of resentment to the House of Commons. The Commons proceeded with severity, but at the same time with a dignity becoming that House; and the best friends of Mr. Lucas were obliged to assemble to force him into a boat, to carry him to the Isle of Man, to avoid his commitment to Newgate---that measure was happy for him and government, considering the outrageous temper of the populous, had he been committed, great mitchiefs must have ensued, which must all have been carried to his account.

He was a long time in London; if you had met with him, you would have found the truth of this character—he was particularly kind and friendly to Miss D——. He was in the theatre the first night she appeared in the character of *Indiana*—and what with his fears for her, and the distress of the character in the last act (which was new to him

him) and the success she met with—from all these circumstances he was seen to shed a plentiful number of tears! of so gentle, and tender a disposition, is the heart of this amiable man.

Having run this letter to an enormous length, I am obliged to take my leave for a short space, when I shall renew my historical subject, by way of proof with what sincerity I remain

Your indefatigable, obedient servant,

## L E T T E R LXII.

To the Countess of Orrery, at Caledon.

April, 1751

Madam,

**I**HAVE received the favour of your ladyship's agreeable answer to my presumptuous request, to have the honour to be entered in the list of your correspondents.

Your ladyship may decline what you please, but the very letter you have honour'd me with to apologize for your want of abilities, proves your power  
—every



—every habit you please to put on, must become you—but the *Farmers* cannot conceal the *Roman Lady*! your ladyship is the identical *Calpurnia*! the happy *second* wife of our *English* *PLINY*! whose character is so beautifully drawn in the 19th epistle of the 4th Book—there, among other excellencies, we find in you a *disposition to literature*! the consequence of your affection to your noble lord.

Your ladyship is pleased to suppose my time is agreeably spent with the muses! in the early part my life I attempted to make some court to those coy, delusive, beings! but with so much diffidence, and with so little success, that it soon ended in an absolute despair; thus, Madam, under self-conviction, I altered my plan; and from attempts in poetry, made an effort to commence the man of business—and in a short time, grew more ambitious of obtaining a reputable name at the *Royal Exchange*, than at *Parnassus*! I grew pleased with the excuse I had acquired for being dull:—and could then serve all demands made on me for *wit*, as some of my neighbours the lords did those made on them for money—I *could plead my privilege*!

Thus Madam, having wasted sixteen years in an entire disuse of letters, I must leave your  
ladyship

ladyship to judge of my presumption, by requesting a correspondence with an *Orrery*!

But as this fertile city is fraught with surprizing incidents, and characters, a recital of some of them may amuse your ladyship, and, at the same time, prove the zeal, and gratitude, of

Madam,

Your ladyship's most

obliged, obedient Servant

### LETTER. LXIII.

To the same.

May 10,

Madam,

**I**PROMISED your ladyship in my last letter to turn journalist, and to make an attempt to rival my friend George Faulkner:—but upon enquiry into my undertaking, I found the difficulties I had to encounter, and the advantage my brother Faulkner has over me.

If two nameless names are married, and a third as obscure, and worthless, dies, these make most notable

notable paragraphs in his journal, and would make but a sorry figure in mine—then again—though there is a fair promise, from the plentiful crop of fools and knaves, to have a flourishing harvest! yet as they are the growth of every metropolis, they are so common, that nothing less than an *exotick* is worth taking notice of, and fit to be served up to your ladyship.

Our publick gardens are frequented every night by the same set of faces, where great regularity, and decency, is most unaccountably preserved, and, of course, universal dulness is the consequence:—If no valiant captain will knock down a lady—nor any lady cock a pistol at her perfidious man\*—we must remain in this stupid state of tranquility:—that some strange *Lord Chief Justice* has occasioned all this alteration—his frightful court of Kings Bench has almost cured our young gentlemen of their antient prerogatives! they are almost humanized!

The celebrated Mrs. *Woffington* arrived here last week—but *Colonel Moyston*, having been overturned in a post chaise, and hurt in his way to Chester, she went off with the first wind to him with a design to return hither:—and those who conversed

\* Both these shocking events lately happened in the public Gardens.

with

with her, say she intends to be in Dublin next Winter—but I find Mr. *Sberidan* has no thoughts of making her any overtures:—and yet it is my opinion he will be compelled to it, and that she will perform with him.

Mr. *Mossop* is very near setting out for London:—I heard at *Doctor Barry's* on Sunday night last, that your ladyship's kind interposition in his favour is likely to be attended with great advantage to him, with two very distinguished lords, the *Earls of Orrery* and *Chesterfield*! I hear that your ladyship's late letters convey a design of your visit to that metropolis and, what is yet worse, of a most cruel intention to continue there much longer than your ladyship's friends in Dublin can possibly bear—I most heartily hope that this report is fabulous.

Though I shall embrace every opportunity to shew my duty to your ladyship—and though my station in life, deprives me of all claim to ceremony—yet, a single line from you, will be an encouragement, as well as an honour to,

Madam,

Your ladyship's most obliged  
obedient Servant.



## LETTER LXIV.

To the same.

May 20, 1751.

Madam,

AN Egotist is a most disgusting character—one of the most contemptible things in Bishop Burnet's history is, that he is eternally talking of himself—I must leave your ladyship to judge of the severity of my fate, who am compelled to assume that character, in order to lay before you a series of misfortunes, in which your ladyship will be concerned to find that the last shaft is to come from the noble undesigning hand of an *Orrery*!

My brother-in law, Mr. P----, who had made an ample fortune in Jamaica, where he had been a merchant many years in the first house in that island, at his return to settle in London, had the honour of being introduced to his *Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*, and as Mr. P----- wanted no employment himself, he very kindly turned his thoughts on serving me—who was the author of the first congratulatory poem on his Royal Highness's arrival in the year 1727. I was then introduced by the late *Earl of*

of *Cholmondely*, who was master of horse to the Prince, and by the *Walpole* interest flattered with a provision in his *Royal Highness's* family:---but an unlucky turn in politics happening, relating to elections to parliament, which my brother P---- (from bad health) was obliged to decline, clearly convinced us both that it was time to give up that affair---this last determinate stroke cutting off all my prospects in England, I set off for Ireland in the year 1745, to settle my accounts with my linen manufacturers; here I had the happiness to find the *Earl of Chesterfield* on the *real*, and my good friend Mr. *Garrick*, on the theatrical *throne*; and was graciously received by both monarchs: the Laureat *Cibber* having favoured me (among others of great quality, but much less consequence) with a letter of wit and spirit, which procured me a private audience, and a promise of his lordship's favour: my friend Mr. *Garrick* offered me a benefit play as *an author who had wrote for that stage*---and performed the part of *Hamlet*, which his Excellency honoured with his presence, by which I cleared above an hundred pounds:--- during my stay of four months---besides settling my affairs of business, I employed my leisure hours in looking into the state of the Theatre; and then formed my design of making Dublin my place of residence; I went back to London with Mr. *Garrick*, the beginning of May and returned with my family the October following.

But

But one part (and indeed the most seeming secure part) of my scheme was laid by my old friend Mr. *Dubourg*, who encouraged me with the hopes of doing something with what little money I had left at the Castle, or by some interest to be created with a *Lord Lieutenant*—as I had written several birth-day Odes for him, and as there was no provision on that establishment for a *Poet Laureat*—If Lord *Chesterfield* had returned, I believe something might have been done:—I was the author of two Odes during the Earl of *Harrington's* residence, but he was not the man:—His Grace of *Dorset* raised my hopes! but by the arrival of Mr. *Theophilus Cibber* from London, on Sunday last, they are not only frustrated, but thrown into a state of absolute despair.

His father, the Laureat of England, in a severe fit of illness, which he thought would end him, wrote a letter to the *Duke of Grafton*, the Lord Chamberlain (which perhaps came to your ladyship's notice in the news papers) recommending Mr. *Henry Jones* to be his successor:—but *Cibber's* perfect recovery destroyed *Jones's* hopes of that Laureatship—and young *Cibber*, who was often with *Jones* in London, heard from him that Lord *Dorset* had recommended him to the *Duke of Dorset* in such terms (as no doubt he deserves) that his Grace will fix Mr. *Jones* on this establishment

as Poet Laureat of Ireland! thus, Madam, am I ruined in my last hope, and am left without the common relief of complaint—to distinguish, and raise modest merit from obscurity, is one of the greatest actions of human life! and therefore an employment worthy the *Earl of Orrery*!

And now, Madam, what apologies are necessary for me to make to your ladyship for this intolerable trial of your patience, and this attempt to give you concern:—for your ladyship must pity those accidents you cannot redress.

I had the honour of your ladyship's favour on Monday last; with a letter to Mr. *Mossop* enclosed:—I sent directly to his lodgings to desire him to call on me, and the answer was that he sail'd that morning for England; I have sent your ladyship's letter after him—and transcribed that part in mine relating to him—as the advice shews you the *judge*, and what is still greater, the *friend*!

I must depend on your ladyship's goodness for a pardon for this freedom from,

Madam,

Your truly distressed, and most  
Obliged Servant.



L E T T E R LXV.

To Mr. Mossop.

Dublin, May 31, 1751.

Dear Sir,

**T**HE enclosed letter of *Lady Orrery's*, came to me in one from her ladyship; I was ill that day, and confined at home—I sent my servant to desire to see you on that occasion, but the answer was, that you sailed for England that morning; I was sorry to hear it, because one half of *Lady Orrery's* letter to me, was relating to you, which her ladyship desired might be shewn to you—and which in obedience to her commands, I must now transcribe.

(*The transcript is lost.*)

*Lady Orrery* by the above observations, has proved her judgment equal to her friendship; and as I know your own good sense has led you to a conviction of your defects, there is sure and certain hopes of a cure for them. It is a consolation that you are the *rough diamond* (as the lady says) and that if you fall into the hands of a good *lapidary*, you will come from thence a sparkler.

N 2

Pray

Pray make my compliments to my worthy friend, Mr. *Garrick*; his superior abilities, and his friendship to me will live for ever in my memory; I am extremely glad to hear of *Lord Orrery*'s interest with him; of his lordship's earnest recommendation of you, and of the happy consequences that must attend it. You may depend on it, Mr. *Garrick* is the best *theatrical lapidary* in the kingdom.

Let me here (perhaps too abruptly) give you one piece of advice—when you come out complete from the hands of the lapidary, keep that right distance, that good sense, decency and gratitude require; since it is a known truth, that *diamond* will cut *diamond*; and a truth notoriously manifested among theatrical brilliants; but as I believe you to have an honest and a good heart, I shall proceed no farther in my metaphor.

I had some thoughts of sending (as you desire) my opinion of the choice of a part for your first appearance, and enlarging on the many advantages arising to you from the character of *Richard*; but when I recollect your happiness, that you have an *Orrery* and a *Garrick* to advise you, I have nothing to add but the congratulation of

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

And humble servant

## LETTER LXVI.

To the Countess of ORRERY.

June 3, 1751.

Madam,

I MUST acknowledge, with a heart full of gratitude, your ladyship's obliging, speedy reply to my last letter—Every letter of yours, after admiring and considering its true value, is laid up like a rich jewel in the casket of a miser.

A heart warmed like mine can want no new motive to express it—but a late present by the hands of my friend George Faulkner, of *Lord Orrery's Life of Swift*, gave me the extreme pleasure of seeing that I have the honour of living in your ladyship's remembrance—I have read it with delight, it is filled with historical as well a critical knowledge, and conveyed in an elegance of style peculiar to that noble author.

I have nothing to send your ladyship but the new birth-day ode—what a strange return, but it is my all at present, and I must confess requires no small apology for laying such an unentertaining

N 3

subject

subject before you; and yet persons of genius, who, alone, know (from the repetition of the subject) the difficulty the writers of *birth-day odes* are laid under, can receive such productions with candour.

I believe I shall be present at the castle to-morrow, at the performance of it—but, alas! with a heavy heart; it is melancholly to have all prospect cut off, and to remain without a hope; my old friend and school-fellow *Colonel Dilks* came the other day to condole with me—he said *Jones's* interest is so great with my *Lord Duke* that if a poet laureat can be fixed on this establishment, it must be him.

In the temper of mind I am in at present, it may be proper to take my leave—I beg you will forgive me Madam—I will write in this strain no more, but for ever remain,

Your ladyship's most faithful

And most obliged servant.



L E T T E R LXVII.

To Mrs. WOFFINGTON, in Dublin.

October 12, 1751.

Madam,

YOU have long been the subject of true praise, and have received many public instances of it from the admiring world; but the scribbling fools here offer it up so fulsome, that instead of incense, I dare say it is as offensive to you as the snuff of a candle—now, Madam, if my praise proves the snuff of a wax candle, it will at least not offend, and I shall have reason to be satisfied.

The silly poet in Faulkner's Journal on Saturday last, made me laugh; he made you the successor to the poor, antiquated Mrs. Vanderbank (who often declared, that in her youth *she was the glory of the Irish stage*); and concludes it one of your least excellencies to far out-do *Oldfield*.

I was one of the audience when *Lady Townly* made her first appearance in London; and since the death of that celebrated actress Mrs. *Oldfield*, I have not seen a complete *Lady Townly* 'till last

subject before you; and yet persons of genius, who, alone, know (from the repetition of the subject) the difficulty the writers of *birth-day odes* are laid under, can receive such productions with candour.

I believe I shall be present at the castle to-morrow, at the performance of it—but, alas! with a heavy heart; it is melancholly to have all prospect cut off, and to remain without a hope; my old friend and school-fellow *Colonel Dilks* came the other day to condole with me—he said *Jones's* interest is so great with my *Lord Duke* that if a poet laureat can be fixed on this establishment, it must be him.

In the temper of mind I am in at present, it may be proper to take my leave—I beg you will forgive me Madam—I will write in this strain no more, but for ever remain,

Your ladyship's most faithful

And most obliged servant.

L E T T E R LXVII.

To Mrs. WOFFINGTON, in Dublin.

October 12, 1751.

Madam,

Y O U have long been the subject of true praise; and have received many public instances of it from the admiring world; but the scribbling fools here offer it up so fulsome, that instead of incense, I dare say it is as offensive to you as the snuff of a candle—now, Madam, if my praise proves the snuff of a wax candle, it will at least not offend, and I shall have reason to be satisfied.

The silly poet in Faulkner's Journal on Saturday last, made me laugh; he made you the successor to the poor, antiquated Mrs. Vanderbank (who often declared, that in her youth *she was the glory of the Irish stage*); and concludes it one of your least excellencies to far out-do *Oldfield*.

I was one of the audience when *Lady Townly* made her first appearance in London; and since the death of that celebrated actress Mrs. *Oldfield*, I have not seen a complete *Lady Townly* till last

N 4

Monday

Monday night—You know, she was called *inimitable* in that character, by the author, *Cibber*, that great master of comedy; but I dare say, even he will admit that epithet falsified by your performance.

After your first appearance in *tragedy* in London, I had the favour of two letters from him, in the first he employed a whole sheet in your praise in *Andromache*. I had so great a prepossession of your good understanding, and his judgment, that I could easily give him credit, though I had known him long an admirer of your person.

On Wednesday night last I was convinced that you are a *most provoking creature* (to use the Laureat's phrase) you are not content with destroying all our females, but make even our hero's shrink before you! I take this first opportunity of congratulation, and beg leave to remain,

Madam,

Your most humble servant.



## L E T T E R LXVIII.

To the Countess of ORRERY, at Caledon.

October 21, 1751.

Madam,

**T**HE extraordinary successful business of the Theatre has found unexpected employment for me; but no engagements either profitable or pleasurable, compensate my losing an opportunity of paying my respects to your ladyship, or foregoing the honourable chance of a reply.

The brilliant Mrs. *Woffington* is the only theme either in or out of the Theatre; your ladyship may remember in a former letter, it was my private opinion that she would perform here, though Mr. *Sheridan* so strongly opposed it. His endeavours were for the Italian singers, and operas—but his good genius prevailed—She came like his better angel to save him from the gulph that was opened for him! Her performances, are in general, admirable! She appeared in *Lady Townly*, and since that truly celebrated actress Mrs. *Oldfield*, I have not seen a complete *Lady Townly* 'till that night. In *Andromache*, her grief was dignified, and her deportment

deportment elegant. In *Jane Shore* nothing appeared remarkable, but her superior figure; but in *Hermione* she discovered such talents as have not been displayed since the celebrated Mrs. *Porter*, whom, I dare say, Lord Orrery remembers—such commanding force! such variety! such graceful attitudes! the very fools stared and felt her powers, in short poor *Bland* is inevitably undone—for those fools (her greatest admirers) who had not sense enough to see her defects before, now see them, by the comparison.

I heartily wish I had force enough to excite a desire in your ladyship to come to Dublin to see this actress either in *Lady Townly*, or *Hermione*.

I congratulate you, Madam, on the safe arrival of those two little cherubims, *Master Boyle* and *Lady Lucy*, the proper inhabitants of that celestial place; poor Miss *Barry* I hear has sprained her foot by a fall from her horse—she is literally a fallen angel; and doomed like them to be restless in heaven. I heard last night at *Doctor Barry's* that I shall have an opportunity of condoling with her very soon, on her expulsion.

I have the honour to remain,

Madam,

Your ladyship's obliged servant.

LETTER LXIX.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Dublin, November 7, 1752.

My Lord,

I HAD the honour of writing to your grace in August last, from Wolfeley-Hall, and my good genius now whispers me that the crisis of my fate is near, and that my future happiness is dependent on your grace's goodness to me at this juncture.

In my last letter I took the liberty of laying before your grace the opinion of my friends, relating to the Laureat for this kingdom; the absurdity of the long omission, and the inconveniences that have attended the *Lords Lieutenants*, who have found themselves compelled to make good that neglect out of their own private purses, when the poets were happy enough to get persons of consequence to introduce them to their Excellencies. Lord Chesterfield gave forty guineas to the reverend Mr. —, an acquaintance of mine, because the *Bishop of Derry* was his patron: When Mr. B—— was well provided for in the church, I was chose  
by

by my old friend Mr. *Dubourg* to be the writer of the odes. *Lord Harrington* I never had the honour of seeing, but in the ball-room on the birth days. Your grace's goodness to me was so singular that it made the deeper impression—I was *unpaired* 'till I had the honour of being distinguished by your *grace*—on that happy occasion, my friends advised me, as they thought I had some particulars strangely singular in my history, to take the liberty of laying it before you; I was so fortunate, as to follow their advice, and your grace was so good to honour it with a reading, and to speak the words of comfort to me—after that, I bid adieu to despair; since it is a noble distinction in your grace's character, that no man was ever forgot that the *Duke of Dorset* had raised to hope!

The impression your grace's goodness has left on my grateful heart, leads me to incessant prayers to heaven for the preservation of your health; I will then rest assured that the few malevolent spirits here, will not disgust your grace so far as to prevent your return to the government of this kingdom; for time, I hope, has convinced them that their darts have no points, nor their tongues no stings! and that their former inconsistencies and other impotent endeavours, will be buried in oblivion.

I am, my lord,

Your grace's most devoted, faithful servant.



## LETTER LXX.

To the Reverend Mr. ROTHERY, at Chelsea.

December 27, 1752.

Dear Sir,

THE present festival of Christmas is productive of many good things, though most egregiously and ridiculously mistaken by the bulk of silly christians—You must be a lover of music—If *Handel's Messiah* should be performed in London, as it undoubtedly will in the lent season, I beg it as a favour to me, that you will go early, and take your wife with you, your time and money cannot be so well employed; take care to get a book of the oratorio some days before, that you may well digest the subject, there you will hear *glad tidings* and truly divine rejoicings at the birth of *Christ*, and feel real sorrows for his sufferings—but, oh! when those sufferings are over, what a transporting full chorus! where all the instruments, and three sets of voices are employed to express the following passage, which I must quote—

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up ye

“Everlasting doors, and the king of glory shall come in.

“Who

190 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

“Who is the king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts;

“*He* is the king of glory!

“And he shall reign for ever, King of Kings, Lord of Lords.

How truly poetical is the diction of the Oriental writers.

Mr. Handel, when he was here, composed this excellent oratorio, and gave it to a charitable musical society; by whom it is annually performed for the relief of poor debtors, and very well, as we have good cathedral singers, to whom this music is chiefly adapted—the performance is just over, and you will conclude I am never absent. As much as I detest fatigue and inconvenience, I would ride forty miles in the wind and rain to be present at a performance of the Messiah in London, under the conduct of Handel—I remember it there—He had an hundred instruments, and fifty voices! O how magnificent the full chorusses.

But to return to the present season, and my first observation—these holydays enable me to pay my debts to all my kind correspondents, which though no great proof of my being a *christian*, is, at least, an instance of my being an honest, grateful fellow, which is a necessary requisite to make one.

I like

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 191

I like your lines on the death of your little son very well—but should be glad to see better, which you promised to send me, from the hand of one of your pupils.

I remember I sent our brother P—, some verses on the death of his first child—a beautiful girl? and a great favourite of mine—I have no copy of them which I am now sorry for—and, I fear, Poetry even on that subject, was too low to deserve that gentleman's regard—I have recovered the last stanza.

Ye virgins gather choicest flowers !

Those fading beauties save !

Come! build your emblematic bowers,

Around her little grave !

No, let all roses cease to spread !

For beauty's rose lies pale and dead !

But let us change our subject from grief to joy ! to congratulation on the birth of your daughter ! your new happiness ! and believe in that good doctrine that says *whatever is, is right* ! Some future letter may perhaps convey to you my thoughts on poetry in general, which may include a kind of historical picture of,

Dear Sir,

Your yet unknown brother, friend, and servant.

## L E T T E R LXXI.

To Sir WILLIAM WOLSELEY, Baronet.

Jan. 25, 1753.

Dear Sir,

**I** WRITE to you in that envied place London, supposing you have kept your design of quitting Wolseley-hall the latter end of this month.

I wrote a long letter at the entrance of December on the subject of the surprizing widow—and a second with the snuff and book, which I sent by *Poet Jones* to leave at Wolseley in his way to London—and no reply from you, though it is quite a month since he failed.

How could you leave me in this long suspense about the latter transactions of the widow—that most *unaccountable widow*! sure you must here come to some closer explanation—or, at least, have wrote to each other—your relationship \* must

\* Sir William was at this time privately married to the widow—but enjoined by her not to demand her to live publicly with him as his wife 'till a year was expired.

introduce



introduce that freedom—and the emergency of our affairs, demand it—I expect to hear from you on that subject with some impatience

## LETTER LXXII.

To the same.

Feb. 23, 1753.

Dear Sir William,

WHEN will these wonders cease? when arrive at a period? must every letter encrease my amazement? but what an extensive piece of villainy has your last of this day laid before me! *Poison! Forgery!* and *a forced marriage!* why what a complicated scene of villainy seems now opening to us! the behaviour of that strange widow was before (as we used to stile it) *unaccountable!*—but methinks I begin now to see how it is to be accounted for—it appears like the coming tree in the acorn! this must be a train of villainy laid to attack your fortune! as well as character!—I see it plainly now—but what, and who, are the wretches they have suborned to support and execute this black design? but we know from many instances there are such wretches—this brings to my mind the late horrid scheme laid against Mr. *Walpole*—you must have heard how that

was happily discovered by *Worsdale* (a genius in several shapes) who most artfully worked himself into the intimacies, and intrigues of the incendiaries, and then blew them up!—I wish you knew *Worsdale*, or some such able person to do you that kindly office; or if one of their base instruments could be brought over to honesty, and bribed to betray their wicked Schemes, it would be a purchase worth a million! pray think of this hint, as also of the eminent danger I see you are involved in! for such people would never have stepped so far in wickedness, if they had not well concerted their plan, and been provided with emissaries to execute it. Think of this—and I beg you will not suffer any saving thought to intervene at this dangerous juncture. Consider, all is struck at! and therefore it must be vigorously defended!—at the same time permit me to hope that these serious cautions will not in the least deject, or oppress your spirits—rest assured this black storm is to be weathered! and since you have unerring *truth* for your *pilot*, despair not of reaching a safe, and quiet *harbour*: but you must be active.

You greatly surprized me by inserting the name of *Moreton* in their list of lawyers against you—can't surely be our old friend *Moreton* just now made *Recorder of London*!

I have

I have preserved your letters, and I doubt not but you have done the same by mine—particularly that copy I left in your hands of the letter I sent to this famous widow the morning I left Wolseley—it is material! if I mistake not, you will find it so—if I am not too vain, I remember it was well written—you mention in your last my coming over into Staffordshire on this very base occasion—there is no length I would not go to do you service, much more justice! but I hope to hear in a subsequent letter I shall not be wanted, you know how I am circumstanced here—my business is not over 'till the end of May—but I hope you will not doubt every effort in my power to do you justice! I will encounter every danger in such a cause.

Your last letter has determined me in the resolution to *write*; I now think there is a full subject, and that deserves a better hand than mine—who knows but we may *fight* in it too—but scoundrels are below that honour! and the villains in this scheme will require their punishment from the pillory, or the hangman!

In the former part of this letter I mentioned Mr. *Walpole's* case, but I fear there is this disadvantage on your side—he had incendiaries of the low and common class in the plot against him—but you have incendiaries of *figure* of seeming fortune; ay, and of  
O 2
seeming

seeming *character* too! yours is therefore much more dangerous than his.

I hope this letter will find you in London with your able friends about you—pray think of the *Solicitor General* and Sir *John Strange*—they are men of great ability and spirit—but above all I beg you will be careful in the choice of your attorney; your fate will in a great measure depend on him! he should be an active sensible man! the examination of your witnesses, and the cross-examination of your adversaries, must all be drawn and pointed in the briefs by him for your lawyers! but, alas! as this vile marriage of yours was done in secrecy at Colwich church, who are to be your witnesses? since I find by a base artful stroke, they design to include the reverend *Mr. Clements*, and his *wife* (who were their true staunch friends) and your *nephew*, the only persons present in the *information*; by that dreadful stroke, I fear they have deprived you of their evidence.

My next letter shall contain such original remarks on the scandalous charge of *poison—forced marriage*, and *forged contract*, as may perhaps be of some use to your attorney, and the cause in general—at present I must take my leave—*health* and *good spirits* attend you—fear nothing, adieu.



## LETTER LXXIII.

To Charles Lucas, M. D. in London.

April, 1753.

Dear Sir,

THE return of your friend Harry Cottingham brought me the agreeable news of your health, and of your happy situation in London. No man in Dublin mourned your *misconduct* and *absence* from Dublin more than I—but, upon reflection, I consoled myself with the assurance that, like the *Phoenix*, you would rise gloriously from your own ashes! I hope I may now safely congratulate you on that period! publick fame has done you justice during your travels by establishing you in a laudable profession where you cannot fail of success.

In my correspondence with my few friends in England (during your banishment, at the time you was the general topic) I did you ample justice; I loved you—and the business of this letter will give you an unquestionable proof of it, since its tendency is to give you an opportunity of shewing your love to your country, and of exerting that *Patriot spirit* with the utmost prosperity.

O 3

My

My friend *Richard Griffith, Esq. of Kilkenny*, has within this year past, laid out his land and improvements for the carrying on a large *linen-manufacture*; in which employment he has happily exerted himself with the utmost application; as a proof of it, he has engaged some of the best weavers of *damask* to make a laudable attempt to produce *Irish damask*, equal in worth with any imported from *Silesia*: this great effort demands the assistance of every person who has the least spark of *patriot virtue*; because, by his proposals, he reduces the prices of the *Irish damask* to the foreign; which, for the certainty of the sale, could not by any other means be accomplished—you will, I dare say, smile at this last observation—because, since the *subscriber* is to pay *nothing* for his *Patriotism*, perhaps he may the easier be persuaded to serve his country.

Mr. *Griffith* has met with very great encouragement from the trustees, and gentlemen of the *linen-board*, who are all subscribers; and by a late motion in his favour in the House of Commons—after debates, and with some difficulty, they gave him a sparing vote for *one thousand pounds*; to encourage his undertaking; he desires only to see two hundred subscribers, as a sufficient number to secure him in this great attempt. There will be three sets of different prices, to accommodate the degrees of subscribers—But as no money is to be

paid—but at the delivery of the goods, it will be necessary for his sake, to have none but persons of *real worth* in the list—the names that you will please to return us on the enclosed proposal, will we rest assured, be of that class.

You have had, I presume, frequent accounts transmitted of our theatrical success! and from thence that your friend the manager has transformed his little inheritance at *Quilca* into a *palace* in miniature; he has also purchased eight hundred acres of bog and stone about it—all of which by theatrical art, and Smock Alley chemistry, is to be transformed into fine arable land, to be an establishment for his younger children.

I yet live in the hopes of seeing you in the meridian of your glory in *Dublin*; those abilities which have raised you to the eminent physician in London, must sufficiently distinguish you here; that would give real pleasure to your true friends, (in that great circle) you will be sure to find. *x Don*

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, humble servant

My friend *Richard Griffith, Esq. of Kilkenny*, has within this year past, laid out his land and improvements for the carrying on a large *linen-manufacture*; in which employment he has happily exerted himself with the utmost application; as a proof of it, he has engaged some of the best weavers of *damask* to make a laudable attempt to produce *Irish damask*, equal in worth with any imported from *Silisia*: this great effort demands the assistance of every person who has the least spark of *patriot virtue*; because, by his proposals, he reduces the prices of the *Irish damask* to the foreign; which, for the certainty of the sale, could not by any other means be accomplished—you will, I dare say, smile at this last observation—because, since the *subscriber* is to pay *nothing* for his *Patriotism*, perhaps he may the easier be persuaded to serve his country.

Mr. *Griffith* has met with very great encouragement from the trustees, and gentlemen of the *linen-board*, who are all subscribers; and by a late motion in his favour in the House of Commons—after debates, and with some difficulty, they gave him a sparing vote for *one thousand pounds*; to encourage his undertaking; he desires only to see two hundred subscribers, as a sufficient number to secure him in this great attempt. There will be three sets of different prices, to accommodate the degrees of subscribers——But as no money is to be

paid—  
necessa  
real w  
please  
we rest

You  
transmi  
thence  
formed  
in mini  
acres o  
theatric  
be trans  
blishme

I yet  
ridian o  
have rai  
don, m  
would  
that gre

De

paid



ORIGINAL LETTERS. 199

paid—but at the delivery of the goods, it will be necessary for his sake, to have none but persons of *real worth* in the list—the names that you will please to return us on the enclosed proposal, will we rest assured, be of that class.

You have had, I presume, frequent accounts transmitted of our theatrical success! and from thence that your friend the manager has transformed his little inheritance at *Quilca* into a *palace* in miniature; he has also purchased eight hundred acres of bog and stone about it—all of which by theatrical art, and Smock Alley chemistry, is to be transformed into fine arable land, to be an establishment for his younger children.

I yet live in the hopes of seeing you in the meridian of your glory in *Dublin*; those abilities which have raised you to the eminent physician in London, must sufficiently distinguish you here; that would give real pleasure to your true friends, (in that great circle) you will be sure to find.

*Yours affectionate*

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, humble servant.

## L E T T E R LXXIV.

To Miss BARRY,

(With the translation of Monsieur Duclos.)

Madam,

AGREEABLE to my promise, I herewith send you Monsieur Duclos—who, I dare say, is a fine writer in his own language, and, of course, has suffered by his translator.

In the middle of the book you will find the beginning of the second volume—where are the memoirs of a young nobleman, the part most calculated to entertain you; I never met with any thing more exact than his definitions of love; nor more refined than his distinctions; the character of the Countess of *Canoples* will not fail to please you; the young nobleman you will find to turn out the accomplished French Coxcomb he confess himself to be;—but the Countess is guarded against him at the dangerous juncture by the principles of virtue; and when a Widow by reason and prudence.

ORIGINAL LETTERS. 201

As those qualities are your own, I shall expect your thanks for introducing her ladyship to your acquaintance.

I have the honour to remain,  
Madam,

Your obedient servant.

LETTER. LXXV.

To Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

June, 1751.

Dear The.

THE return of Mr. D—to Dublin brought me the account of your present state of health, and warfare—I wish I could say *welfare*—but, it seems, you have still the dangerous part of the world to combat with—but if your *patience* be but equal to your *experience*, I doubt not but the victory will be on your side—I most heartily wish it, and that we may once more meet in arms at Philippi!

But I will honestly confess to you the chief motive of this hasty letter.—It is owing to a hint Mr. D—dropt in our conversation about you—that you had some thoughts of renewing the old attack on Mr. S—, and of attempting to prevent Mrs. Cibber from acting in either of the Theatres in London!—As to the first part relating to the gallant,

gallant, I must refer that to your better judgment, and the advice of your friends learned in the law—but as to the last—*attempting to prevent her performances in public*, I must beg leave to demur, and to offer my reason for dissuading you from so dangerous an enterprize!—you know her *popularity*, not founded on *faction*, or *caprice*, but on real, unquestioned merit in her profession, an attempt therefore to deprive the public of so capital a part of their entertainment will undoubtedly end in raising their resentment, which must bring mischief on yourself, as you are to appear before that very tribunal for your future support, which can only rise from their approbation—therefore nothing is plainer than what might be *right* for you to do in a private station of life, must be *wrong* now,—pray think of this seriously, and divested of passion, and prejudice.

No man in London knows the first affair of Mr. & Mrs. *Cibber*, and the famous Hopson (her servant) better than I do.—I knew your injuries—but I also knew your *weakness* which occasioned your *misconduct* at the discovery of her perfidy! your *passion* for her, your *distressed* circumstances all combined to drive you precipitately into a depression below the duty of an injured, spirited, thinking man; that degenerate behaviour, by your adversaries, and a censorious world, was soon construed into the *base action* reported.



reported, and generally believed. I can honestly assure you, I did you justice in all companies where it was the universal subject—but *time*, that general devourer, has not only swallowed your story, but a thousand of that nature, since that period; how rational it may be for you to revive it, I must submit to your better judgment, I can only answer for myself—I am against it—but I once more beg you will not think of taking any dangerous step to do yourself injury with the public; which will certainly happen if you attempt to obstruct Mrs *Cibber's* appearing as an actress.

It is at all times dangerous to oppose the popular voice; let me remind you of one instance relative to the point—When this very lady (your wife just then) was cast into the part of *Polly*—she was very young, handsome, and an approved good singer, but particularly adapted for a fine *Polly*; she had every requisite to make the best *Polly* that had ever appeared—And so had Mrs. *Clive* for *Lucy*; it would undoubtedly have been a fine entertainment so performed—But, *Clive* was then (from her many excellent characters in comedy) in the possession of the public voice—She was disgusted at the thoughts of losing *Polly*, and lodged her complaint—what a storm was raised! but their favorite, right or wrong, was to be supported, tho' against judgment and common sense. I remember

I was

I was one of your friends that advised you to give it up—your wife was then new to the stage, and the match, as to popularity, unequal; and so the only opportunity of seeing the *Beggar's opera* in perfection was lost.

But I have tired you as well as myself with preaching.

Adieu.

### L E T T E R LXXVI.

To JOHN TICKELL, Esq. in London.

Dear Sir,

**I**T is of no small concern that business has prevented me from writing to my agreeable friend, as you so long ago requested, knowing you to be in a dangerous place for a man of your sprightly enterprising temper, and one of the *Vertuosi*; but, *Osborne* and *Dodley* will prove to you most attractive; pray remember you have a large library & your fine house at *Glassneven*, and of the best chosen books in Ireland. As you had a good father, a learned man, and a poet of the first class; therefore be a liberal admirer, but a sparing purchaser.

I own

I own I have imbibed so much *Irish patriotism* to detest that hasty, shameful preference given by all the people of this country to the manufactures of London; if there is a small difference, at present, in the commodities, it discovers a total want of that *patriot spirit* which every honest man ought to have for his *country*, if he lays out his money because he would be fashionable, and follow a base custom; there are sharpers and bad workmen among the tradesmen in London; and you may be accommodated with every thing here, much more to your convenience—You see I take the freedom of an old man as well as an old friend,

And affectionate servant.

## L E T T E R LXXVII.

To Doctor Lucas, at Bath.

1753.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the pleasure of your very kind reply to my letter, which brought you to me in the same amiable light you have lived in my memory—but I am to conclude from a gentle reproof in your letter, that I was a little too warm in some of my expressions, or you something too nice. If you met  
a friend

a friend you really loved, after a long absence, would not you be hurt by a cold address? As that was my first letter to you in such a situation, was not my zeal natural? surely it was—Why should I flatter you? believe me every sentiment relative to you came from my heart—a place where compliments never inhabit.

I am concerned to find you are so great a complainant as to be in danger of turning a *misanthrope*! who are the men that have been so inhuman to forget and neglect you at this critical juncture? point them out; name them; by that means we shall see whether *they* are to blame, or *you*; for if we are too hasty and heedless in our alliances with mankind, the product must be *ingratitude*; even affection, when not contained within proper bounds, fails not to produce the same effect as hatred, and frequently meets with the same returns. This leads me to an opinion I have long since entertained, and am very near being confirmed in, that instances of *real misfortune* are very rarely to be found; and that in ninety-nine cases in every hundred so called, the right name is *misconduct*, and not *misfortune*. The *mariners* seem to me to be the men most liable to *real misfortune*, and even there more than half suffer through *misconduct*—a want of judgment to see and guard against the coming storm, or an obstinacy to weather it.

All



All men of an enterprising temper, are liable to misconduct; and most men of genius who have their fortunes to make, must of course be enterprising; but whether am I wandering? It looks as if I was bringing you to the bar of friendship—to be plain then, and to speak the truth, I know it is in your power to make your fortune with honour to yourself, you are in the right way if you will persevere—go on, and prosper; for if *Pope's* doctrine be true—that *whatever is, is right*; why then it is plain your way is marked through ADVERSITY to *fortune and happiness*.

I was so very heedless to forget to enclose Mr. Griffith's proposal in my last letter, which I now do, having an opportunity of sending to you by a safe hand. You will find three different sorts, prices and columns, for the different subscribers. Some of the damask will be ready the latter end of this summer, but whether all the subscribers can be supplied I cannot say. I hope to have another letter from Bath, and beg you will write to me at your return to London, because I will take the liberty of introducing some of my friends to you there, as the only method left me at this distance to shew the respect with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and servant.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

August, 1753.

Dear Sir,

SINCE I well know you are an unaccountable man (and indeed you have so confessed under your hand) I will not treat you as a culprit—but taking it for granted you have a *patent* for treating all mankind with *neglect*, I shall, as you see, pay my respects to it, and follow the real bent of my inclination, which is to love, and forgive you for my share.

I have a little sylph that whispers me we shall yet pass some agreeable hours together—but where, and how, is a secret not yet divulged; at present, the best part of my agreeable, philosophical hours, here, are spent in College-green, with my worthy friend *Doctor Barry*, with whom I sup every Sunday evening through the year; you may guess that you are often our favorite subject—and some late, very whimsical accounts of you have afforded us matter of speculation; however, you know at all events, we are your fast friends. It was at *Doctor Barry's*

*Barry's* table, I first had the pleasure of meeting with the bearer of this letter, Mr. *Angelo*, whom I recommend to your acquaintance, as a gentleman from whom you will receive both pleasure and advantage—He is a complete master of the sciences, and you will find him, in every respect, an accomplished, honest man; observe me, I expect your thanks for introducing this gentleman to you, and desire you will receive him as a proof of that esteem with which I am,

Your real friend,

And servant.

## L E T T E R LXXIX.

To Mr. DODSLEY, Bookseller, in London.

Dublin, August, 1753.

My dear Dodsfley,

MY worthy friend Mr. *Tickell* is just arrived here, and at our first interview he gave me the pleasure of hearing him speak very advantageously of you. He tells me, Sir *William Wolsley* has but very lately apprised you of my intention to be indebted to your care for the printing and publishing a work I have just finished; you have I presume,

VOL. I

P

heard

heard of the subject—It has swelled to three hundred pages in manuscript of a *quarto* size, which perhaps will make about the same number in *octavo*.

I would have it printed on my account, as I take it for granted, you (and any London book-feller) would think me stark mad, if they heard the value I set on the copy. I suppose you will fix the price at two shillings unbound, if it will bear six-pence more, so much the better. I would have three thousand printed off in the first impression; I don't doubt you think that number preposterous—but you are to take this into consideration, that all other *new* books have the curiosity of the public to raise, but that difficulty is conquered already, and not only London, but every county in England is full of expectation; as it is the most unparalleled story, *founded on facts*, that ever appeared since the creation.

I shall send the copy by a safe hand to you, and desire *Sir William Wolsley* (as it is written at his request) to apply to you for a sight of it, because it may be necessary for him to get some able friend of his at the *bar* to look it carefully over, that no offence may be given to the forms of *law*; but I desire the copy may be delivered to no one but *Sir William* in person. The paper and type I shall leave



ORIGINAL LETTERS. 211

leave to your choice, only remember the affidavits must be in *Italic's*.

I know you to be an honest man—and in this case, I expect and desire, that you deal with me as a man of business which admits of no compliment. If you have any doubts about the success of the sale, and of its being able to pay the expence of printing and publishing, let me know it, and I will give you any security in London; for my own part, I shall think myself sufficiently obliged to you, for your care and trouble on this occasion; as the correcting the press must fall to your share; that favour will lay me under an infinite obligation, which I shall gratefully acknowledge whenever you think proper to command the service,

Of your friend and servant,

L E T T E R. LXXX.

To Mrs. IRWIN.

Madam,

I WENT this morning with your brother the doctor, to *Lewis's* to see two unfinished pictures of *Colonel Irwin* and his *Lady*—I gave my opinion of them to the painter—I was pleased with the *Colo-*

*ness*, and think *Lewis* will work it into a good likeness, and a fine picture; but I was instantly charmed with yours; if I did not know the safe judicious hand of the painter, I should beg that the face might be touched no more, least that advantageous likeness, that fine, right expression should be diminished, and (as I have often seen in many instances) painted away; but I expect to see he will improve what he has so greatly begun, and make it what it promises to be, the best picture he has painted in Dublin.

I was curious enough to inquire after the intended decoration of that picture; and how great was my surprise to hear that the fine thinking face I was gazing at, that Madona was to be disgraced by exhibiting a piece of lace to public view—I beg that your thumb may be enclosed in a folded book, and you supposed to be thinking on some passage you had just before been looking at; pray let it be a book, if it is but a music-book.

*Doſtor Barry* was so good to acquaint me last night with the kind reception the Colonel and you gave to my request in favour of poor, banished Miss D—— to Edinburgh. Your brother this morning mentioned *Lady Dorothy Primrose* as a lady of spirit and good nature, that, at your request would give her marks of favour and protec-

tion

tion. As to her merits as an actress, they are good judges, and will I doubt not, reward her to her deserts; but the countenance of some lady of distinction (as you know she was honoured with many here) would make her truly happy. I heard last night at supper the Colonel mention a Captain M——. I would, by no means, have a recommendation to any gentleman, it might be attended with disadvantageous consequence to her as a stranger. Gentlemen are inclined to think lightly of actresses, and often with too much reason. We have sent with her a careful good female servant that has lived with us many years, and that loves her, which was all the assistance we could give—believe me, Madam, I am only anxious for her safety, and that she may escape censure, as she is only gone there for one season, to try her powers for capital characters.

Please to make my compliments to your agreeable *Colonel*, and tell him I will not fail to send Bob Crone to receive his commands for copying *Doctor Barry's* two fine Italian pictures.

I am, Madam,

Your most obliged,

Obedient servant.

## L E T T E R LXXXI.

To the Author of the TRIFLER, No. 6.

SIR,

**I**T was not in the power of the elegant sentiments, the well adapted quotations and allusions in that paper, to compensate for the real regret and concern I felt at reading your resolution to retire, though from an ungrateful public.

I have read that paper with as much attention as pleasure; and esteem it equal in merit with the best of the *Spectators* and *Guardians*.

If, as you have observed the preceding numbers, were written by other hands, you have behaved most maliciously to write with such superiour force, at so provoking a juncture, and to give us, at the same instance, a proof of your superiour abilities for so great an undertaking, and want of philosophy to persevere and conquer.

I have the happiness of an intimacy with two or three men of genius in this city; and will not doubt their concurrence to aid and assist the ingenious



nious author of No. 6, to continue the combat with Vice and Ignorance—It is much too soon to admit despair—You should consider every mortification, and every pang your *Vanity* may feel, as an addition to your *Virtue*.

I am, Sir,

( though unknown, )

Your obliged humble servant.

## L E T T E R LXXXII.

To Miss Knight, in London.

Dublin, Jan. 1754.

Madam,

**I**F amongst the large acquaintance which a lady of your vivacity and fortune must have contracted in London, you have ever met with that odd *being called an author!* you may have observed, when a work of his was going to the press, not only his own attention was absorbed in that point, but he expected the thoughts of all mankind should be employed on the same important subject.

Now though I will not confess so large a share of vanity,—yet as I have been so importantly em-

ployed ever since the arrival of your last agreeable letter, I hope it will plead my excuse for deferring so long my acknowledgement of that favour.

I presume you have heard some few particulars of the strange subject I had to write on, from my sister P——, and others in London—and that the scene of action opened during my residence at Wolfely-hall in the summer 1752—that as a principal evidence for Sir *William Wolfely*, I was obliged to go over into Staffordshire in the April following to make my affidavit, which I did—and returned thro' Wales to Holyhead, and was at home again in six days—before, and since that period I have received a volume of letters from Sir William, and other gentlemen in that neighbourhood, to persuade me to write a narrative of that strange, strange story, but from a natural diffidence of my own abilities, and my aversion to trouble, I should certainly have declined it, if the rational assurance of profiting by it had not prevailed—it found me agreeable amusement for the whole summer—and as I advanced in the work, it gave me more pleasure than I expected.

Your news-papers informed you of Sir William's vanquishing his enemies in the *Court of King's Bench*, and overthrowing the most wicked, iniquitous plan for his destruction that ever was formed by the blackest set of formidable incendiaries; when the book appears I hope it will meet with your approbation.

Our

Our city of Dublin, in the parliament winters, used to be the assembly of all the people of figure and fortune in the kingdom, who have had nothing to do here these thirty years past, but the government business, and pursuing their pleasures—but this winter a very strange thing called *Patriotism* has appeared; and as violent an opposition in the house of commons, as ever was known in England, to the measures of government; which has drove the whole people into the most outrageous spirit of party ever known in this kingdom—the consequence I fear will be fatal to many of these *patriots*; for the KING, no doubt, will support his viceroy; and all within the power of government have lost their places, and pensions—a loss, I dare say, they will have leisure to be sorry for. This, you will suppose, has been very detrimental to all public diversions, and the Theatre has greatly suffered by these commotions—even the *Woffington* (your favourite) has lost her influence, and has the misfortune to exhibit to empty boxes; such is the fate of all sublunary things! Even I am likely to be a sufferer by the accident, for though I am as high as ever in his *Grace of Dorset's* favour, yet this outrageous commotion of state may obstruct the *Duke's* intention to provide for me.

My old friend *Dubourg* left this place for England, six or seven weeks ago, and carried with him

him a large packet of papers for Mrs. P——, and an Irish poplin, as a present from me, which I hear was seized, with other presents to the value of fifty pounds, at Parkgate; but as no man has more interest in London than *Dubourg*, I hope he will be able to recover them. I beg, my dear Madam, when you favour me with your next letter, you will not fail to send me your candid opinion of my niece *Molly P——*, who, I hear, is so happily in your favour as to be taken to *Bath and Tunbridge*, as well as introduced, by you, into the most polite assemblies; as I am sure she is blest with an engaging person—this great advantage must bid fair for *accomplishments*, without which even *Beauty* has little force. You know my passion for that dear girl, therefore indulge me with her picture drawn by you.

I am sorry my letter is extended to so great a length, being unwilling to part with you so soon—another shall prove the truth of it, and with what sincerity I remain,

Dear Madam,

Your obliged, obedient Servant.



## LETTER LXXXIII.

To the Lord S—.

My Lord,

YOUR Lordship has more than once desired my opinion of the new tragedy of *Philoclea*; and though I have great diffidence in assuming the character of the critic, and reluctance to dispraise, yet your Lordship's request is superiour with me to those objections; and, therefore, I shall give my free sentiments of that, it seems, *applauded* performance.

I think the story interesting—but it has fallen into the hands of a young man who has a greater poverty of imagination, and the true poetic genius, than I ever yet met with—the plan, (though pleasing, (at least the three first acts) is yet so irregular, as to the unities, that it would disgrace criticism to make the attack there—and, I must observe, where we meet with so shameful a breach of them, as in this play, we must have many striking beauties to make atonement; and now, my dear Lord, let us enquire after them—Is it the propriety

propriety of the characters? No—many of them are absurd. Is it the sentiment? No. Is it in the diction? No, by Heaven! for such real simplicity of stile I never yet met with; who would believe that the principal character in the play, (*Philocles*) in the first capital scene, should make use of the following poor, low, common prosaic phrase——

“ Then I am glad of it with all my soul.”

At the end of the second act, a messenger enters so like those in Chronon, and the Rehearsal——

“ Bright Princess, her Majesty, the Queen,  
“ Hath sent me to invite you to a banquet.”

Again with the King and his Viceroy——

“ I wish, my Lord, I'd known of this before :  
“ Had you told me you had no other cause  
“ For your retirement, than such an oracle,  
“ E'er this I would have taught you to despise it.”

Is it not strange that such wretched, lame, palpable passages as these should escape the notice of a judicious friend? or even the actors, who were to speak, or hear them spoken? especially as my friend, Mr. Barry, stands complimented in the preface for his judgment in the *considerable alterations*, which, I dare say, were considerable, as the  
author

author was his friend and countryman—a young gentleman of the temple.

But to keep up to my usual candour, I must make one quotation which would do credit to any young author—a speech of the amorous Queen's in the opening of the second act—

“ We shall be blest beyond conception's reach !  
 “ Under the happy veil of thy disguise,  
 “ With most unbounded freedom we may love,  
 “ And give a loose to every tender joy !  
 “ No dull reserve shall damp our sprightly blifs !  
 “ No apprehension hang upon our thoughts,  
 “ But free as nature, uncontroul'd, we'll love,  
 “ When o'er the earth night spreads her fable veil,  
 “ To screen the blushes of consenting love !”

And yet there are some little inaccuracies in this speech—there are three lines end with the word *love*, and in one place but an intervening line. Then follows—

“ And in the wilderness there is a cave.”

A miserable line, I am sorry for—but these little blemishes struck off, that whole speech might be called true landscape painting.

I presume, by this time, your Lordship plainly perceives my opinion of this performance—As to the applause that was given to it, I have ceas'd to wonder

222 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

wonder after what I heard were bestowed on *Jones's Earl of Essex*, which, though patronized by two noble Lords, is surely contemptible writing.

I remain,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

To Mr. LOVE, at Limerick, Manager of the Summer Company in that City.

July, 1754.

S I R,

**I**HAD the unexpected concern of reading your very melancholly account of the sad prospect before you, by the disappointment of four actors, who, as they destroy themselves by their misconduct, must, of course, do injury to those they are connected with—in this dilemma *you desire me either to assist you by forwarding the above mentioned men,* OR ANY OTHERS.

Now, Sir, to shew you at one stroke, my regard for your welfare, I went directly to the *Turners*, and after fixing on the *blocks*, I gave directions for the



the turning four players for your present purpose, and have had the names of those you want, *Layfield*, *Cunningham*, *Elrington* and *C—*, fixed on the said *blocks*; by the power of transmigration they are also investigated with the qualities of those they represent. You will find that called *Layfield*, an honest, jovial fellow, who will hurt nobody but himself. *Cunningham's* block has some comic humour in it, and therefore for fear of spoiling that good quality, I made the turner leave it unfinished. That called *Joe Elrington* is very like him, a grave, majestic looking man, addicted to melancholly—if you should miss him at any time, you will find him in the chimney corner, looking like one of the *Stuarts* in exile. That called *C—*, is to all intents and purposes the very man—He was begot by a pedling Jew on the body of a strolling actress, from the father he derives his dextrous art of dealing in Kerry stones—and from his mother his love to the stage. He will be of this use to your company, besides that of a good prompter; he is sure to pick the pockets of the actresses by trinckets and false jewels—but then they get it all from him again by his intrigues, bail-bonds, &c. &c.

These are all under the care of different carriers, and will be with you soon after this letter. I hope to have your thanks for the trouble I have given myself; and the service they will do you, if properly

perly employed—I will be bound for them, they will neither desert nor misbehave:

As to Dublin news, I am daily employed in cleaning the Augæan stable, and am determined to shew you as complete a Theatre as any you ever saw in London. Some days ago I signed articles with two painters, *Carver* and *Clay*—this agreement was made by Mr. Lewis, and I am quite satisfied with the men.

'Till I have the pleasure of seeing you, at the approaching season, in Dublin—Health and success.

Yours, &c.

# L E T T E R LXXXV.

To M. D. Esq.

My dear Friend,

**I** HEAR, by a letter just received from London, that you are in sorrow. No point of distress, in this life, in my imagination, is more sharp than what a fond parent suffers by the loss of a favourite child; and still more afflicting when lost by acts

of

Vol.

of disobedience, than death—but you will suppose I have taken up my pen to *alleviate* the pangs you must feel on this occasion; having found it among the many errors of human nature, that we are too apt to assist our evil genius, by magnifying our misfortunes, and making them appear greater than they really are.

It must be of service to you, my dear friend; to go upon this enquiry—Your daughter has committed an act of disobedience, by marrying without your consent, or knowledge; this action, where the fond parent is rich, and carefully providing for the future welfare of an only child, is a most afflicting circumstance; this is granted—Well, but though some part of your exalted hopes are gone, is your child wholly lost? that is the important question remaining—has she married a man of an infamous character? a man bred to no profession? If she has been so unhappy, why then you must take her home to you again (after she has felt some of the misery she has wedded, and is become a true penitent) with all her folly on her head; but if she has not been so indiscreet, and what report says, be true—that she is married to a handsome young man of science, and a proficient, and one you made a frequent visitor in your house, which is a proof of his having a fair character: If these particulars are facts, I should really be inclined to hope, that

VOL. I.

Q

good

good may arise out of this disagreeable evil, and, after a little time employed to wear out the resentment, contracted by this act of *disobedience*, that you will behave like yourself—a *good father*!

Permit me, my friend, to tell you a short story, a little similar to this occasion: A certain very worthy, sensible Lord, very near you, had the mortification to hear that one of his daughters was married to his coachman, an honest man, who had been some years in his family—As soon as his Lordship heard it, he sent for his daughter into his closet, and charged her with it—the young Lady fell on her knees, and confessed her crime—Her father (with great composure) told her, he hoped she had considered well before she took so extraordinary a step, and fully determined to adapt her conduct and future life to the condition of her husband; and with that gentle admonition she withdrew, and *John* was sent for, who, you will suppose, appeared before his Lord with all those palpatations and tremblings that became so great a culprit—but his master soon told him, as his daughter was no girl, he thought her most to blame in this affair, since it must be of her promoting; and since she could forget her birth, her education, and fortune, and sacrifice all to be his wife, he thought the temptation too great for him to withstand, and therefore (added this noble philosopher)



lofopher) I have fent for you to tell you what I will do, *John*—because you are my fon-in-law, think not I will attempt to make you, what nature has forbid, a *gentleman*! No—I will take a proper houfe for you, give you two good coaches, and a fet of good horfes, with five hundred pounds to fet the wheels a going; and let me hear that you behave like an honeft man, and a good husband.

I have been well informed this happy couple live, at this time, at the upper end of the Hay-market—that the man is rich with a good character, and the wife happy, and the mother of fix children.

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and fervant.

# L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO HENRY BROOKE, Esq. Author of *Gustavus Vafa*.

August, 1754.

Dear Sir,

I HAD your favour this morning—your observation is juft—*Party* is too ready to oppofe, and *Malice* to mifinterpret—and you muft undoubtedly

doubtedly steer as clear as possible of those dangerous rocks!

I would have the antiquity and utility of the stage illustrated; and that it is the ambition of the present managers, to make the Irish Theatre vie with any that have been, or that now exist—that it shall be their chief care to support its dignity, as a national honour.

I would not have the word *Party* introduced, or the least notice that it ever peep'd its ugly head into the Theatre, because the *Patriots*, and sprightly bucks will take it as a reproach on themselves—or if not on them, on the late manager, which you, as well as I, would carefully avoid.

I have taken so much pains and care (to say nothing of the expense) in the repairing and ornamenting the Theatre (which is a thing you know depends chiefly on taste) that I hope to shew you the most complete, elegant play-house in the three kingdoms.

As there are such great alterations and improvements in the Theatre, and as the conduct is in new hands, I think a new prologue, at the opening will not only be expected, but acceptable; and, therefore, I am right in my application, by

way

way of obtaining a good one. Your polite manner in complying with my request, adds very much to the obligation conferred on,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant.

# LETTER LXXXVII.

To Mr. SPRANGER BARRY, in London.

Sept. 19, 1755.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely glad to find by Mr. Sowden's last letter, that the negociation between you (which has taken up as much time as the congress at *Aix la Chapel*) is at last compleated, and that I shall have the happiness of renewing that friendship with you, which was warmly begun in 1746.

I can assure you, no people since the creation were ever so well prepared to receive an actor, with universal applause, as the good *Hibernians* of Dublin are, to congratulate the return of Mr. Barry; and, indeed, as your own terms are complied with, how weak are all the objections that can be offered to your leaving London! What!

Q 3

that

*that your place may be supplied—by whom? they pay you a very ill compliment who say that. Believe me, as novelty is the very soul of all public entertainments, an angel of a performer will cloy, and have the mortification to perform to empty benches, if he continues too long on the same spot; I have seen many instances of this; therefore absence will convince them of your superior qualifications, and when they have been disagreeably entertained with untuneable voices, they will languish for your harmony, and make your return a most desirable circumstance.*

Mr. Sowden, in a late letter, mentioned a *summer expedition*—If that gentleman had sufficiently considered the constitution and present situation of the *Irish Theatre-Royal*, he would be far from offering it so much disrespect, as by that motion. If such an adventure had been proposed by Mr. Sheridan, and Mrs. Woffington to either of the London Theatres—pray how would it have been received? If this Theatre is capable of paying the same, if not *larger salaries*, than those in London, has it not a natural right to the *same performers?* and consequently to the same respect,

It has been said by some weak observer, that Booth, Wilks, or Cibber, never came to Ireland; they did not most certainly when *managers*, nor  
did



did they ever go to *Bartholomew Fair*! for *that* Place and *this* were in those days in much the same estimation for their dramatic performances! but *time* has produced many such changes—and this theatre which now vies with London, may very soon prove a powerful rival!

I take it for granted that your performance here will prove the truth of this bold assertion, and give real satisfaction to all true lovers of this country; and to none more than to your very sincere friend and servant,

## L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset, in London.

Sept. 1754.

My Lord,

**T**HOUGH I had the frequent honour of amusing your grace at the castle of Dublin, last winter in some of your retired hours—the appearing thus before you, demands an apology for the intrusion—but if this address should have the good fortune to come to your hands in your retirement from public business, and should contain the least amusement, I rest assured it will procure my pardon.

Q 4

I remem-

I remember your grace was informed before your departure, that the management of the theatre was in my hands:—the late manager's affairs demanded the loan of two thousand pounds which I was to raise for him—for which his wardrobe, and the leases of both theatres were to be mortgaged—and by another deed he set them to me for two years, paying him five pounds every night of performance. Mr. Sowden (an actor here who came hither with the hopes of being a joint manager with Mr. Sheridan) having one thousand pounds for that purpose, I have taken him as my colleague—and thus, my lord, this affair was compleated on the first day of June last—Mr. Sowden went off for London immediately to engage actors for the approaching season, and left me to repair and direct the theatre, which was greatly wanted.

When I waited on Mrs. *Woffington* to take my leave, at her setting out for London—I told her I thought it for her interest as well as ours, that she should be engaged next winter there—but I found the lady greatly chagrined at the disappointment of not receiving proposals from me—at which I told her—as she would find Mr. Sowden in London, if it was her desire to return, whatever terms they agreed on should have my hearty concurrence: I have heard from him that they met on that occasion—but on the lady's declaring she expected the same salary she received from Mr. Sheridan

(eight

(eight hundred pounds) he very wisely got rid of the subject as fast as he could—and indeed, my lord, though no man has a higher sense of that lady's superiour and extensive merit than I have, yet that great salary cannot be given even to her the fourth season! because novelty is the very spirit and life of all public entertainments—and to succeed the scene must be changed.

We have accordingly engaged Mr. *Barry* and Miss *Noffiter*, and Mrs. *Gregory* the new actress that appeared with such success last winter at Covent-Garden theatre—those three, with three others of the middling sort, with two capital dancers, are all our importation this season.

Mr. *Sheridan* sets out for London this week, having employed all his summer in the country in writing his book on education, and his academical project—It will, at least, do him this service, it will prove him a scholar, and one who has knowledge in the branches of education.

The English news papers have engaged him as an actor at the theatre in Covent-Garden—but he never had any such intention:—All he proposes is to make choice of whatever theatre Mrs. *Woffington* is engaged in—as he will then have an opportunity of reviving the *Ulysses*—the *Phædra*—and *Brooke's Essex*—on shares—they would be new in London, and

and in which they are both of mutual advantage to each other.

As to myself—I shall take every step that prudence can direct to obstruct that *monster party* from putting his ugly head again into the theatre! the *lord mayor elect* (alderman Baily) is my friend; and I have already had medals struck for his *lordship* and the *sheriffs*, by which I hope to secure their presence at every performance:—but as I have the pleasure of assuring your grace that the *monster* is in a very declining state, I hope very shortly to send an account of his death and burial!

That your *grace* may return in health and happiness to this kingdom the wished-for *viceroi*; and that I may have the honour, as the established laureat, to sing the *I. O. Paean* to that triumph! is the fervent prayer of,

My Lord,

Your grace's truly devoted and  
obliged servant.



## LETTER. LXXXIX.

To Philo Dramaticus.

October, 1754.

S I R,

I HAD your favour of the first instant—and tho' the present perplexity of my situation (being at the head of a company in which there are several undisciplined recruits) would sufficiently apologize for my silence to letters from incognito's, yet there is something singular in yours that demands an answer.

There are three gentlemen now with us (two of them from England) of some promise as to figure and fashion, that are come to try their theatrical fortunes—as we have them before us—we can very soon form a judgment as to their *requisites*—without a good person, and a fine clear, strong, voice—all the judgment in the world will avail little to form the *hero*! but with those blessings the road to success may be short and easy.

Give me leave to observe to you that nothing is more common in life than for people to mistake *inclination for genius*! I would therefore advise you to hold

hold up to yourself the most faithful *mirror* you can meet with;—if you are blest, with the necessary *requisites*, and the impulse to this intended enterprize arises from *REAL genius*, rest assured you will not fail of meeting with encouragement from the *public!* and then a welcome reception from the *managers* is a sure and certain consequence.

When you please to be more explicit, you may depend on a proper reply from

Sir, yours &c.

## LETTER XC.

TO SACKVILLE BALE, Esq. private Secretary  
to his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

March, 1755.

SIR,

**I**HAD the favour of your transporting letter! and thank you for the polite manner in which you have conveyed my happiness!\* but the overflowings of my grateful heart to the noble author cannot be expressed by words, nor contained in the narrow bounds of this paper! it is now no small de-

\* At the Duke's request his Majesty had fixed me on the Irish establishment.

light

light to me to boast my miniature drawing of his grace—twenty-seven years ago—it was inserted in a congratulatory poem I had the honour to present to the late PRINCE OF WALES on his arrival in London, in the year 1728, in which I endeavored to draw the characters of the leading nobility—the happy lines are these

“ A love of learning, and a judgment clear—

“ An elegance refin’d—a soul sincere—

“ In one bright view th’ accomplish’d DUKE we see!

“ These are thy virtues DORSET,—*thou art HE!*

You must excuse me Sir, if I am now a little vain of my own poetry! since it is the first time I had ever any reason to be so—and to think them equal in merit to any four lines in the English language! and what now charms me is, that this little drawing was clear of flattery, as I had not at the time they were written the least desire, or prospect of *fee* or *reward*—nor of coming within his grace’s notice; and which did not happen till twenty-five years after; but HEAVEN, and its good *minister* DORSET, are just!

I have no news from this confined sphere to amuse you with, but the following ridiculous anecdote of that dying *monster party*. At our opening the theatre we were dreadfully threatened with the demand that was to be made on us by the town for the performance of *Mahomet* (that fatal play to the

the late manager) it was to be the first play—now Sir, my first reason for coming to such great terms with Mr. Barry and Mrs. Gregory, was, that such popular performers would be followed; and that the wantonness of *party* would be soon lost in the delights of the stage; this proved true for two months—but alas! they began to be surfeited with their happiness—and then anonymous letters came to hand to desire *Mabomet*—but finding those ineffectual—a letter was brought me by a young gentleman from the college signed with several names—I told the bearer nothing but the unanimous demand of an audience could justify the managers either to the government, or in the opinion of men of sense for performing a play which had been the occasion of so much mischief and commotion!—about three weeks ago that demand came upon us—when the actor advanced to give out the play—they opposed him and called for *Mabomet* and *managers*—Mr. Sowden went on to know their pleasure----they demanded *Mabomet*—he desired a few minutes to retire as to consult with me----he then went on to know if it was the unanimous request of that audience that the tragedy of *Mabomet* should be given out? and the ayes had it, not a single negative----he then said as soon as the actors could be ready (as Mr. Sheridan, Mrs. Woffington, Mr. Digges, &c. had left the theatre) that play should be performed----and on Tuesday last it was  
acted



acted; and though it was in every mouth what a thundering house there would be, it ended in sixty pounds—very few in the boxes—and the other parts half full—such are the proofs of the dying party! all the leaders absented themselves, to shew their disapprobation—but the young *patriots* present, encored their favourite speech, which they enjoyed; and thus ended this famous, ridiculous affair.

I beg you will present my humblest and most respectful thanks to his *grace* for the great honour of living in his memory—It is my *duty* now, on all occasions, to shew my *gratitude*.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obliged,

Obedient Servant,

N. B. Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Bale.

## LETTER XCI.

To Mr. BARRY,

(On the character of King Lear.)

Dublin, May, 1755.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OU have engaged me in a very unpleasant office—the probing of wounds—but if I can be any way serviceable, and contribute to your speedy cure, I shall be amply rewarded.

I need not repeat what I have so often asserted—that you have powers for the character of *Lear*, and the audience, last night, confirm'd that opinion, by an uncommon applause, which was far from partial—you deserved it from them—but you have too much judgment, not to feel, most sensibly, your own defects, which (as you were happy in most of the shining parts of the character) are only owing to your want of time and attention, to digest and settle yourself to your own satisfaction.

To

To begin with you—I must observe, you did little more in the first scene than look the character well; a more firm, nervous tone of voice is wanting to support the dignity of *Lear*, in those little, yet important passages. The animated, angry part with *Kent*, was well executed; so was the scene which ends with that dreadful *curse*, but it will be more complete the next time you speak it, as you were convinced of the remark I made that night, in your dressing-room—*That the voice should be broke on the three last words—*

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is

should be expressed in the sharpest notes of anguish; and then the voice broken on the following words——

“To have—a thankless child!”

for when the voice is broke sooner, what is to follow is lost.

This granted, we shall pass on to the mad scenes, were Mr. *Garrick* is, indeed, *inimitable!* from his peculiar command of the muscles; his spirit, and well settled business; with you, there was too great a langour, which seem’d (as it really was) as if for want of practice, you had not sufficiently digested the business; and in the

capital scene, where he enters crowned with straw, the transitions were not mark'd strong enough—as a variety of vague looks and tones are wanting to mark every passage in that fine scene! as in the two following——

“Ay—*did* I not, fellow?——Ay—every INCH a KING!”

You should swell with a pleasurable sound; with as much dignity as possible, for there the old king exults in his royalty. This pompous, pleasing passage, sets off the following snarling start——

“Thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand.”

And those transitions must be spoken as quick as lightning, for that marks the madness stronger than any circumstance whatever.

In the celebrated soliloquy in *Othello*, where there are variety of sentiments——

“This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,

“And knows all qualities with a learn’d spirit

“Of human dealings——*She’s gone! I am abused!*

There, you see, if there is not a judicious pause to make way for the transition of thought, it would be nonsense—but in madness that quick transition is a beauty, as it marks the malady—



It must also be assisted by a vague, wild, unsettled eye; which you wanted, and must practice—I am of opinion, the painter can assist your face on that occasion—which I will explain to him, and you, when we meet.

The *couch scene*, and the recovery of your senses, were happily expressed—so that if the criticks should not allow you to be the best *mad* actor, you must content yourself with being one of the most *rational* actors, living.

Your manner of expressing the transports of *Lear*, in the last scene, at the restoration, was extremely well executed.

I cannot, at a safer juncture, take my leave of this dangerous subject, and subscribe myself,

Your sincere friend,

And servant.

## LETTER XCII.

To the Rev. Mr. ROTHERY, at Chelsea.

Dublin, October, 1755.

Dear Sir,

**I** AM quite unsatisfied with myself, in regard to my behaviour to you—I think the very friendly favours you conferred on us, when in London, deserve greater acknowledgments than I had either leisure, or attention to make you; I must, therefore, depend on your good-nature for a pardon for all omissions—I retain a grateful sense of your favours; and beg you to rest assured that nothing wou'd give me greater pleasure than an opportunity to prove it, by more than words.

It is impossible to describe the ease, and pleasure, with which my poor wife performed that long journey, considering the bad condition, and the unpromising hope of such an happiness; she was so frequently distressed at our sister P——'s, that the thoughts of the fatigues of the journey gave me great disquiet; but my fears dispersed after the first day—the easiness of the post chaise gave her spirits—and after going forty-three miles three successive

successive days, she was walking in the gardens at *Wolfeley-ball* on the fourth morning, with the same ease and composure that you saw her on her best mornings at Chelsea—We lay two nights at *Wolfeley*; when, after a journey of seventy miles more, we reached Parkgate, and our own house, in Dublin, the ninth day from our leaving London; this was wonderful! but I have still a greater to relate—We sailed from Parkgate, at noon, with a wind quite fair, but so furious as to be able to carry us into the port of Dublin in twelve hours—In the morning, our captain was too wise to run too near the lee-shore, as the tide would not serve to carry us over Dublin bar, 'till ten o'clock; all our sails were taken down, and we lay tumbling in a mountainous sea, equal to the Bay of Biscay; all our bottles, glasses, and every thing brittle, in all the cabbins, were dashed to pieces; which, with the pewter, and knives and forks, made horrid music to this dreadful entertainment! All persons on board, even sailors, were sick; all but my poor wife! who was less fatigued, and appeared so, after it was over, than any of the young women in the ship! was not this amazingly providential? because violent sickness, in her sad condition, must have threatened her with death.

We opened the Theatre on Wednesday the first of this instant, and have performed a few plays, all in peace; this gives us a fair and unexpected prospect. Who knows but *fortune* may be wearied out with frowning on me, and I may, at last, creep into the circle of her favorites!

I remain, (with the most affectionate regard for my sister Rothery)

Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant.

### L E T T E R XCIII.

To Master W. P. P. at Eaton-School.

Dublin, October, 1755.

My dear Nephew,

**W**E enjoyed many happy hours together, last summer, in London, to our mutual satisfaction: I had some grave hints given me, that the freedoms with which we lived, introduced frequent familiarities that no way suited our years—it might be so. It is very much in the power of every formal senior to preserve his *dignity*; but I chuse rather to make a sacrifice of *that*, than of the pleasures I enjoyed in the pastimes and follies of innocent



innocent youth! I most heartily pity the man that cannot descend to *trifle*; but I am, perhaps, somewhat singular, in that particular, for I declare I find more real delight in the infant ideas of very young people of a promising genius, than in the conversations of men and women, some very few excepted.

But let not those fooleries, which we indulged in, when together, appear against us on paper—Let us now converse like gentlemen—and don't suspect me of jesting with you, or flattery, when I tell you it will be very much your own fault if you are not a *complete gentleman*—God has been bountiful in his gifts, and your education has been well attended to; for which you have obligations to the Reverend Mr. *Rothery* (your uncle) for his care and attention, to prepare you for that great seminary of which you are now a member—All I have to recommend is, a constant application to English oratory, by that I mean an accurate, and critical knowledge of the English language; its harmony, copiousness, and variety of expression, are not to be acquired without much application, You should also go into the practice of *fencing*, and *dancing*, which will be attended with many advantages. Your early knowledge in the vegetable world, and your progress in the character of the *florist*, is very laudable; but as you have a

natural bashfulness, and a reluctance to company, and the public eye, it is very necessary to begin to convince you, that your life is not to be wasted in obscurity, and in the pursuit of a butterfly.

But above all, I am charmed to find you possessed of an open, honest, generous heart; that is the only *basis* on which your future happiness can be founded—never let the follies of youth infect your morals; constantly adhere to *truth*, and nothing can ever injure you; and since I am turned preacher, indulge me, my dear boy, with one caution more, which is, to avoid contracting a liking to wine—ill habits are hard to conquer—and, in your florid habit of body, a too frequent use of wine would be dangerous.

I wish it was in my power to prevail on you, and my dear Molly, to turn advocates for *inoculation*; but I hope the happy return of your father will bring that necessary work to bear—I think I can depend on his known good sense not to suffer *three such children* to run the hazard of falling a prey to that cruel disease, by which he lost his first.

I have done—and to tell you the truth, I shall think the time very long 'till I have another ramble with you—it must be an annual frolic—and the

year

year I miss that happiness will bring sorrow on its back:—You are often in my mind, and the agreeable impression you have made there, affords a satisfactory pleasure to,

Your truly affectionate Uncle.

P. S. Since I wrote the above (waiting for a frank) your letter, directed to *Wolfeley-ball*, came to hand: the delay was occasioned by Sir *William's* being from home at some horse race—I got Mr. *Sheridan's* letter enclosed in your merry Epistle—it made me laugh heartily, which I have been long a stranger to—I thank you for the extracts from B—'s letter; she is a complete negro when she writes or speaks—give my love to your mother, and those two agreeable girls you call sisters—once more adieu—write to me often, my dear Billy—if any good news arrives from the West-Indies, give it wings to fly hither.

## L E T T E R XCIV.

To Miss P—,

*(With a copy of verses enclosed, which are lost.)*

November, 1755.

My dear Neice,

**I**SHOULD prove myself a very unwelcome, as well as an unfashionable correspondent, if my first address to a very fine young lady, were not made to her *beauty*! now, I am apprehensive our graver and wiser friends will call this feeding your vanity—if they do I must differ from them in opinion—I think a lovely young lady, of your age, may be permitted to have some little consciousness of her treasure, that she may know how to set a proper value on it.

All men pay the tribute due to beauty! the lady therefore so dangerously circumstanced, should be so used to *common-place admiration*, as to disregard what she is sure to meet with from every one—and *that* I take to be the best security against particulars! and the mischiefs that attend falling into love improperly on the female side; and by that means being unhappily married!

But



But natural good sense, improved by a polite education (both which you are in the possession of) is the best security against those impending dangers. *Beauty* without *accomplishments* is of little worth; for if we look into history we shall find that the women who have made the greatest figure in the world, and have captivated and governed the greatest heroes in it, were not *beauties*! they are celebrated for their *accomplishments*! and agreeable in their persons; of this we see daily proofs, that the women plain in their person, but blest with *good sense*, *good nature*, and a *polite education*, will not only captivate more hearts, but her reign will be happy and lasting! while the *peevish beauty*, who depends upon the charms of her face alone, will meet with neglect, and contempt, even from those who were once her greatest admirers!

I have dwelt longer on this point, to shew you, my dear niece, the *advantages* that are before you; which *time*, and a close application on your part, will make your own.

But before I part with my dearest Polly, and this subject—I must prove myself your true friend, by laying before you a complaint which was made to me, when in London, by one, who I know loves you best, and has your welfare most at heart:—

“ Her fear, that there will be two dreadful bars to  
“ your ever being an *accomplished beauty*! that you

“ are

“are likely to want *good health*, and *good nature*!” Your ill state of health is a misfortune which we all lament; but if, from any perverseness in your temper, you oppose those methods your physician directs for its re-establishment, you will convert that into a fault, which would otherwise only have been your misfortune—you will not only lose the only chance that bids fair for your recovery, but will incur the danger of forfeiting that compassion which a docile and yielding disposition never fails to require, and which is indeed the sovereign balm of life; whilst the whole amount of your gains will be a temporary indulgence, followed by self-reproach, that will add gaul to the bitterness of sorrow.—I shall conclude this disagreeable part of my letter with the following truths, which I must beg you to believe eternal, and, to keep them for ever in your mind, viz. that there can be no BEAUTY without HEALTH—and no real *happiness* without GOOD-NATURE!

Before I leave my dear girl, I must insist on your writing me a letter very soon:—As also that you do not apply to books, or call in the assistance of any friend:—consult your own dear heart—and then give me your thoughts in their own dress—fear nothing—I am ready to give allowances for more errors than, I dare say, you will commit—  
that

that is the only way to compensate *absence* from those we love, and to give pleasure to your,

Affectionate, &c.

Beauteous creator of the tender heart!

Is there no world where friends shall never part?

L E T T E R XCV.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset, in London.

My Lord,

November, 1775.

WHEN I had the honour of taking my leave of your Grace in London, the polite manner with which you permitted me to be in the list of your correspondents has dwelt ever since in my thoughts; and I shall not fail to enjoy that honour as often as my fear of becoming troublesome will let me.

As to the theatrical state, I have nothing to lay before your Grace but troubles, the cold reception Mr. *Arne's* proposals, for three English operas, met with—the sickness of those he called his capital fingers—and the tedious delay, and indisposition  
of

of Mr. *Mossop*, when both the operas and he were to have appeared long before this time; these are accidents which have thrown a dull face on the affairs of the theatre;—and for the *political* state, I presume your Grace is well informed from the ablest hands. I went, one of the early days, to the House of Commons, where I had the pleasure of seeing the appearance of peace and good humour in every face! and thus, my Lord, stands the history of popular *patriotism* from the beginning of time. *All grievances are redressed, when such patriots are provided for!* at least, till a new set are engaged! Coming from the House of Commons, the other day, with a gentleman—one of the news-men met us in full cry with papers, one of which he offered us, calling it the *Grievances of Ireland!* says I “*be-  
“ gone fellow--all grievances are now redressed*”---the man replied very honestly—“*by G—d, master, I am very sorry for it.*”

The politicians of this city have been employed these ten days past on the merits of the *Wexford election*, at the bar of the House of Commons—and the house has been crowded every day with both sexes—and to entertain the ladies politely, I heard the celebrated *Colonel Arsdale* say, in a speech of his on the *converts* who poll'd at that election, against whom there were many debates—that for his part, he esteemed the *convert* who married a  
*protestant*

*protestant* wife, much more than the *protestant* who married a *papist* wife ; for, though he could not be said to take *popery* by the head, yet *he certainly took it by the tail*. I presume your Grace knows that *Ram* and *Lee* were the two contending candidates ; —upon which another wit, or rather quibbler, asked his friends at the coffee-house “ well—were any of you at the battle of *Ram-i-lee*, yesterday ? ” This famous battle ended last night in favour of *Colonel Ram*, the petitioner, by a majority of nine.

But to return to my province—My *Lord Lieutenant* gave us the honour of his presence at the theatre on Saturday, to see the *Distressed Mother*—this was done at the request of *Lord Claremont*, who wanted to see Mrs. *Gregory* in *Hermione*—As Mr. *Mossop* arrived that week, this noble lord, who was acquainted with him, went to persuade him to perform *Orestes*—but *Mossop*, who might be a little ill, made himself worse, and was so weak to refuse that opportunity of a glorious onset.

I hope, in a little time, to be provided with better news relating to,

Your Grace's most devoted,

obliged servant.



## L E T T E R XCVI.

To my Neice Miss P——, in London.

February, 1756.

**T**HE pleasure of a letter from my dearest Polly was as unexpected as welcome, and the difficulty with which my fair corespondent wrote it, though it renews my concern for your sufferings, yet it adds to the favour.

I was always pleased to hear from your brother's letters, that you retain your spirits. I have hopes that your youth, aided by the growing spring, will enable you to weather this frightful storm, that has invaded my dear girl. You say, you hope to be able to walk by the time we have the pleasure of meeting in the summer—I hope so to—but observe, my poor dear sufferer, if you should be lame for ever (which God forbid) though hard that cruel fate, you must submit to it—and that necessary patience and submission to the will of *God*, will lay the proper foundation for all your other duties in this life.

If you should be deprived of an occasion to adorn and ornament your body, why then you will

will turn your thoughts, and application, to adorn and improve your mind, that happier acquisition, accompanied with that politeness and sweetness of temper (which I hope you will not fail to be blest with) will make you still amiable, and consequently more beloved—and has my fairest flower been so soon nipped by a cruel wintry frost? yet I will hope, not blighted.

I hope my dearest girl feels a due sense of duty, affection and gratitude for the best of mothers; whose affliction has been great on your account; and to whose care alone even this chance of your recovery is owing; let that dwell for ever in your memory.

I shall impatiently expect frequent relief from the anxiety your letter has filled me with, from your good brother, 'till when, I must subscribe myself,

Your afflicted, affectionate &c.

## L E T T E R XCVII.

To JAMES DONALDSON, Esq. in London.

February, 1756.

Dear Don.

I HAD your very obliging reply to my last letter, and was highly entertained with the fatirical wit with which it is filled—your description of the burletta people (*the spilleta*) and of Count B—, were inimitable. As to the humorous Hottentots, let them remain in the full enjoyment of the flavour of their native garlick; it is a stink not worth purchasing at their price. Who sent for them to London? Were they not adventurers? Are they not literally strollers? and if ever they come to this kingdom, it must be on those terms.

I was very much surprized at your saying my account of *Mossop's* success would with difficulty gain credit in the purlieus of Covent Garden; how could it happen that *truth*, seconded by probability and likelihood, should be received with difficulty? I should rather have thought that a report of his *ill* success here would have met with discredit, in a place where he had so lately been an approved

approved actor; but since you tell me that reports of his performances here, have been spread to his disfavour, it is incumbent on me, who was the sole cause of bringing him hither, to assure you, on my honour, that such reports are false and scandalous. He has performed eighteen nights, and the receipts are above two thousand pounds—This must be allowed great success for Dublin; and his reputation, as a capital actor, is firmly established here.

You express yourself like a very young man indeed, when you mention your resentment against the *fashion* that takes away the applause due to *merit*, by suffering *Barry* to perform his principal characters to empty benches, whilst *Garrick's Solomon* (as you call it) fills his house every night.\* A little more experience will shew you how natural it is. It should be so—It is the common appetite to call for variety—*Venison* and *wild fowl* will soon surfeit—and *Solomon*, or any *gundy*, will be preferred.

You desire to know the state of our theatrical affairs here. We have a prospect of better success before us than last year. Mr. *Sowdon* is in health, but dissatisfied, and has advertised the sale of his

\* By this is meant his inventive faculty for lucky little pieces and exhibitions.

share of the mortgage this month past—the Lord above knows his true reason for doing this—I neither know, nor care. I suppose he apprehends that if Mr. *Sberidan* can be fortunate enough to raise one thousand, it will pay one of us off, and that will be him. Mr. *Sberidan* has many friends here who would assist his restoration.

You mention overtures received, and terms returned by Mr. D——'s; I heard such overtures were made by Mr. Smith the attorney, some time in November, but it was impossible for us to think of adding so great a charge to our company then settled—I say this as we were then circumstanced. I think Mr. D——'s an acceptable acquisition to any company, and capable of being a very useful actor—but no more.

I beg you will write as often as you can to

Your obliged friend,

And servant.



## L E T T E R XCVIII.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

April 5, 1756.

My Lord,

**T**HE fear of intruding too far on the honour your Grace was pleased to confer on me, has kept me silent thus long, resting assured the important occurrences of state are transmitted to your Grace by abler hands.

The happy downfall of mock patriotism here, has been the favorite subject of all the politicians in the three kingdoms—but the effects in this city are violent—and those who of late most industriously roused that roaring lion, called *party-rage*, now feel its fury most justly turned upon themselves, and tremble at a monster of their own creating.

But I shall only acquaint your Grace of such anecdotes as are within my own knowlege, and unknown to others—My friend *Vannoſt*, who has juſt finiſhed the moſt elegant *equiſtrian ſtatue of his majeſty* in the three kingdoms, ſome time before

made a very fine bust of the late S——, and a subscription was opened with great spirit by the patriots for the bust, at four guineas, and fifty subscribed for—but, alas! the patriot S—— fell before half the busts were delivered, and *Vannost* has thirty of them on his hands rejected and despised. And as he is going to make an auction of all the heaps and figures in his workshop, intending only to apply himself to the public works; I thought it an opportunity for him to make a compliment to the noble lord, by declaring his reluctance to putting his busts in the auction, and at the same time observing that *Vannost's* circumstances rendered him not well able to sustain the loss—but this letter produced nothing but a cold answer; at which I advised him (as they will not sell for much) to knock them to pieces, as the best sort of compliment he can make him.

George Faulkner has just now received an account from Trim, that the mob had just burnt the effigy of this great man, and thrown the ashes into the Boyne—alluding to the late navigation bill.

And yet, my Lord, there are many of these UN-PROVIDED patriots that still wear their gold tickets on their breasts\*—I met one the other day in the

\* Gold medals presented by the citizens of Dublin to all the patriots that voted last sessions against the court.

castle-yard; on foot, hurrying up to the levee—and the following extempore epigram flowed from me.

*On the present Irish patriots, distinguished by gold medals on their breasts.*

PATRIOTS and *Porters* are the same,  
With the same view inspired;  
Both wear their *tickets* on their breasts,  
To shew they're to be *hired*.

This, I must confess, is an unfit subject for me, but as these patriots insulted the best of governors, I hope my little resentment will be pardoned. My situation is however much pleasanter. I can now drink your Grace's health in all companies.

The Theatre (my province) has been well frequented this winter—but I find, by sad experience, of these leaders, that by their disengenuous conduct, the bulk of the profits is to center in their purses. Mr. *Mossop* will get a thousand pounds by this campaign; and I, for all my pains and dangers, must content myself with a bare subsistence. I hope your Grace has found Mr. *Sheridan's* book on education answer the character I gave it. I hear he is on his journey to this place, but his future views I am a stranger to.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Grace's devoted servant.

## L E T T E R XCIX.

To JOHN ELLIS, Esq. Serjeant Painter, in London.

Dublin, April 20.

**M**Y old friend, ever since I left London you have haunted me—not like my evil, but my good genius; since it was to prompt me to make due acknowledgments for favours, but particularly the last, to Mrs. *Vannost*, whom, at my request, you greatly obliged, by giving her the picture of that odd being, her brother, *Richard Savage*, son of the late *Earl Rivers*.

Her husband, *John Vannost*, must be known to you; he is a *genius*, in his way, of the first *magnitude*:—his *king* and *horse* are finished; they are preparing a pedestal for it in Stevens's Green, which is to be laid out into gravel walks. I have seen all the statues in the squares in London; and, believe me, none are worth looking at, but at Charing-Cross, where the king is too small, but the horse admirable! Rest assured, this poor unknown man will leave proofs behind him of his being a greater master than *Risbriac*, or *Scheemaker*; I will only except *Roubiliac*. I presume his bad  
situation

situation in London was the occasion of his chusing Dublin for his place of residence. Soon after his arrival, a friend of mine brought him to me--- knowing me to be a lover of the fine arts: I soon found him a genius.—It is no small pleasure to me, that, by my interest and unwearied application to the board of aldermen, (who were of the committee appointed to erect the *equestrian statue* of his *Majesty*) I could engage that great work for him; as those in the opposition were a long time in treaty with Roubiliac in London---but I well knew the abilities of Vannost! I wish you were here to share the pleasure I enjoy by gazing at the daily works of this strange, unaccountable man! and, by the way, I think you should come hither! Think seriously of it----it is impossible but it must turn out both a *profitable* as well as a *pleasurable* jaunt. I know your prudent regard to the one *thing needful* in every temptation for you, where both must be blended;--- I also know your *industry*---you can paint more than twenty pictures in three months; and in your intervals, by way of variety, might do something for us at the theatre:—But more of this when we meet; which I hope we shall have the pleasure of doing in the summer.—’till when, my dear Ellis, farewell.

LET-



## L E T T E R C.

To RICHARD GRIFFITH, Esq. at Kilkenny:

April, 1756.

**M**Y friend's letter has lain too long unanswered, but the reason will apologize. You recommended a new book to me; I bought it---I buy few books now, and read much fewer than I buy; therefore (as my hours are not all my own) the reading this new book has employed all my leisure time---and it has been well employed. I thank you for introducing the *Centaur* to my acquaintance; I was introduced to the author thirty years ago; a friendship ensued, which subsisted without interruption above thirteen years. I loved Doctor Young---I had reason for it; he loved me, and did me many services. He is now fourscore, and is an honour to human nature.---I must here quote a passage from his review of life, viz.

“Wisdom is the growth of experience; but experience is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it. In an active life are sown the seeds of wisdom; but he who reflects not, never reaps---has no harvest from it; but carries the  
“burthen

“burthen of old age without the wages of experience; nor knows himself old but from his infirmities, the parish register, and contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem?—it has nothing.”

How wise! how just are these thoughts! how powerfully conveyed—Experience (he says) is not the growth of action, but of reflection on it.—

True, too true, my dear Doctor—for to that one hasty action, to which you were tempted by your false friend, *Pope*, to visit BOLINGBROKE at Dawley-farm, (with whom you staid a week, and return'd enraptured with him, at a time when HE was in a paper war with WALPOLE, YOUR PATRON) it was from the reflection on *that action* you reaped experience, which plainly discovered your error; for to that false step alone it is owing, that you will go to the grave without the title of *Right Reverend Father in God Edward Lord Bishop of* —

I was intimate with Doctor *Young* at that time, and told him of his danger; and to what was this sacrifice made?—to the enchanting wit of *Bolingbroke*! but the Doctor's reflection brought experience; and what says he now? (page 64)

“If the pretty fellows can advance three maxims of greater truth, or three expedients of greater efficacy

" efficacy to happiness, than those above-mentioned,  
 " — I am their convert. I will exchange my *Bible*  
 " for *Bolingbroke*, and prepare for the ball.—  
 N. B. I am but fourscore."

I was introduced to Doctor Young in the year 1724, by that very remarkable person, *Richard Savage*, son to the late *Earl Rivers*, with whom I was then intimately acquainted: the Doctor was not then in orders; he was a Doctor of Laws, and had written (besides several excellent poems) two tragedies, *Busiris* and the *Revenge*. At that juncture, his tragedy of the *Brothers* (on the story of the *Gracchi*) was in rehearsal at Drury-lane Theatre, which he withdrew; being called into holy orders, to take possession of the living at Welling, in Hertfordshire,—his right as senior fellow of Brazen-Nose college. He was soon after made a court-chaplain to GEORGE the first; and remained so during the long reign of GEORGE the second; and died in the same station to GEORGE the third,—though he had abilities superior to most of the men advanced to bishopricks during that period.—You see, my friend, what a powerful, implacable enemy can do: for though he was honoured with the friendship of many great personages, yet that one false step could not be surmounted during the interest of *Walpole*.

The

The Doctor married the sister to the *Earl of Leicester*, by whom he had a much loved daughter, whose death he laments in his *Night Thoughts*:—He was, by degrees, *religious* even to *enthusiasm*!—before that excess, I had several conversations with him on that subject, which gave me great pleasure.

In my next excursion through England, I will make enquiry after my good old friend.

I remain, dear Sir,

Ever yours.

## L E T T E R C I.

To Mrs. BELLAMY, in London.

Sept. 1757.

Madam,

I HAVE observed that the envious, censorious world never fail to propagate and enlarge the faults of those in public life; but it is against their will, when they are compelled to transmit their virtues too:—and yet, by some accident, in that respect, they have done you ample justice. The many acts of service which you have conferred on your  
neceffitous

necessitous friends, have been faithfully recorded, and add a lustre to your name in this kingdom.

This report has encouraged me to comply with the request of my friend Mr. R. S. to join the application of those whom, I hope (for his sake) have more interest with you, than I can presume to flatter myself with.

He was (as you know) born and educated a gentleman:—his fate has been uncommonly severe; he married, some time ago, an agreeable and very deserving woman, by whom he has four children. He has hitherto maintained a good character; but unless timely assisted by some good-natured fortunate person, who has interest with those in power, he cannot, I fear, be able much longer to maintain either family or character.

His particular request to you, I shall leave to be explained by himself, or some of his abler friends; and only add, that whatever favour you shall please to confer on him, will lay an obligation on

Madam,

Your most humble servant.



## LETTER CII.

To Mrs. P——, in London.

Sept. 10, 1757.

Dear Sister,

I AM now requested to write to you in favour of Miss Lynch, an Irish female, who lately went from hence to be a teacher in the academy in Queen's square. It would have been something more methodical, if her friends here had applied to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Shields; but I was a little way in the country at that time; and Mrs. Vannost being in London to receive her, made it less necessary.

I was extremely glad to hear of this fortunate event; both for the sake of a very deserving good girl, and Mrs. Shields, who, I am sure, will find herself happy in such an acquisition.

Miss Lynch has long since been one of my favourites; and though I have only heard of her accomplishments for such an employment, as she  
is

is gone to, yet I am well assured of her female virtues, and that she will do credit to any recommendation that can be given her. Her *youth*, perhaps, may be thought an objection for a *teacher*; but then, that right good sense, and sedate temper she is blest with, must sufficiently compensate for a fault which is every day amending.

You will do well to be a friend to that very good girl, *now* while she remains under the disadvantage of a poor stranger—driven, by her hard fate, from her friends and country, by the means of a bad father, from whom she had a just right to expect an ample fortune. Her good mother has made her all the amends in her power; and I doubt not, from the good disposition of the daughter, but she will yet prove a blessing to her. Pray tell my dear Sally P. that she will oblige me by taking particular notice, and being very good to Miss Lynch, in every thing in her power.

The reflections on these agreeable young people, revive the mournful idea of that once lovely creature, now no more. When I saw her distresses, I rejoiced with her best friends at her being laid to rest. But the idea of what *she was*, and once promised to be! in every low-spirited vein, fills me, to this hour, with pleasing sorrow! and I confess to you it is a grief I am fond of indulging. The follow-  
ing

ing lines were the employment of a midnight hour last week;—but I now think, if mad Lee had wanted to have painted a distress like mine in one of his ranting tragedies, he would have put these sentiments in the mouth of his heathen hero.

*On the death of the lovely M. P. at the age of fourteen.*

When she was born, and ripen'd into years,  
Our admiration grew! our hopes! our fears!  
Another Venus rose to rival Greece!  
And Nature strove to shew a master-piece!  
Why did she take a task beyond her skill?  
Which—when she could not perfect—she must kill.

I shall be concerned, if the revival of this subject has any other effect on you than on me—but, alas! on what other subject can I write? I, who am doomed in every kingdom, to be an inhabitant of the house of sorrow! my poor wife has now lost all her spirits—is never easy when I am from her—and every time I am obliged to leave her, is a last farewell. My officious friends drive me to all amusements, and say, “*since I cannot lengthen her life,—I must not let her shorten mine;*” but it is evident our feelings differ as much as our features—then what signifies preaching? If God had been pleased to take her away in the common manner that most people die, I suppose I should

Vol. I. T have

have behaved like the rest of decent men—but to have my old, best friend, and partner, tortured alive before my eyes, for years, is insupportable!

But no more of this—Give my love to my dear Billy and Sally. Where is the boy?—why will he not write to me? it would be charity now—if he is absent, pray tell me so.

Yours, in distress.

### LETTER CIII.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq. in London.

Nov. 1757.

Dear Sir,

**S**INCE the arrival of your obliging letter, I have lost my poor wife! though she was one of the best of wives, it would be a notorious affectation in me, to speak of her death as a misfortune; as she was singled out by providence to be a distressed object; and lingered three years as an incredible, in the utmost pain and misery.

After this sad ceremony was over, I had the vexation of preparing the birth-day ode;—a charming

charming amusement for a distempered mind!— I hope you will not meet with it in print, at least not in Faulkner's Journal:—his compositor left out a word at the end of a line, by which the following three are rank nonsense. I told my friend Faulkner, I could furnish nonsense enough in every ode, without any help from his compositor.

But as I surmount my plagues and distresses, you see I recover spirits enough to attempt a revival of my pleasures; and I shall begin with you: the man who is my constant *mark* for the *summum* of all human happiness! I know you will object to the truth of this observation, because you now and then frown at a perplexity thrown in your way—or make a wry face at a pain in your back; but such is the *wisdom of the CREATOR*! there being no other way left to remind you of your *mortality*!

I am to thank you for the communicative proposal in your letter; as it reposes that friendly confidence that must give me pleasure.

As to our theatrical state of affairs, they stand thus:—Mr. Barry's new Theatre is going on; but it remains yet a matter of wonder how it is to be finished; as there is not yet fifteen hundred pounds paid in, and nine hundred of that swallowed



lowed in fines; and, agreeable to the plan, less than four thousand will not draw up the curtain. The first twenty subscribers, at fifty pounds each, have a mortgage on the building;—there are twenty more taken in at twenty-five pounds each, who have only promissory notes and silver tickets—so there are forty subscribers for fifteen hundred pounds.

The proprietors of Aungier-street and Smock-alley Theatres are going to meet, and propose laying a state of their case before the parliament, and to offer their reasons against an increase of theatres—As several of them are old members, and all men of property, the persons concerned in this new undertaking, will get a little sweating, at least; but I dare say it will end there.

In truth, I am sorry for this new theatre for Barry's sake. He might have had the two united Theatres in any shape, as Mr. Sheridan is so very sick of it; and with great cause:—I dare say this will be the last season of his performing any where. And suppose the purchase was to be more, and the encumbrances a little greater than a new Theatre,—they forget to take into the account, the advantages of having a *monopoly* in a great city; for where there are two Theatres, if your adversary is ever so weak, he will not fail to gall, if not sometimes

times distress you ;—and to have no opponent, is worth any purchase.

You have heard of Mrs. *Hamilton's* breach of articles, which I signed with her last summer in London—to pay her four hundred pounds for the season, on a penalty of five hundred pounds. We were recommended to Mr. *Palmer*, an attorney of the Temple, lately here on business—a man of worth and abilities, who went hence with full powers to open a vigorous prosecution. Before he went away, the article was laid before an eminent council here, and his opinion is clear for the penalty ; and as we are informed the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre is certainly the indemnifier, it is devoutly to be wished he may be soufed.

Mr. *Foote* arrived here on Sunday morning last ; and is to play, on Friday next, Sir Paul. I make no doubt but he will help off our comedies. I with the people of this city may follow those of London, in their approbation of this genius. I really think there is a prospect of it ; as the time is limited for his performance.

Our audiences have been but very middling, except the few nights honoured with the command ; and even those are interrupted, and the Theatre

again injured by parliamentary debates. For though the name of *patriot* is in the highest contempt here, yet Mr. *Perry* (who is the *Pitt* of that House) took a lucky opportunity of rushing in such a string of motions against pensions, &c. which, as no courtier was prepared to speak, passed into resolutions, *nem. con.*—and the whole House ordered the Lord-Lieutenant to be addressed, to lay them before his Majesty:—to which his Grace of Bedford replied, when pushed for an answer,—“*that he was divided between his duty to the King, and respect to that House; that he was at a loss what to say to their request, and desired time to consider of it.*” At this demur of the Lord Lieutenant’s, the House exclaimed loudly, and determined to demur to their proceedings on the supplies—and thus breaks out the war! But what have you and I to do with these affairs?—We have plagues enough in our own little governments.

Health and happiness attend you.

Adieu.

My  
Yo  
health  
which  
mas—  
above  
mon fo  
nours a  
those p  
whole l  
But luff  
left I in  
pnew.  
—if you  
letters or  
ted, to t  
was a ne  
man. T  
filled wit  
acquiring  
lar has ge

## L E T T E R C I V.

To Master P. in London.

Dec. 28, 1757.

My dear Billy,

YOUR last letter gave me an account of your health, and your leaving Eton for London; by which I guessed it to be on the verge of Christmas—for *it had no date*—but you scholars are above the vulgar rules of arithmetic, and the common forms of business and society. If due honours are but paid to the dead languages,—and to those prodigies in nature, who after devoting a whole life, are masters of that inestimable treasure! But luff—luff—and no nearer, as the sailor says—lest I incur the censure of my *satirical, learned* nephew. But to be serious:—let us avoid mistakes—if you please to look back to some of my former letters on education, you will find, I always admitted, to be a complete master of the Latin tongue, was a necessary part of the education of a gentleman. The many beauties the Odes of Horace are filled with, would alone compensate the labour of acquiring that language:—that is, where the scholar has *genius* to relish them;—with him they will remain

*x competent  
master Victor*



remain for ever, and afford him constant pleasure through life. Such a singular man will become a critic in the language; and his classical knowledge will be an ornament to him. But, my dear boy, such instances are few! I think (without flattery) you are likely to be one—I wish you may—therefore such persons were not glanced at. But what think you of numbers, who are masters of the dead languages, and ignorant of their own!—and what think you of the practice of the schools, who whip the common race of blockheads through the dead languages; and after a course of years so sadly employed, turn them out into the world, where they make up the numerous list of *filly* gentlemen without language at all! Mind what the learned and worthy Mr. Lock has said on this subject, above half a century ago:—

“I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin; I think they ought to be studied; and the Latin, at least, understood well by every gentleman; but whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with, (and the more he knows the better) that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegance to express himself in, should be his own; and to this purpose he should be daily exercised in it.”

However,



However, to conclude this dispute, Mr. *Sheridan* is a scholar; and I own myself a convert to his plan of education. If you have not read his book (published by *Doddsley*) on British education, you ought to read it:—I send you herewith his Oration, which he spoke before three hundred of the nobility and gentry, whom he entertained in a great hall, at a public breakfast. If Dr. *Barnard* has not seen it, present it to him, with my compliments. I also inclose you *Faulkner's Journal*, where you will see the names of the committee appointed to carry Mr. *Sheridan's* plan for an *academy* into execution: some people think it will certainly be done—that an act of parliament will be obtained, as most of the committee are privy counsellors and members. I have subscribed, and made my first payment—but, be it known, for all this, I have my doubts.

In another part of the *Journal*, you may read the last mention of your poor, departed aunt.

I desire you will write to me with as much freedom as you please—but oftener, and with more attention—to your critical as well as affectionate

Friend,

## LETTER CV.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Dec. 1757.

Dear Sir,

**Y**OU owe me a letter—but no matter—ceremony among friends is impertinent. I have something to relate, worthy your attention, and therefore I write.

The crisis of the fate of Mr. Sheridan is at hand. I am of opinion, that good genius which has hitherto saved him, is now at work for an important stroke, and that success may attend it—I wish it may!

His academy scheme you have heard—now for another—a theatrical one—*his petition to parliament!* The proprietors of the united Theatres only pray, that the seven or eight thousand pounds advanced by them for building their Theatres, may be taken into consideration,—as they have received no interest for their money; and then they offer reasons (which are a little too argumentative for a petition) to prove that two Theatres will be of bad consequence, and a great nuisance to this city.

All

All this you plainly see is nothing—and will end in nothing. Not so our Machiavel!—His petition sets forth the services he has done the Theatre, and by that to his country—at the expence of his health and fortune; and the injuries he has sustained.—Then follows his proposal—that the petitioner prays to resign his lease, and property in the Theatres; and that the honourable house will please to give him for the same, what, in their wisdom, they shall think meet—(but the true value is insinuated at nine thousand pounds)—and that his property therein shall be made over to the Dublin Society for ever (a long lease to be first obtained) and the annual benefit is to arise to them, from the manager or managers for the time being; who are to engage to pay to them three pounds every acting night through each season; and also to engage to perform four plays, free of all expence, for the four public charities in this city, every year.

Thus, you see, by three hundred and sixty pounds, paid for one hundred and twenty nights performance annually to the Dublin Society—and the four public hospitals each a free benefit, almost the whole body of the people become interested to support that Theatre! And if an act is not to be obtained to prevent the building of another, (which now becomes a small doubt) the daring persons who support it, will be looked on as enemies

to

to their country, and their success rendered very precarious!—Well, Sir!—Is not this a home-stroke in policy? This may be called another sweater! Here is really some invention----but, perhaps, you will say, a little too chimerical.

Adieu.

## LETTER CVI.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Jan. 1758.

SIR,

**Y**OU have the character of a generous, public-spirited man; and as your Journal is the first and most popular paper in this kingdom, therefore the following observations are addressed to you, as the proper channel to the public.

As a stranger, and a traveller, I have some claim to the critic; but the enormities of this city are so obvious, and so universally confessed, that it would be needless to enumerate them here; I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to some general topics, which, I hear, are now the subject of conversation.

This



This is the second city in his Majesty's dominions, and, by some esteemed the third in Europe: my curiosity, therefore, was naturally raised at my advances to it from a fine bay, up a river, seemingly, on both sides, well improved and cultivated: But, alas! how great was my disappointment at the entrance into the city! and the various distresses of the foot-passengers, from narrow streets—no foot-way—are not to be equalled in any place in the known world. To what strange infatuation can it be owing, that the antient and great city of Dublin, that has been long distinguished for its trade and opulence, should be at this period, under the disadvantage of narrow, dirty streets, and unadorned by squares, spires, and edifices?

*Steven's Green* seems calculated for the only place of public resort for the health and pleasure of the inhabitants;—but how neglected? how unimproved? One side of its walks inclosed by a low, shabby wall; the other, by a stinking ditch of standing water! and the centre, an unwholesome, swampy piece of ground, very nearly related to the famous bogs of this island.—All the lesser cities, and trading great towns of England, and indeed of all nations, have contiguous walks, well improved, for the exercise and pleasure of the inhabitants. The city of Edinburgh, though very small, compared to Dublin, has greatly the advantage



tage of it in walks and prospects. They have a large piece of ground called the *Meadow*, that has a terraced walk, with quick-set hedges, all round it—and through the centre, a fine gravelled walk, with shrubberies on each side, and a Chinese house at the termination.

As to Steven's Green, I have heard some persons, who looked like gentlemen, cry,—“O! the fine lawn!—what, spoil the fine lawn!”—and to increase the absurdity, the citizens, at a great expence, have erected a fine *equestrian statue of his present Majesty* in the centre of this very fine lawn; and, by that distance, deprived us of enjoying the pleasure of this great expence, by admiring the merit of the workmanship! It was with some difficulty I obtained a view of it at a proper distance; and as I have seen those in Paris and London, I agree with the observation already made, that this *king* and *horse*, in spirit, elegance, and propriety, excels all the modern productions! What pity is it, therefore, that those gentlemen who have employed the public money so well, should not exert the same spirit, and proceed to improve a spot of ground, that may be made, by any person of common ability, a *real* ornament to this great and populous city.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A PASSENGER.

## LETTER CVII.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

I AM to acknowledge another instance of friendship to me, by the valuable present of the volumes of the *Ramblers*, which I received with the utmost pleasure; since, I am well informed, the author of them is a gentleman in London, with whom I am acquainted, and for whom I have the highest respect; having long esteemed him a foremost genius in that kingdom.

I hear you are promoting a subscription for a new edition of Shakespeare's works, to be published by Mr. Johnson—besides the opportunity of shewing my respect to every thing printed by you, I should think it a reproach to have my name omitted in a list of subscribers to any thing of Mr. Johnson's.—By carefully inserting it, and sending me word by my servant, what is the first payment, you will add to the many obligations already conferred on,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant.

## L E T T E R CVIII.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Dublin, Feb. 1759.

My Lord,

**T**HE singular misfortune that attended me last summer, in not having the honour of paying my duty to your Grace, during my short stay in London, has hung upon me ever since, as an accident of consequence; and nothing but evils of all kind have, to this day, surrounded me!—To enumerate them, would be laying too great a task on your Grace's time and patience.

Our plan of operation, as formed in London last summer, with the assistance of Mr. Garrick, was to have Mr. Digges, and Mrs. Ward, from Edinburgh—and poor, unfortunate Cibber, with Maddox, and other geniusses, with a pantomime, from London, to open with;—and that Mrs. Fitzhenry (late Mrs Gregory) should be engaged to join Mr. Sheridan, who was to come over to us in January, when our antagonists, Barry and Woodward, had partly exhausted their fire. If these points had been all carried, even our opponents admit

admit, they had been totally defeated. But your Grace, no doubt, has heard, that a cruel storm deprived me of the expected aid from England; as the ship, in which they sailed from Parkgate, was cast away, and foundered on the coast of Scotland, and above seventy passengers were drowned! To this was added, the disappointment of Mr. Sheridan, who was detained in London by his oratorical scheme; which, of course, drove Mrs. Fitzhenry (the capital actress) into an article with our opponents.

I will not doubt of obtaining your Grace's pity, when you behold me surrounded with these misfortunes, and left to form an opposition to such force as Barry and Woodward, in a spacious new Theatre, with novelty and every attraction to support them! But with the assistance of Digges, and Mrs. Ward, from Edinburgh,—and one Brown, who had been master of the company at Bath, who had some talents for comedy, we opened together on the 22d of October,—which, being a government play, we began with a command. And as Digges and Ward were the originals in Mr. Hume's tragedy of Douglas—and Brown was well received in the parts of Benedict, and Don John in the Chances;—with the aid of a new pantomime—I was just able to keep them alive 'till the 23d of January, when I began the benefits, two months



sooner than usual——and so much were we pitied for our misfortunes, and approved for our perseverance, by the generous public, that from the end of February, to sixteen benefit plays, were taken the sum of two thousand and twenty-seven pounds, to the great distress of our antagonists ; who were by that measure reduced to the necessity of imploring the aid of five or six fashionable ladies of quality to bespeak plays, and make a ticket-interest for their nights——as they do at Bath, and other little places, where there are strolling companies. These leading ladies were, Lady Kildare, Lady Tyrone, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Clements, &c.

Mr. Sheridan's oratorial transactions, at Oxford and London, this winter, I presume, have fallen within your Grace's notice:—how far they have merited your regard, I shall learn hereafter. By his last letter he has informed me of his fixed resolution to return no more to this kingdom, and his determination to sell all his property in Ireland, if he can find a purchaser. I am of opinion, the purchase-money will clear all his debts here—and then the world is open to him, to strike out a new fortune. He has merit, and sanguine hopes. For my part, not being of that happy number, my hopes are blasted, and my prospect barren.—That I have bread secured to me, I am for ever to thank your Grace; and as all the little money I have in  
the



ORIGINAL LETTERS. 291

the world is included in Mr. Sheridan's mortgage, I am to pray for a purchaser—and then I shall gladly retire from the plagues of a Theatre.

At the end of two or three weeks, I hope to have the honour of paying my duty to your Grace in London, as becomes,

My Lord,

Your devoted, faithful servant.

LETTER CIX.

To Mr. W. P. P. at Eton.

Dublin, April, 1759.

My dear Billy,

EASTER Sunday gives me an holiday; and I cannot enjoy it with more pleasure, than by writing to you.

Your letter, of the 8th of last month, was written after a silence of five months; which reduced you, as usual, to your apologies—and ends with your dependance upon my good-nature. I will tell you that you may depend upon with more safety—

U 2

my

my experience, and judgment of life and human nature!! I know, if it was not for your large share of good-nature, I should not have a letter from you in less than a year, as you are now advanced and situated. I know your avocations—your appointed business, and recreations, as necessary as your food, must employ every hour. But your account of your exercise for the Christmas holidays, as appointed by Doctor Barnard, gave me pleasure.—It was *Bacchus*—and your words are—“I applied myself during the greatest part of the holidays, “and for a month after to my *Bacchus*.”

Indeed, my dear boy, I am glad you were not at your studies with us in Ireland; if you were, you would not have quitted that subject at the end of the month—no, nor at the end of the year!—for the gentlemen of this country, old and young, study nothing else, and have no other subject than *Bacchus*.

As I know your abilities, and happy disposition to conquer every difficulty in your way, I am to presume you are by this time a complete master of *Latin* composition; and shall expect, with pleasure, to see the happy effects in some valuable *English* composition. The getting set tasks of Greek and Latin by *heart*, or (as you say) by *art*, (for the memory, by habit, certainly strengthens like the muscles

muscles of the body) those tasks may be completed by many a dull fellow—but *composition!*—the lad that works well there without *genius*, must be a prodigy indeed! But you have heard me before now on the subject of school-absurdities—you know my first conversation with your Eton-Master, the accomplished, polite Doctor Barnard—was on that subject. He gave into my way of thinking—and pleaded the difficulty of altering the mode—which was founded (the *rules* and the *price*) three hundred years ago! He pointed to a young Duke before us, who had the best masters attending him for *music*, *dancing*, and *fencing*, at a great expence; and the Doctor, who had the care of his *MORALS*, and the instructing him in the *LANGUAGES*, had but **FOUR POUNDS A YEAR.**

Hear my friend Mr. Sheridan on this point:—  
 “What cause can be assigned, that we still proceed  
 “in the same method? Is it a blind veneration  
 “to the institutions and customs of old? Upon  
 “the same principle, we might just as reasonably  
 “meet our enemies in the same sort of armour as  
 “worn by our countrymen before the invention of  
 “guns.”

But we will refer any further remarks on this subject, 'till we have the pleasure of meeting,—which, I hope, will be very soon.

I see, by our news-papers, the Jamaica fleet is safely arrived in the port of London; and by the account in your last letter, of your good father's determined resolution;—I hope he is safe in his own house—if so, I shall promise myself the pleasure of seeing him greatly recovered by his native air. If his life is but preserved, which is of so much importance to his young family—trouble not thy head, my dear boy, with unpleasing dreams about law-suits—in my opinion, the expence and delays of the law are insupportable; and that a law-suit is better lost than prolonged.

And so your poor uncle Rothery is dead! I am sure you felt a parting pang—he was your friend—and indeed a friend to every one but himself, and the remains of his unhappy family, who are greatly to be lamented. I am sure you want but the power to be a real friend to them.

Adieu!

## LETTER CX.

To Mrs. SPOONER, in London.

Wolfeley-hall, June, 1759.

Dear Madam,

**Y**OU, who have read the description of the happy valley in Abissinia, cannot have a finer picture of this place, than that drawn by your old acquaintance Mr Johnson:—this is the very place! and yet we are like Rasselas, and his sister, the princess—content is not here:—this hint is given to take off a little of your wonder, that, like them we are meditating our escape:—The reasons for this must be referred to our pleasurable meeting, the latter end of the next month.

Some business calling Sir W. to London, we have fixed our rout for Hampshire, to see a sister of mine, who has long solicited the visit. We set out from hence on Wednesday next for Birmingham, in our way to Oxford:—when at Birmingham, I shall endeavour to see our old friend Garbet,—if so, your health in a bumper follows.

As



As to your friend, my wife, our meeting here was clever—I got to Wolseley on Monday the 11th of this month, at noon, from London,—and she arrived in a post-chaise from Chester, at six that very evening! Now, such a meeting could not be premeditated, unless the winds and waves had been bribed to be in the secret. Here we have wandered like the first pair in Paradise—from lawn to bower—and converse with fawns, and the fillies, who are our constant, familiar, and only companions—and such companions as we would not easily quit, if reasons cogent did not prevail.

My wife, who has been looking over me, desires I will take my notes a few strains lower; and tho' she knows I am writing to a near relation of the Muses, that I will descend to business, and a little common sense. She says, *trunks* and *chests* full of valuables, though unpoetical things, are yet absolutely necessary in this lower world; and therefore begs I will request the favour of you to take possession of them, as we shall take only a post-trunk and valesse across the country with us.

All our news from Dublin is filled with the late revolution in theatrical affairs, which is now completed;—Barry and Woodward are now fixed on the throne; and like their brother kings of Brentford, may now smell at the same nosegay, in peace  
and

and safety. This observation should fill me with sad thoughts—but away!—I will be a *philosopher*; and that is to be greater than any king in Europe.

Pray make our respectful compliments to Doctor Jemm and Mr. Spooner—what a happy fellow am I to live to be envied!—The Doctor *envies* me! He does me honour—but if I mistake not (as I know his good-nature) he may live to *pity* me—for I much fear the hardest part of my task is to come!

In a smooth sea the sailor shows no skill—

But he displays it all in hurricanes!

My hurricane is coming on!—the clouds are gathering!—but let it come!—poor or prosperous—philosopher or wretch—in all conditions let me remain, and subscribe myself

Your faithful friend,

And servant.

## LETTER CXI.

To Mr. W. P. P. at Scarborough.

London, August 29, 1759.

**W**E have been too long strangers—rural avocations have employed us both; in which, I dare say, I have greatly had the advantage of you—for no fine landscape of the greatest master that ever existed, can exceed the views round Wolsey-hall. From thence I went with my wife into Hampshire, to see my sister where we enjoyed the pleasures of Portsmouth—a large garrisoned town, with castles, batteries, out-works, all mounted—all in arms!—what prospects from the works!—Across the fine harbour of Spithead, we had the Isle of Wight lying twenty-two miles in breadth before us. We dined one day with the Admiral, on board the Royal Ann, (a first-rate) a guard-ship at Spithead—what a floating castle! But how shall I describe the wonders of the dock-yard! the various amazing manufactures employed in building the Britannia, a first-rate, that has been three years on the stocks? They say two thousand men are employed in the different branches of the dock-yard. There stands within the walls, a fine academy

academy for the education of their youth for the sea-service—and besides several large, detached houses for the governor, and other great officers, there are rows of buildings, like Southampton-row, near your London-house, with well-planted walks before, and good gardens behind them.—I am of opinion, what I have already described will somewhat exceed your account of Scarborough, which I shall expect in return. If I have any guests at the disposition of my dear Billy, the pleasures of Scarborough for him are few—I wished for you every day at Portsmouth—but particularly at my visits to the dock-yard, where I really wanted a companion like you.

But all is vanished!—and as the Wise Man said, All is vanity!—I am returned to London, to winter here in melancholy—almost in despair! The losses I have sustained in Dublin, are, I fear, at my time of life, irretrievable! If so—why, then I have obtained a fine exercise for my philosophy, and must try its force.

You have all the pleasures of this world opening to you, and are blest with the power to enjoy them!—that all may be completed by a series of good health, shall be the constant prayer of

Your affectionate, &c.

## L E T T E R CXI.

To Mr. Secretary DONALDSON, at Jamaica.

London, May, 1760.

Dear Sir,

**I** GAVE you a letter, of importance to me, to deliver to my brother-in-law P —, at your arrival, which, I have reason to fear, was too late; as I find he died there about the 20th of April, 1759. I also wrote you a letter from Dublin, agreeable to promise at parting; in which I gave you the fullest description of our theatrical warfare, and of the difficulties I was involved in, by the fatal loss of the ship from Parkgate, in which was your old friend Theo. Cibber, and five or six other geniusses, who were coming to my assistance as auxiliaries——and after that loss, by the more important one of Mr. Sheridan; whose private affairs prevented his coming over, agreeable to the well-concerted plan settled the summer before, in London. However, like an old veteran, I determined not to strike to the enemy; and defended the old royal sovereign, 'till she sunk under me! I was then reduced to my long-boat! and had the good fortune to reach the English shore in safety!



safety! But, I must confess to you, I landed on my native ground with sorrow; which it was not in the delightful groves of Wolseley to remove.--- At the approach of winter, I arrived in London, and am in lodgings at the carpet-warehouse in King's-street, Covent-garden.

I have but little left from this shipwreck, but the small appointment procured me by his Grace of Dorset; but I am (thank God) out of debt:— my kind friends do all they can to console me;— but I have found the greatest relief from a work that has employed and amused me all this winter past, and is now very near going to the press— *An Historical View of the Theatres of London and Dublin, from the Year 1730, to the present 1760;* by way of supplement to my old friend CIBBER's History, who brought it to 1730—in which all the remarkable anecdotes and events will be inserted. I have long had some materials for this work, and my theatrical friends greatly flatter me, if I am not equal to the task. I shall certainly send the two volumes to you by the first conveyance—that is, if I hear we remain as we parted. I am sorry to add *that* proof is wanting—because, so far from a line directed to me, I had the mortification of reading your letter to my sister P—, on business, in which I was too slightly mentioned. But why not a letter to me inclosed? My letter from Dublin,

lin, I remember, contained (among other things) an account of the undesigned distress you brought upon me, by the recommendation of young Dowdal—an adventurer, who, upon trial, had not any one requisite for the stage; and as our *Boat* was overloaded, and in danger of sinking, I could not get admission for a stranger—therefore, of course, (besides the concern he gave me) the little support he had for four or five months, and the sending him off to England, was out of my private pocket.

Thus, my dear Donaldson, does it too often happen to the unfortunate;—which I should not have informed you of again, if I was sure my letter from Dublin had not missed its way---because you meant well both to the young man and me; but I did all in my power to prevent his commencing a *worthless* actor—a being, in my opinion, the most contemptible of all God's creatures! You may remember I saved our friend ——— from that sorry condition to which he seemed destined; and I heard lately, from a relation of his, that he is abroad, a captain of foot, and an engineer on the staff.

Pray make my respectful compliments to your Lieutenant Governor, Mr. MOORE\*. I had the

\* This gentleman, at his return to London, was created a Baronet, (Sir Henry Moore) and sent Governor of New-York, where he died.

pleasure

pleasure of being very intimate with him in the days of our youth; and I hope I still live in his memory:—that he lives in mine, is not to be wondered at,—because he not only set out in life with a shining fortune, but with the abilities of an accomplished gentleman. I have long since rejoiced at the constant accounts of his health and advancement.

I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

And servant.

## L E T T E R CXII.

To Mrs. GRIFFITH, at Kilkenny:

London, June, 1760.

**J**OY! joy! my dear friend!—I felt a start of that transport which filled your soul, when you heard the blessed sounds of *place! provision! INDEPENDANCE!*—Dubourg, who is just arrived here, never told any story so well, nor looked so handsome, as when he related the particulars of your husband's interview, and strange events with Mr. Secretary

Secretary Rigby, at the Castle. Why, you may now take upon you the airs of Lady Wronghead; and with the greatest propriety say, whenever he talks of the place he got at court—"Pray, who are you beholden to for That?" It was your charms that first inspired him to begin the love-correspondence; and it was your superiour talents at letter-writing, that animated and prolonged that passion:—in short, it was *that* alone that got the *man*, that got the *book*, that got the *place*, that got the *house* that *Jack* built!—Well—I will love the Duke of Bedford for reading, and understanding, and providing for HENRY and FRANCES!

I had the pleasure of receiving your welcome letter from the hands of our old acquaintance Maurice; who, I hear, is translated from a dismal stage-constable, (which, you know, was his best part) to a justice in North-America. And, indeed, as he had an university education, and is an honest fellow, I rejoice at his translation. This reminds me of my famous couplet, which closed a string of doggrel curses I sent your husband one rainy Sunday morning, to threaten him with, if he did bring you to dine with us:

May you, like Turk, for ever Chaw-Rice,  
And be stage constable, like Mau-Rice.

As

Vol.

As to the request in your letter, which you are pleased to make—it is granted, though with the greatest reluctance. I must approve of your good sense in making it, though it deprives me of two of the best pages in my book. As an author always thinks he writes best (and indeed with truth) when he likes his subject. I read it to Maurice—and he grinned, and shewed his good teeth by way of approbation, and said, “it was pity it should be lost.”

And now I am on this subject—and you are now the comptroller’s lady, I must address you for your interest in Ireland, for my book. As there have been so many strange events, and remarkable anecdotes, within these fourteen years past, I should think the subject would excite curiosity. Cibber’s History of his own Times is brought down to 1730, where mine begins, by way of Supplement. My wife joins my congratulations to Mr. Griffith, and sends her respects to you; and adds the self-same compliment you make of her in your letter.

As to theatrical news—I have just now completed an agreement between Mr. Garrick and Mr. Sheridan, to be together on shares, on those nights he performs. Mr. Sheridan has been these nine months past in Windsor-Castle, (a dear place for provisions) with a wife, four children, and three



fervants. As to Dublin, you may depend on it, that Mossop, Sowdon, Brown, and Sparks, will be in Smock-alley Theatre next Winter; and if they get Mrs. Bellamy, or Ward, they will make a vigorous opposition. Mr. Mossop has taken the lease, and purchased the wardrobe, &c. by which I am released from a dangerous trusteeship; which is a joyous circumstance to me.

I am,

(With the greatest sincerity)

Your affectionate friend and servant.

### L E T T E R CXIII.

To the same, in Dublin.

London, July, 1760.

Dear Madam,

**I** HAD the pleasure of your speedy reply to my last letter, which was as delightful as the season—and as welcome as the flowers in May, (as the brave Irishman says.) I assure you I set a high value on all your letters; and have a great pleasure in contemplating on the continuance of this correspondence, which can be executed with great facility on your part,—as you are happy at inven-

tion,

tion, and an easy flowing stile, in which all things in the literary way are comprehended. The knowledge of this truth made me sorry to hear you have been *translating*.—That humble employment can only be fit for one whose merit (at most) is having the powers of the French language. As that is not your narrow condition, and as nothing but better spirits are wanting to animate you to exert your own strength, I beg you will now begin upon your own bottom, and lay down the plan for a good comedy;—from the certain success of which, that same venerable, fortunate house that *Jack built*, may be furnished with more elegance, than from the stipend that attends it. However, as I would have nothing in which you have been employed, thrown away,—and as I will conclude this extraordinary French piece had great attraction—you may command me, when you please, to treat with those strange beings, the booksellers\*; November (they say) is the first month for publication; but the three months after Christmas better still.

Your husband writes to me like a grazier, about selling his property in Smithfield. Pray tell him

\* This was a translation of the Memoirs of the celebrated Madam de l'Enclos, which I sold to Doddsley, in Pall-mall.

to hold up his head, and let him know the honour you do him by being called *his* lady! He has given me something like a reason why your late remarkable event should not be related in the Chronicle; and yet he says, I may give the poem, called *Gratitude*, addressed to the Duchess of Bedford, to that paper; but I desire you to tell him, I will not. As the story was told, (and well told it was, though I say it, that should not) the poem was properly introduced there; as from the hasty overflowings of a grateful heart, too much agitated to be correct. But to see a short, lifeless poem, with a title as long as the piece, without knowing why or wherefore, exhibited as something of merit, and from Frances, *my* Frances!—Pray tell the grazier, I shall take more care of the reputation of Frances!—tell him, I will print them, if he will let me put Henry at the bottom; for Henry may write gratefully to the Duchess as well as Frances.—And yet, now I have given a little vent to my passion, I cannot help saying, I love that same Henry very well. I must own, he was a very courtly, fine gentleman, when he was gaining the heart of Lady Frances—but *care!* good lord, how it will alter some folks!

Well, after all, it is impossible to tell how much you are beholden to me for committing all this  
chit-

chit-chat to paper. I give you joy of your late recovery from a dangerous situation—And so have I been in labour-pains all this year, and am but just delivered of my Soterkin\*. It is not dead yet, but I very much fear it will, as soon as it is christened, and carried abroad into the world. If *Henry* and *Frances* were with me, I should defy the foul fiend, and all the group of critics!—However, if any snarler should bark at me in Dublin, have your whips ready to drive him into his hole again:—Do this for charity. The sooner you employ me in your service, the more welcome to

Your faithful friend,

And servant.

\* History of the Theatres.

X 3

LET-



## L E T T E R CXIV.

To the same, in Dublin.

London, April, 1761.

Dear Madam,

**M**Y fears are greatly abated—I have recovered my spirits! and chiefly by an invitation from the Earl of Orrery, to breakfast with him, to thank me for the entertainment my *History of the Theatres* has given him; and to chide me for not adding an index to the last volume; which his Lordship had been obliged to add to his own books himself.--- This honour was the more extraordinary, as we had not met for twenty years; and the more satisfactory, as his Lordship was better acquainted with the subject than any of the junior readers.— I have had the like consolation from other distinguished personages; which has settled my mind in regard to the temporary, modern critics, to whom I have given too much room for *common-place* criticisms. I am now too sensible of the many errors that work is filled with; and some shall be corrected, if it lives to a second edition.

As



As to the complaining part of your last letter, I have happily forgot the cause of it. However, if I am as guilty as there set forth, I have given you a fit occasion to exert your mercy. To pardon the failings of those we esteem, is the true office and very essence of friendship. You talk of our passing a summer together—of the pleasures of such a situation—and then of the odds against that happiness—perhaps so:—You know me to be an enemy to flattery. At the end of the first volume of my History, I have described the faithful situation of my heart, when I was losing sight of the Irish shore. I then felt inexpressible pangs at the fears of never more seeing a people I had long loved!—If I should name my favourites, perhaps your concern would be increased, if our doom was certainly fixed never to meet again. But I will not give way to the thoughts of such a severe sentence:—therefore, with the hopes of a better fate, let us pursue a better subject, and turn our thoughts to a more pleasing theme—to your positive powers to give pleasure to an admiring world! and by that means to your absent friends.

I must and will insist on your having *inventive powers*!—call them forth!—think of the pleasures attending a fine imagination!—Digest the out-lines of your fable well before you begin to write—let your capital characters be striking; and as for incidents,

cidents, they will arise most pleasingly as you travel on; they will appear like good inns on the roadside, and accommodate you with agreeable refreshment. I must admit that a proper situation is absolutely necessary; the mind must be undisturbed, nay soothed to that charming content, as to make it pregnant with lively ideas! I will hope that such a situation Lady Frances may now enjoy—Even a *cottage*, with such a Henry as yours, may be the scene! But as your better fortunes will now afford you such accommodations as are a little more suited to your quality, what more can be required? Therefore, pray let me hear no more complainings.

I am glad you approve of Henry's embryo-novel—and yet why should I doubt it? He has merit, and you have partial fondness—what can that produce, but a fair report? I expect (and shall be sure to find) something masterly in every performance of his—but *Love in Excess*, delicately expressed, and defended by *Platonicks*!—that pycrust fortification! There I shall enjoy you both! There you will give infinite pleasure! And yet nothing else in the romantic way is worth reading. Hang all the musty, moralizing, philosophic stuff!

My bookseller tells me he has just now heard, that there is going to the press, a Critical Letter,  
directed

directed to me, from a gentleman in Lincoln's Inn; if his remarks are sensible, and within the bounds of good-manners, they shall be welcome to me, whatever they are to the public; for I never had the vanity to expect a reputation by my writings—but the contrary is to be feared: I hear an old antagonist is arrived, and his wicked heart, prompted by his poverty, will lead him any lengths. If he is rude, I shall take up my cudgel, instead of my pen. Your ladyship shall see the work, and then hear the event.

I remain,

Your devoted friend and servant.

## LETTER CXV.

To the same.

**I** LOVE singularities! I will address my letter to my dearest Lady Frances! for as you have the deportment and sentiments of a woman of quality, you are one of *God Almighty's* making, and intended as a sample for those of the *King's* creating to copy after.

It

It is a certain fact, that the personal accomplishments of the late justly celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, were so considerable at the age of twenty-four, that the men of quality, who, at that time, had the pleasure of her acquaintance, asserted that Cibber's dramatic pencil had delineated the real character of Oldfield, in the imaginary one of Lady Betty Modish!—She was beautiful, without artifice—and her address and conversation polite and engaging, without affectation: but she had the agreeable, provoking power of coquetry to distraction! and though my Lady Frances has not out-lived that power; yet, as her good sense has long since directed her to lay it down, a man may venture to be in the list of her admirers, without the danger of being exposed by her wit and ill-nature! For all coquets are ill-natured creatures, nay cruel—for surely to give any one premeditated pain, is cruelty.

In my opinion, there is nothing more hateful on earth than *caprice*!—This temper, in the ladies, is called *coquetry*. I know but of one excuse that can be heard with patience, in favour of either of those delinquents, viz. their *being young*. The want of years is generally attended with the want of judgment; and people without judgment to direct them in their choice, are prone to change.



I beg you will remember to enlarge on this subject in your future letters to the young ladies; and tell them, *coquetry* may become the *courtezan*, and answer her purposes; but must certainly disgrace the *woman of virtue*. Beauty, with a proper education, may be of advantage to the possessor, but it is too often a misfortune; and, for this reason, the silly owner is too apt to place her only dependence on that perishable commodity; and to neglect cultivating and improving her mind, and acquiring charms that are permanent, and universally admired. This shameful neglect is owing to that common error in all boarding-schools, where girls are taught to be dexterous in sewing a sampler, and skilled in useless needle-works, which, with the common essays of the dancing-master, are the only qualifications of a modern fine lady; who comes into the world illiterate and ignorant. And this education of course satisfies all the foolish mothers, who are not the least desirous of having their daughters one jot wiser than themselves.

But to business—I had a letter a few days ago from your Henry, which never tells me too much. He said his novel was finished; but he was at a loss for a safe hand to send it by:—that your tragedy was finished also, and that he was measuring the lines. What does he mean by that?—Counting his fingers, to catch lines with eleven syllables! I hope



### 316 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

hope not so;—because some with eleven are absolutely necessary to destroy that monotony that would otherwise ensue. Now, though I huffed you once for singing out of tune, I dare trust your ear as to numbers—and if your play has but business and spirit, and is interesting, I have no doubt of your diction—the poetical is the last and least part of a tragedy.

I remember being with Mr. Booth, when Thomson read his manuscript tragedy of Sophonisba, (his first play) when he came to the fifth act, it opened thus :

———“ The breezy Spring  
“ Sits loosely floating on the mountain top,  
“ And deals her sweets around.”———

“ Very fine, (says Booth)—but what the devil does  
“ it do here?—I had rather that pretty flower was  
“ stuck in the middle of a love-poem, than in the  
“ fifth act of a tragedy !”—And it was well said.

Adieu my dear Lady Frances.

## L E T T E R CXVI.

To the Right Hon. Doctor ANDREWS, Provost of  
Trinity-College, Dublin.

London, Nov. 1761.

S I R,

I AM greatly obliged by being honoured with your commands, which I have obeyed with pleasure. But I observe, in your agreeable letter, you are pleasant on some part of our conversation, the last evening we were together. I must own I have a most unfociable aversion to fools; and am sometimes thought, even by persons of sense and virtue, to carry this censure somewhat too far. In this I have been misunderstood—I do not require *geniusses*—let them be only modest and good-humoured, and I can live in harmony among them. But, surely, there is no natural necessity for any, except common ideots, to be such incorrigible fools as one is mortified with every day! 'Tis absurdity, not weakness of intellect merely, I mean by this appellation. I cannot help being put out of temper, when chearfulness is expressed by noise; society by drinking; learning by pedantry; wit by quibbles;  
good

good breeding by ceremony ; and politeness by affectation.

A man may not be able to read logic, or understand metaphysics,—yet surely he may have discretion enough to avoid the ridicule of the characters just mentioned. The world would not be half so absurd, if men had only their natural follies to account for ; nor mankind half so wicked, but for adopted vices. Perhaps I am too nice ; and might be happier if I was not to make unsociable reflections. The accomplished man I admire ; the honest man I trust ; but 'tis the truly benevolent man I love. Humanity is the very consummation of virtue.

You are acquainted with two or three of our most celebrated wits in London ; we agreed that those distinguished men should have the prudence not to make themselves too cheap ; least their wit should have the same fate with a courtesan's beauty,—which loses its value, because all know it is within their power to enjoy.

And now, my dear Sir, let me give you an instance of what I call affected modesty. A countryman of yours, a man of merit, sent his manuscript tragedy to a noble Lord of your acquaintance, whom I soon after met at a friend's house, and addressed his Lordship on that subject ; being desirous to know

know his opinion of it. The noble Lord owned he had read it, but declined giving his opinion, *as he was no judge*. What an absurd reply!—To have a critical knowledge in dramatic writing, particularly in regard to the propriety of the plan, or fable, is what very few are capable of attaining, that have not wrote for the stage, or applied their studies to that grand and most difficult part of dramatic poetry. But gentlemen would not be quite so free of confessing themselves no judges, if they would consider, that every man of sense is a judge of what is natural; and that the very best play is no more than a representation of nature.

I met the author soon after, and found him greatly disgusted with the behaviour of his noble patron. Those who use men of genius with contempt and neglect, would do well to remember, that when they injure the *man*, the insult may be severely revenged by the *poet*.

I remain,

(With the greatest respect)

Sir,

Your most obliged,

Obedient servant.



## L E T T E R CXVII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq. at Chatsworth, the seat  
of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

London, July, 1762.

Dear Sir,

**T**HOUGH you are far from my reach, yet for ever in my thoughts—As those wretched spirits left in purgatory, must for ever remember, and for ever envy their friends in Elysium!—There you are, travelling in delights, from grottos and cascades, to the evening board, covered with luxuriant viands!

Pray present my duty to the deity of the place; when he was in his mortal state, and Lord of Hibernia, I had the frequent honour of carrying a candle before him;—nay, more, I had an opportunity of attempting to immortalize him in the birthday song:—but, alas! vain was the attempt!—my poor weak muse was laughed at by the graces. He was immortalized before! and thus fell the candle-bearer and the poet into oblivion.



## LETTER CXVIII.

To the Honourable —.

London, August, 1762.

Dear Sir,

**I** HAD the pleasure of your reply to my adventurous letter;—I must call it so, because every adviser runs the hazard of offending the very man he endeavours to serve. But you have the happiness of a disposition to do well, and to act rightly, and from thence you are pleased to encourage me to go on.

I will readily admit, there is one common error, which we old fellows are too apt to fall into; and that is, the judging of things as they appear to us, —forgetting the pleasing form they wore in our youthful days. But, surely, at all seasons of life, this truth would be granted, that no class of men have a right to all the expensive pleasures, but those born to large fortunes;—and yet many of those, even born to the greatest, are made such dupes to sharpers, flatterers, and their own vanity, that they are undone, before they arrive at the proper age of manhood.

If such speedy havock has been made of the largest estates—what would become of the smallest, if judgment and prudence did not step in, to save the morsel from the jaws of those gaping monsters? Is it not strange, that the law cannot step in to destroy those private robbers?—But it is a melancholy truth, that the utmost abilities of honesty are inferior to the more subtil powers of vice; nor can human wisdom devise laws, which human cunning shall not be able to elude.

In a late conversation with your noble father on this subject, he told me, he had taken proper opportunities to inform you of the true condition of the — estate. How vain is it then, and what must be the consequence?—what but inevitable ruin to the man who deceives himself? From the condition of the — estate, it is evident, that a careful, prudent successor is wanted, to recover it from the incumbrances it has long laboured under; and from more that must be laid on it for provisions for younger children. Now, my dear young friend, consider seriously with yourself, what ought to be your conduct, to persuade your father to rest secured, that *you* will be that careful prudent successor:—for you know the power is invested in him to chuse his steward; and in the warmth of his displeasure, at your late misconduct, and the accidents that have happened, he has declared his refo-

resolution to vest his estate and mansion-house, at his demise, in the hands of trustees, for twenty-one years, to pay off the large mortgage, and your brothers' fortunes.

Should that be done, (which God forbid) what must be your condition?—the best part of your life must be wasted with an empty title, and the scanty income of two hundred pounds a year, added to your commission.

But it is in your power to prevent this misfortune:—a little sacrifice must be made to prudence—a task, I grant you, disagreeable to youth; but, in your case, unavoidable, and must be done:—for weak and absurd are the enjoyment of those pleasures, that we know must be productive of our inevitable destruction!

My argument in your defence I will never give up, viz. that you were sent into a corps of young men of quality, like yourself; and therefore to fall into their expensive pleasure, was natural, and almost unavoidable! But let me beg of you to reflect, before it is too late. Barter not your future happiness to support empty shadows, and false appearances.

324 ORIGINAL LETTERS.

A way may easily be marked out for you, which I am sure your own good sense will readily approve; by that means, your father's favour, and good opinion, may be recovered; and the fatal stroke, before-mentioned, prevented.

I will promise myself the pleasure of seeing all this fulfilled; and shall rejoice in being any way instrumental in bringing about that happy period.

I remain,

Most faithfully and affectionately,

Yours.

LETTER CXIX.

To Mr. HOLLAND.

Nov. 1762.

SIR,

**M**Y friend, Mr. Garrick, has informed me of your reluctance to the part of *Protheus*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; which I heard with no small concern, as I am interested, as the editor, in the success

success of that comedy ;—and as the part is fit only for a capital actor, I shall be under no manner of diffidence in recommending it to you, and giving my opinion with some freedom on this subject, by way of doing a general service to us both.

You are surprized already, perhaps, at the sound of a part you have excepted to, doing you service.—I presume, a young man of your fire, when you turn your eye over a new part, it is in quest of the spirit, and the opportunities for that exertion of voice, you are so happily blest with.—Those powers are necessary, and of absolute use to form a great actor ; but a constant use of such parts, without an infinite degree of judgment, would drive a young performer into danger of acquiring a name that would be unpleasing to him. And I will venture to appeal to yourself, if you did not feel the just applause you met with in the *Prince of Wales*, with his sick father, to be more general, and to come home with more satisfaction, than that which you received lately from your performance of *Bajazet* !

It is a judicious manner of *level-speaking*, that must give the audience due impressions of the sensible, good actor.—When that is fully established, —then, when his happy powers are properly called  
Y 3
forth,



forth, he will appear in full lustre ! Surely, if Mr. Holland will look over the part of Protheus with attention, he will find many beautiful sentiments, that require the greatest actor we have to give them graceful utterance.

I hear Mr. Garrick has been so kind, to send you word, that after the appearance of the comedy this season, if your dislike continues, he will remove it into other hands ;—therefore I will not doubt of your giving me an opportunity of thanking you for your excellent performance of Protheus.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant.

## L E T T E R CXX.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq. at Hampton.

London, Sept. 1762.

Dear Sir,

AT my last agreeable visit to your delightful villa, one day was charmingly spent at the house of your honourable friend, Mr. H——n, at Hampton-court, where his companion, Mr. Burke, greatly added to the convivial repast. I told you then the enthusiastic pleasure I felt in remembering, *that* house was built, and many years joyously inhabited, by my very worthy friend, Sir Richard Steele;—and that a remarkable anecdote then arose in my memory. You, I find, have recollected that circumstance; and now desire to hear any fact relating to that respectable man, long since dead—but whose writings will never die.

The comedy of the *Conscious Lovers* was the last blaze of Sir Richard's glory. I sat by him in Burton's box\*, at the first performance.—All the

\* A part then inclosed in the centre of the first gallery, where places were kept at the price of the pit.

performers

performers charmed him, but Griffin, in the character of Cimberton. The comedy was received with universal applause; and his Royal Patron, to whom it was dedicated, (George the First) sent the author a present of five hundred pounds. Whilst the play was in rehearsal, that old, surly critic, Mr. Dennis, published a scurrilous pamphlet, to prejudice the public against it;—and amongst other scandalous things, he called Sir Richard, in his preface, “an Irish two-penny author;”—alluding to the Tatlers and Spectators. This base, vulgar treatment provoked me, rashly, to enter the lists—as you have seen a very young puppy bark and nibble the heels of an old mastiff.—Sir Richard was pleased with the attempt; and only insisted that his young hero should print his name in the front of the epistle, as it was directed to him.—This was done; and the impression was sold off with the comedy. Pardon this vain digression—Now for the anecdote, as the celebrated Mr. Wilks related it to me, viz.

That Sir Richard Steele built the elegant little house, adjoining to the side of the palace,—furnished it completely, and lived in it a few years with the utmost delight. But as he was a stranger to œconomy, he was often embarrassed—and, at last, compelled to apply to his chosen friend, Mr.

Addison,

Addison, to lend him a thousand pounds, on a mortgage of the house and furniture, which request was complied with; and his attorney directed to draw a bond and judgment, payable in twelve months;—at the expiration of which, Sir Richard not having the thousand to repay, Mr. Addison's attorney entered up an execution,—the house and furniture were sold, and the surplus arising to Sir Richard was sent him, with a genteel letter from Mr. Addison, to assign his friendly reason for taking so extraordinary a step, viz. to try (if possible) to awake him from that lethargy, which must end in his inevitable ruin. Sir Richard received that letter with his usual, philosophical composure; and met his friend with the same gaiety of temper that he had always done; and which subsisted during Mr. Addison's life.

Sir Rich. Steele left London in the year 1725. In that last year I seldom missed the pleasure of seeing him in some part of every day;—and being always delighted with his old stories, I ventured, when I found him in the vein, to mention the above remarkable anecdote:—He told me, it was literally true—and that he received it, as he believed it was meant by his friend, *to do him service.*

You

You see, my dear Sir, the benefits arising from *Philosophy*! Sir Richard Steele was a practical *philosopher*.—He retired to the city of Hereford, and was lodged and boarded there at the house of a mercer, who was his agent, and receiver of the rents of an encumbered estate, of six hundred pounds a year, which Sir Richard obtained by his late wife:—at his death it devolved to his two daughters, who were both well married.

I was told, he retained his chearful sweetness of temper to the last; and would often be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports,—and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer.

In the year 1727, when I was a *levee-bunter*, and making an interest with the first Minister\*, that good old man hearing of it, inclosed me an open letter to Sir Robert Walpole, that, I remember, began thus:—“*If the recommendation of the most obliged man, can be of any service to the bearer* — Sir Robert received it with his usual politeness.

\* The consequence of that solicitation is related in the first letter in this volume.



As what followed was *court-moonshine*,—I have nothing to add, but the sincerity with which I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble servant.

## L E T T E R CXXI.

TO CHARLES WOLSELEY, Esq. *en Provence.*

London.

My dear Charles,

I HAVE the pleasure of your long-expected letter from Provence. As I am anxious for your health and welfare, to hear you remain in the possession of both, will content me. Your warm description of the places you have visited, and the politeness of the French and Italian people of distinction, are what I expected to hear from you:—they are outward charms, that must captivate the heart of every young traveller:—but still I hope, before three years are expired, you will own, that the best purchase you have made, is to set a higher value on your native land. Time and experience will

will convince you, that true happiness dwells not there.

As you are well assured I have a personal love for you, and am faithfully attached to your interest and future welfare,—I shall (under that sanction) enjoy the privilege of speaking my mind freely on this subject. No one approved of your scheme of travelling more than I:—for besides employment, which you had been used to, and wanted—as well as improvement (which you had not been used to) in the ways of the fashionable world, it was necessary for the gentleman. For, no doubt, a man bred from a boy in the *sea-service*, and a man bred from a boy in the *court-service*, appear in their carriage and deportment, two very different beings. And supposing them both to be born of great families, equally formed as to body and mind, the sailor, from disuse, must be confuted at his entrance into any polite assembly. This, I presume, was your own case,—and what you felt too sensibly:—That complaint, the course you are in will certainly remove; when that cure is completed, you will be able to look about you, and discern the empty show and vanity of courts; and to say with my late friend, Doctor Young;

“Courts can give nothing to the great and good,

“But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.”

But

But at your present time of life, magnificence, jewels, and sparkling eyes must captivate!—*Dress*, therefore, *lace* and *feather*, are of importance, and demand a serious attention.—Well, very well,—it is granted—let it be so—enjoy the juvenile foible:—But with this hope, that after full enjoyment, you will grow heartily sick of it, and throw it away for ever. For I declare, in the observation of a long life, I never yet saw the *solitaire* and *feather* become the English gentleman after five-and-twenty:—and if a man of any profession, it would be a small impeachment of his understanding, to continue it so long—I mean, after his return—for while he continues at Rome, he has the proverb on his side.

I have already observed, that by the frequent use of the best company, and polite assemblies, that diffidence will wear off, which is the cause of confusion—and a right habit will be contracted. As to personal accomplishments, they fall to the lot of few to exhibit them gracefully. How very few gentlemen appear in the ball at court, in the minuet, to their advantage? An easy deportment, therefore, and that honest heart you carried out with you, is all I desire you to return with, free from foreign infection.—For believe me, my dear Charles, even our *blunt English sincerity* would be very ill bartered for Italian or French politeness.

The

The reply I have to make to your enquiries after private family affairs, will be very short. — That they remain just as you left them. I shall expect a long letter from Rome, full of critical remarks, as that is a place for speculation.

And for ever remain,

Your assured, faithful friend,

And servant.

# LETTER CXXII.

To Mrs. GRIFFITH, in Dublin.

London, Dec. 1762.

*N. B. The tragedy of Amana was brought to London, directed to Mr. Victor, completely packed up, to be conducted by him to the Duchess of Bedford; and soon followed a letter to entitle him to open it.*

**I**MUST thank my dear Lady Frances for her last obliging letter, which brought me a polite passport to happiness. It is impossible to express the respect with which I approached the lady, after the pleasure

pleasure of receiving her parent's consent—and the uncovering her gave me strange palpitations! but, good heavens!—when I had her naked to the sight\*! how beautifully transporting! But, perhaps, your Ladyship may think it necessary to drop the allegory here; and as the friend is now blended with the lover, I shall speak of *Amana* with as little partiality as can be expected from me.

The story and plan I have exceptions to—but to the sentiments and diction, none. Your part is well executed; I wish you had trusted to your invention for the fable; you would then have followed Nature, and not have been drove into difficulties and absurdities—As in the very first scene of the first act, where a rudeness is committed by a slave to *Amana*, which is punished (by accident) by his master. The lady's father is brought there, we do not know how, to thank the stranger; and after lamenting the dangers and trouble parents are in, that have handsome daughters, wishes he could get a good husband for his:—the young stranger could not well do less than offer himself,—which the father, and then the daughter accepting of,—the match is struck up directly—not very consistent with the old gentleman's prudence, or the

\* Bound in red Turkey leather, and written on gilt paper, in a fine hand.

daughter's



daughter's delicacy! But so you found it, and so it is.

And now let me ask you why? As the stranger is a young Turk, and the lady born and educated there—why were they utter strangers? why not in love with each other before?—would not the confirmation and explanation of their passion have been fortunately brought forward by this accident? and the absurdity I have mentioned, in some measure avoided? For as the story has made the Sultan exactly like this intended bridegroom, in age and person (which we suppose was handsome;) and as the royal lover seems more transported with the lady's charms,—I think most women, circumfranced as Amana was—not much longer acquainted with the one than the other, (no prepossession) but would have preferred the Monarch to the Merchant, if *virtue* (I had like to have forgot that!) had not stepped in to her aid.

But all this is easily altered, as I have already hinted — There must be some prepossession between the lovers, before the opening of the play.

Well, when the Duchess of Bedford returns the copy, it goes to the Earl of Corke; and you shall have their opinions;—which, perhaps, they may give with greater sincerity to me, as they know I

am not the author. I told Mr. Garrick I had a manuscript tragedy for his perusal, sent me from Ireland:—his answer was, “Tell the author, I am engaged for the next winter, to as many pieces as can be performed;—if the season following will do, I will take the copy with me into the country, and give my opinion of it freely.”—By this nice management, you see, he avoids reading any manuscript play during the time of action; and reads in the summer only for the winter following the next; which few needy authors can submit to;—and for those who can, there is room enough for objections, and necessary alterations.

As to Mr. Garrick, the tragedy must be a capital one, and a character in it amazingly striking, and that stands forth from the rest, that he takes to himself. We had a tragedy this winter, *Hecuba*, from a fellow of one of the colleges at Cambridge, and excellent good writing—but as the subject was a bad one, and no character for him, it died silently away; and the author, I dare say, got little or no profit by it. It is the comedies that claim attention. I had rather have a tragedy, at this juncture, acted in Dublin, than in London without Mr. Garrick—it would be better supported and performed at Barry’s theatre:—I must, therefore, renew my advice to you, my dear friend, to think of

Dublin as the place of most advantage to your play, if not to you.

I see you are liable to impositions from tale-bearers, as we are. You said in your last, Mossop was married to the famous burletta-girl—but every one here says, No. Poor B—— is fled; and, they say, demolished by D——, and tell a sad story of him, which I do not care to repeat, as he is a man I was once at enmity with.

I believe I told you in a former letter, that my friend, Mrs. Sheridan, has wrote a comedy;—ay, and an acceptable comedy of great merit:—and to converse with her, and my Lady Frances, for a month at Bath, who would the geniusses think most likely to write a comedy? Oh, if I had your Ladyship there one season, with an excellent batch of Champagne, (which we both love) if I did not get you with *comedy* before we parted, I would be hanged for it. Send your opinion of things in general, to

Your impatient faithful friend.

I  
com  
ven  
lick  
and  
and  
times

*N.B. The late Mr. Tonson, who purchased the manuscript copy of my alterations and additions to Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona,-----after the following dedication was printed off, carried the proof-sheet to Mr. Garrick, who thought proper to make his earnest request to me to withdraw it, and only to publish the short advertisement that now stands before that comedy.*

## L E T T E R CXXIII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

March, 1771.

Dear Sir,

I HINTED to you a design of addressing this comedy to a noble personage, on purpose to prevent your refusing me the pleasure of thus publicly acknowledging this instance of your favour and friendship:—To be employed by you to alter, and adapt a play of Shakespear's to the present times;—and to do it to your satisfaction, was a

Z 2

sure

sure preface of having the approbation of the public.

But to whom could any work of Shakespeare's be so properly dedicated, as to you? It is by your excellent performances of his capital characters; that he has acquired so many admirers; and to your zeal for the honour of that great author, that so many of his plays have been revived. But as it may be prudent for me to lie concealed, to avoid censure from the critic, for my presumption, —I shall take that advantage of speaking with freedom of his numerous editors and commentators—No less than *five* within the compass of *fifty* years.

The first in the list of those important names, is Mr. Rowe; but his attempts, as an editor, were so trifling, as not to require the least notice; and amounted to little more than casting out the marginal notes of the different prompters, which the ignorant printers, of the first editions, had brought into the scenes.

Then followed Mr. Pope, when in the zenith of his reputation; to whom the late Mr. Tonson (the proprietor of Shakespeare's works) gave five hundred pounds for his name, as the editor of a new edition, then much wanted. Any one, by looking



ing over that impression, may see how little was done by that gentlemen, besides a preface.

Soon after him appeared Mr. Theobald, (called by Pope, the *word-catcher*) who triumphed so much about his conquest over Pope, as an editor, that he got himself crowned in the first edition of the *Dunciad*, sovereign of the dunces, by the name of *King Log*. He was, however, from his learning, and laborious application, better qualified for the office of an editor, than any of his predecessors. A satirist of those times was of my opinion, in the following couplet, where he gave the preference to Theobald:

That task be thine, to search for long-lost words,  
And rake in filth for Shakespeare's antique t—ds.

Alluding to the trash that most of his comedies are filled with; and insinuating, that when those industrious gentlemen had discovered the right word, and perhaps restored the passage to a right reading, the editor had spent his labour, and the reader his time, about nothing; and that the dirty office of a word-finder, was not fit for a genius and a gentleman.

The next was Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. who published a very pompous edition, with his name as the editor, and without a *fee*! but it was the

general opinion, that if his corrections and emendations were to be carefully examined, the majority of readers would find more wrong than right.

The fifth, and last adventurer, was the Rev. Mr. Warburton, to whom Theobald acknowledged so many obligations for his useful discoveries:—but the reverend critic, not content with such paltry praise, gave us an edition, which was to be an improvement upon all—but that gentleman's vanity led him to take such liberties with his author, that he provoked *Upton's Critical Remarks—Roderick's Cannons of Criticism*—and I remember but one passage in any of the capital plays, where the emendation seemed to be bold and useful; and that is in the fine soliloquy that opens the fifth act of *Othello*, where he enters his wife's bed-chamber with a light, determined to kill her—The first line, in all the old editions, is as follows:

*“Put out the light, and then put out the light,”*

Or, as Booth spoke it,

*“Put out the light, and then put out THY light”*

Now Doctor *Letherland* altered it thus—

*“Put out the light, and then!—put out the light?”*

*“If I quench thee, thou flaming minister”——*

Thus

## ORIGINAL LETTERS. 343

Thus by a different manner of pointing, he gave an entire new turn to the sentiment—and the reader is left to determine its merit.

The five editions of Skakespeare, (as they are all in the possession of some curious men of fortune) make, of themselves, a tolerable library;—and yet we have been long promised another, from an able hand\*: but it is expected, (from the known abilities of that author) his correction, and emendations will be so various and so useful, that this *sixth* edition will be the last, not only for this, but the ensuing century.

I cannot quit this subject, without endeavouring to obviate a free remark, made by one of these commentators,—that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was not written by Shakespeare, but by one of his contemporaries, and foisted into his works by the bookseller, to swell the volume. This was certainly a very bold assertion. Surely there are many beautiful marks in this comedy, by which that great author could be no more missed than imitated—such as the following:

\* Dr. JOHNSTON.

PROTHEUS.

## PROTEUS:

- " Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
 " And study help for that which thou lamentest :  
 " Time is the nurse and breeder of all good :  
 " Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;  
 " Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life :  
 " HOPE is the lover's staff—walk hence with that,  
 " And manage it against despairing thought."

Sylvia, in the fourth act, enquires after the beauty of Julia, who being disguised as a page, gives the following description of herself :

- " She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is ;  
 " When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
 " She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;  
 " But since she did neglect her looking glass,  
 " And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
 " The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
 " And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
 " That now, methinks, she is as brown as I am."

I am surprized that not one of those editors have attempted to recover the order of time, in which Skakespeare's plays were written. I cannot be of opinion, with the before-mentioned editor, who pointed out the *Tempest* as the first production—The fine drawing, the high colouring, the master-strokes !

*The cloud-capp'd towers!*

*The gorgeous palaces!*

*The solemn temples!*

*The great globe itself!---*

*Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve!*

*And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,*

*Leave not a wreck behind!*

Such beauty and strength could not appear in the first attempt of a juvenile pen;—especially in a young genius, where every other advantage was wanting;—and which we have full proofs he afterwards acquired by time and application.

But since this point is left open to conjecture, I am inclined to think, *Romeo and Juliet* was one of the first of Shakespeare's performances;—as the efforts of young poets generally appear in love subjects. In that tragedy, the conduct of the lovers is equally rash—the raptures naturally charming—the distresses extremely affecting—and the whole expressed in a sweet simplicity of stile and sentiment.—Surely, the rhyming couplet that ends this tragedy, printed in all the editions, (where the ten syllables are exactly preserved) bears a strong proof of a very juvenile poet:

“ Sure never was a tale of so much woe,

“ As this of *Juliet* and *Romeo* !”

Part



Part of the story of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, he met with in a Spanish novel, translated into English about that time, from the second book of the *Diana* of George Montemayer.

How much is it to be lamented, that this illustrious author trusted so little to himself for his fables!—Where he was compelled to it, by the command of Queen Elizabeth, who wanted to see her favourite Falstaff *in love*,—there we find, in his Merry Wives of Windsor, correctness, and variety of characters, well supported, with infinite wit and humour.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged,

Obedient servant.

## LETTER CXIV.

To the AUTHOR of the St. JAMES'S  
CHRONICLE.

SIR,

AS I have declared my intentions only to employ my pen for the good of society, I did not think any thing relative to politics, or party, could provoke me to break that design;—for I am not so weak, (as Dean Swift says) to think one minister more virtuous than another,—unless by chance, or the extraordinary prudence and virtue of the king:—as most men act upon the motives of their interests and their passions.

The amazing growth of popery in England, has been very justly complained of; and the names of Whig and Tory, which had long lain dormant, are now revived. The two last volumes of Dean Swift's Posthumous Works, are now brought forth, to prove that the Tory ministry, in the four last years of Queen Ann, had not the least

least thought of setting aside the *Hanover succession*, and restoring the *STUART* family. But the truth is, that work fell into bungling hands; and our safety arose from their quarrels among themselves. As to the real matter of fact, can there be a plainer proof, than the open, desperate *rebellion* in Scotland, before the Elector of Hanover was warm on the English throne?—And to prove that Jacobite and Tory were cousin-germans, were not numbers of the Tories in that rebellion? Do not we all remember the great name in Staffordshire, who had his foot in the stirrup?—and the late secretary of state's father, who was seized, by way of securing his head and fortune? This was, indeed, playing a very desperate game!—but it is a convincing proof, those *protestant* tories were, at that time, so much infected with *popish* principles, that they could not bear the thoughts of giving it up, as irretrievably lost.

But to the point:—In your paper of the 16th instant, we had some letters, reprinted from these new volumes of Dean Swift's, between him and Mr. Steele,—which were supposed would be *interesting* to the reader. Now, Sir, I desire to know, how any disagreement between those two party writers, in the reign of Queen Ann, should be thought *interesting* to your readers now, unless on the score of party? That the *tory* parson may appear in an amiable

amiable light—and the *whig* writer the offender, and delinquent. Not that I can admit he does, or that Swift has the least advantage of Steele, even in those letters.

As to the late Dean Swift—his life and character have been given us by his intimate friend, the late Earl of Orrery;—but his Lordship was favourable,—nay, almost silent—on the most interesting part of the character, viz. his principles in politics,—and his conduct in the four last years of Queen Ann.—Indeed, that Lord could only have it from report; and his Lordship's father, as well as our noble biographer, were avowed Tories.

Now, Sir, I declare myself an *Old Whig*! and had the happiness of being introduced (a very youth) to the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele, in the year 1722; and from his own mouth heard these interesting stories. Dean Swift was the first and chief author of the *Examiner*:—this, the present publisher of these volumes, tells us in his notes; and acknowledges he wrote thirty-one papers, and those were virulent in the support of the measures of the Tory ministry in the four last years of Queen Ann:—therefore, Sir, before those letters were introduced to the public in your paper, the story

story should have been faithfully told relating to them.

Mr. Steele was the chief, spirited writer for the whigs:—and Mr. Harley, then Lord Treasurer, (soon after Earl of Oxford) made Mr. Steele one of the Commissioners of the Stamp-Office, by the means and friendly offices of Mr. Swift, on purpose to silence him as a whig-writer;---as is the method to this day, by pension or employment. But Mr. Steele (who never asked that favour from the Lord Treasurer) was too honest to lay down his pen, and quit the noble cause of liberty in the protestant succession, for an employment:—therefore he wrote against the ministry, with the same spirit, *after the bribe*, as before; which occasioned the complaints from Mr. Harley to Swift, which he mentions in the beginning of his letter (No. 16) to Mr. Steele, in these words:

“ I did, with the utmost application, (and desiring to lay all my credit upon it) desire Mr. Harley, (as he was then called) to *shew you mercy*—He said, he would—and wholly upon my account---that he would appoint you a day to see him. Some days after, he told me, that he did appoint you a day, and *you had not kept it*—upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer.”

Surely



Surely this passage of the Dean's letter, not only shews the absurdity of the phrase, *shew you mercy*—but, at the same time proves how little Mr. Steele valued the gift or the giver. In short, to avoid all further complaints, he resigned the employment soon after, having received but two quarters' salary. Thus he threw up a place of four hundred pounds a year, at a time he greatly wanted it, to have the honest enjoyment of writing, without reproach, against a ministry he thought *enemies to his country!*

As I know your valuable impartiality on these occasions, I shall expect you to give an immediate place in your paper to these remarks.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

## LETTER CXXV.

To Mrs. P.

1774.

Dear Madam,

**I** SHOULD sooner have acknowledged your very polite reply to my last letter, if I had not waited on the motions of the committee on M. P.—an event that engages my attention, as our young candidate is (in my opinion) in more danger than he imagines, of suffering by a miscarriage there.—For those young men, who set no value on money, and, consequently, squander it, suffer less in their minds on these disappointments, than those who acquire their fortunes; and, by that means, are often apt to set too great a value on them. However, your brother's letter of Saturday last, gives me great hopes of success from this double return: as by the late valuable act for trying contested elections, justice must take place.—But to return to you, Madam, my favourite theme!—Again I say, what pity it is that you are enveloped in the cares

of

I  
gerous  
joy, a  
best:  
they h  
VOL.

of a young family! You, who have abilities to make a figure in the polite world. Nay, I insist on your powers to make a progress in any of the polite arts; witness your promising essays in painting and poetry! I know your modesty leads you to accuse me of flattery--the common charge---but, alas! why should I flatter you? You are (comparatively speaking) almost as poor as I am. You have (I bless God) great prospects before you:—but then, will not the customs of the world, and the natural ambition to vie with your neighbours of equal fortune, increase your expences?

X I have had the honour of connections with the first  
of men, in power, fortune, and literature, where  
 the art of flattery might have served me. Lionel, the great Duke of Dorset, was the first who did me any essential service—but I approached him too late—and all my hopes died with a late noble Lord, who, while living, added to my happiness, and would have made me completely happy.—However, I am old enough to be a philosopher—and am one in speculation—but I must now begin the practical part, and learn content.

*Sir - Sir*  
*Sir - Sir*

I rejoice to hear you are happily past the dangerous hour; and congratulate you on your new joy, another daughter! For my part, I love girls best:—when they have passed the many hazards they have to run, and grow into health, they are

VOL. I.

A a

true

true domestic blessings. Boys are for the world, and must soon launch into a sea of dangers. I envy all the fathers that have fine girls, 'till the age of fifteen;---after that period, they begin to look for lovers, and to change the scene!—from thence troubles must arise to all fond parents. My dear old friend, Sir Richard Steele, I remember, startled me, when he said, *the condition of the happiest parents was a state not to be envied!* Reflections of that kind, I own, afforded some consolation that I was not a father---for my affections would have been powerful!—and yet, had I a fortune, I should still think myself unblest.

But come, Madam, it is now high time to change the scene to business---to your intended tragedy-exploit—And since providence has graciously kept us from *real*, let us turn our thoughts to *imaginary* woe! And surely such exhibitions should only be attended by *happy beings*; that they may be acquainted with the miseries of human life; and by that means admire the goodness of that Power, who has preserved them from sharing in those distresses to which we are all exposed.

One of our news-papers informed us, that last week the tragedy of *Jane Shore* was performed in your adjoining county, at Sir Harry Bridgman's, where Lady A---r appeared in the character of Jane Shore with universal applause.

Thus,

Thus, you see, Madam, that tragedy is to be honourably exhibited in two neighbouring counties! Pray do you know Lady A——r?—If I remember right, her Ladyship has spirit and air fitter for Alicia, than the gentle Jane:—what says Hastings, in his soliloquy, after his quarrel with Alicia?—

“*But here comes one*”——

Now, you are the gentle *Jane* in form—in age—and softness;——and to follow the custom of the fashionable world——I should offer a good round wager,——that you beat Lady A——r out of the field; if you were to perform that character in *that* theatre;——for unless you enjoyed all her accommodations, the comparison must suffer on your side. For an elegant, complete theatre, where every convenience that art and expence can procure, must be an advantage that you cannot enjoy in Staffordshire:—but, however, I will lay my desperate wager on the performance of your single part, even under these disadvantages.

Permit me now, while I think of it, to point out the only dangerous scene that lies before you, which is with Gloster, when he tries to engage your interest with Lord Hastings, in the destruction of his loyal nephews—When he tells you, *Hastings* is on *their*



*their* side, and pleads *their cause*—there, your looks must be animated when you speak these words—*does He! does HASTINGS!*—there the voice must be exerted with force and rapture! But here let me give you this caution.—Your voice, when kept in the proper pitch for level speaking, is sweet and well-toned; but thrown beyond that, into rage or rapture, it is, as yet, too tender to bear that violence, and therefore splits sometimes into discord,—only for want of use in that key; for I would engage, by proper practice, to bring it to any compass. However, when you come to that rapture, ‘*Heaven reward him for it!*’—there you must make up the deficiency of your voice, with energy, and spirited looks. This must be done, because it makes that fine contrast, which soon follows, when Gloster dooms you to destruction—then you sink into the lowest distress—remember the silent, long pause before you kneel—and slowly raise your eyes to heaven.—

What pity it is, that I must be absent from completing your practices; and, what is yet worse, from the pleasure of seeing your performance.

Pray make my best devoirs to Lord Hastings;—I find, like all young, rash performers, he is for all the spirited parts:—but I must differ with him, as (perhaps) being a better judge of his abilities as an actor

actor, than he can be of himself—I know he is more calculated for characters of tenderness than rage. And let me here observe, that no point of acting is so difficult and dangerous as rage; where the images rush at once on the imagination—the swift succession of various attitudes! though transient, they must be striking!—strongly picturesque, and yet graceful! What a compass of voice is required to execute that passion, which must be always tuneful. Without these requisites, the person so circumstanced, is in great danger of being an object of ridicule, and appearing in the most disadvantageous light. You will, from hence, believe me, when I declare, I hope to see neither of you provoked to anger. Let Mr. P. rest assured, the best light he can appear in to an audience, is in *level-speaking*. He may depend upon it, he will speak the prologue with more exactness, and to more advantage to himself, than any part of Hastings. For though level-speaking requires less powers, it demands more judgment; as not only every *emphasis*, but every *cadence* must be exact:—it is *that* which makes the complete orator so difficult a character.

Pray, Madam, tell Lord Hastings, I have him every day in my thoughts;—as, at every leisure hour, I cast my eye on his prologue. I did not think I should find it so difficult a task; nothing is,

is more common than prologues to private plays—  
but then they are generally for the performances of  
boys at public-schools; and there quarter is to be  
begged for their weak attempts;—but, alas! you  
are all *adults*! and we must not descend to such  
meanness: I have therefore set out with due spirit  
and grandeur—I will give you the first ten lines:

Our annals tell—to grace the *drama's* page,  
Princes have actors been in every age;  
And many a princess has adorn'd the scene,  
Who, from the actress, rose a mighty queen.

To night, to try our tragic force, appears  
A gallant set of friendly volunteers:  
Unpractis'd in the trade of mimic art,  
We only shew the dictates of the heart;  
By Nature's rules alone, then try our cause,  
And give attention, as the best applause.

Now, Madam, I must beg the favour of you to  
defend me, if my critic should attack the end of  
my first line, *the drama's page*—perhaps he may  
say, the word *page* alludes to Royal authors—No  
—I mean the true *dramatis personæ*. Milton wrote  
his *Colour* and *Sampson Agonistes*, for an illustrious  
set of performers, who acted them at a Nobleman's

seat in the country; and they were afterwards printed with the Royal and Noble names in the *dramatis personæ*:—Queen Ann, when Princess of Denmark, performed in those pieces:—our present Monarch appeared in Cato, taught by the late Mr. Quin, at the request of his Royal father; and the King delivers his speeches from the throne, with more elegant propriety than any Sovereign in Europe—perhaps, owing to that incident.

I am just going to the Theatre, to see a capital practice of a new dramatic entertainment, called the *Maid of the Oaks*, in which will be exhibited the *Fete Champetre*, which will prove the finest, as to elegant scenery, that ever yet appeared.—I read the comedy part at Mr. Garrick's, at Hampton, soon after my return to London. The sketch was written in two acts, by General Bourgoine; but its enlargement, and valuable improvements were made by the grand master, the best hand for adapting pieces for the stage. The various fine scenes in the gardens, are to be illuminated; and as Slingsby, and a fine female dancer, from the opera at Paris, are to lead that vast troop—and as near an hundred men and women are to appear in fancied dresses, I shall leave you to envy the happy people of London, who are to enjoy this grand spectacle.

I with Mr. P. would bring you, and his two agreeable sisters hither—and then see how I will bustle to get you accommodations—nothing shall be wanting, in the power of,

Your most obliged friend,

And faithful servant,

**END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.**